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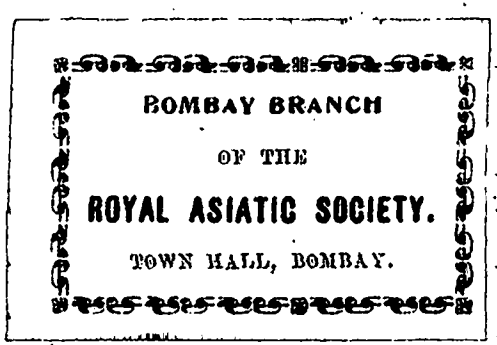


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THE

# CLASSIC AND CONNOISSEUR

IN

# ITALY AND SICILY:

WITH

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING AN

## Abridged Translation of Lanzi's Storia Pittorica.

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BY THE

REV. G. W. D. EVANS.

W-d-30

..... Apis Matinæ
More modoque.—Hor.

W-d-30

VOL. I.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

LONDON:
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN.

1835.

83651

LONDON:
W. M'DOWALL, PRINTER, PEMBERTON-ROW,
GOUGH-SQUARE.

# PREFACE.

"ITALY," observes Dean Berkley, in a letter to Pope, "is such an exhausted subject, that, I dare say, you would easily forgive my saying nothing about it." If such a remark was applicable in 1717, how much more must it be so now, when, as d'Israeli expresses it, "Travels and Voyages have become a class of literature so fashionable, that we begin to dread the arrival of certain persons from the Continent!" but more especially from Italy.

That a country so celebrated both in ancient and modern times, a country equally attractive to the antiquary, the painter, and the poet, would meet with many willing to undertake the task of describing it, rather than able to execute it properly, might well have been imagined. That some would fail from mere carelessness and inat-

tention, and others from a too great fear of imitation, might also be expected. To the first adventurers, the very novelty of the subject would be sufficient to insure success, without much depth of observation or accuracy of description; while later writers, too studious of avoiding repetition, would seek to recommend by paradoxical assertion, and the artificial embellishments of style, that which no longer possessed the grace of novelty. Accordingly, though of late years scarcely any one has ventured upon the task, without first apologizing, like Dean Berkley, for attempting to do what had so often been attempted before, each succeeding tourist seems to have been more disposed to carp at the observations of his predecessors than to turn them to account; while, scared at the bugbear of plagiarism, not a few have occasionally fallen into the most ludicrous inconsistencies.

Hence it sometimes happens that the very multiplicity of works upon a given subject affords a plausible pretext for the addition of another. When once such works become so numerous, that they can neither all be collected without much waste of money, nor all read without much waste of time, nor reconciled with each other when read; then a question arises, whether a condensation of

their contents might not be advisable. And, indeed, as regards Italy, any one who should be disposed to abide by the decision of travel-writers themselves would be apt to think the question answered in the affirmative—so frequently have succeeding tourists taken the liberty of depreciating the labours of their predecessors.

Eustace's book, as one of the earliest and most voluminous that has appeared upon the subject during the present century, though applauded at first, has of late years been exposed to a larger share of censure than any other; indeed—notwithstanding its "cloggy and cumbrous" style, notwithstanding its admitted verbiage—a larger share than it deserves. In the Notes to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, its author has been characterized as "one of the most inaccurate and unsatisfactory writers that have in our times attained a temporary reputation," and as "very seldom to be trusted, even when he speaks of objects which he must be presumed to have seen. His errors, (continues the writer of the note), from the simple exaggeration to the downright mistatement, are so frequent as to induce a suspicion that he had either never visited the spots described, or had trusted to the fidelity of former writers. Indeed, the Classical Tour has every characteristic of a

mere compilation of former notices, strung together upon a very slender thread of personal observation, and swelled out by those decorations which are so easily supplied by a systematic adoption of all the common-places of praise, applied to every thing, and therefore signifying nothing." A subsequent passage of this note, however, which condemns the frequent introduction of "the same Gallic Helot to reel and bluster before the rising generation, and terrify it into decency by the display of all the excesses of the Revolution," seems to afford a sufficient clue to the severity of the above critique. They, who can talk with so much complacency of the "hyæna bigots*" of Certaldo, were not likely to shew much lenity towards one who ventured to raise his voice against their brother liberals, the French revolutionists. But the most amusing part of the matter is, that most of those who evince so much tenderness for the French, are themselves to the full as vehement in their invectives against the Austrians; as though, forsooth, they were to enjoy a monopoly of abuse. After all, however, it must be admitted that Eustace would have adopted a wiser course, had he indulged less frequently in his

* Childe Harold, Canto IV. Note 33.

" antigallican philippics;"—mindful of the proverb, that it is possible to overcharge with shadow even the portrait of a fiend:—

> Poi quel proverbio del Diavolo è vero,
> Che non è come si dipigne nero.

No such defects as those above mentioned can be imputed to Forsyth, whose book deservedly passes for the best that has yet appeared on the subject of Italy, whether we take into consideration the depth and originality of the remarks, or the terseness and nervousness of the language. In a more recent work, however, intitled " Two Hundred and Nine Days; or, the Journal of a Traveller on the Continent," indited by a Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg—a work, to say the least of it, as shallow as it is flippant—we find the following character of Forsyth's performance. "We took Forsyth with us to Pæstum; I was disappointed, when I first read this book, which, like many of the works of his countrymen, has been industriously praised and extolled more than it deserves; and, in looking over it again, I was even less satisfied with it. He certainly has the merit of sometimes thinking and speaking for himself; but the style is clumsy and heavy: it is the book of a schoolmaster, not of a

gentleman." Thanks to Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg, we now know what the work of a schoolmaster is; but that ingenious personage would have laid us under still greater obligations had he been pleased to indicate the marks by which we might ascertain the work of a gentleman;—unless, indeed, we suppose, that, for such marks, it was his intention tacitly to refer us to his own performance.

In the opinion of most of those who have made the tour of Italy, Mathews ranks next to Forsyth. It cannot, certainly, be said of his book, as it has been justly said by himself with regard to Forsyth's, that "it is a mine of original remarks." It professes to be but the "Diary of an Invalid;" to give merely a record of first impressions; and so admirably has its author performed his task, that never was the "nihil non tetigit quod non ornavit" more strictly applicable than in his case;—applicable, indeed, to every portion of the book, but most of all to those portions of it which treat of the different works of art; where he rivals, if he does not even surpass, Forsyth himself. And yet it is of this Prince of Journalists, that Mr. Conder, the author of the "Modern Traveller"—who has recently put forth a compilation on Italy—asserts, that "he is never

enough in earnest to be trusted; and his strange caprice and dogmatism, on subjects on which he appears to have been profoundly ignorant, obscure the good feeling and strong sense which break out in some of his observations. He well deserves to be read, but can rarely be cited as authority." It would seem that Mr. Conder had not himself visited Italy, and that may account for his cold appreciation of a work, which—Rogers's and Forsyth's always excepted—bears the stamp of genius more evidently impressed upon it, than any other that has been published on the same subject during the present century.

Among the charges brought against Eustace, the principal are, as we have seen—the want of accuracy—the systematic adoption of all the common-places of praise, applied to every thing, and therefore signifying nothing—and the being but a mere compilation of former notices. The first of these charges has, in some instances, been successfully rebutted in the Editor's Preface to the sixth edition of the work; and, to say the truth, most of the specimens of inaccuracy adduced are not of a very important character. In a book of travels, an approximation to accuracy is all that can be expected; nor are Eustace's deviations from it either more fre-

quent or more palpable than those of his fellow-labourers*.

The second charge relates to a mere matter of taste. Eustace seems to have belonged to that school which thinks that "there is more true taste in drawing forth one latent beauty, than in observing a hundred obvious imperfections." And surely, a systematic adoption of the common-places of praise is to the full as agreeable, and rather more consistent with itself, than the plan pursued by Simond. That tourist, to whom censure is "as the cloak that he hath upon him, and as the girdle that he is alway girded withal,"

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* Take the following curious example from Simond's Travels in Italy and Sicily; a work which, according to Mr. Conder, has "the merit of general, though not infallible, accuracy."—"Soon after leaving Syracuse (says Simond), and travelling over the sands of the sea-shore, we beheld the extensive ruins of Epipolæ; its walls and towers crowning inaccessible heights on our left, and its sepulchres, on the face of perpendicular rocks, appearing like rows of pigeon-holes. We should have liked a nearer view, but it would have taken many hours to reach the place and return; and we had a long day's journey before us. . . . . Epipolæ was once a powerful rival of Syracuse, and contained a numerous population!!" Who could have supposed that Epipolæ was the most impregnable part of that very town of which it is here said to have been the rival—the part by which Marcellus entered with his legions on the night of Diana's festival? Yet such is the fact.

hesitates not to condemn the most celebrated of Raphael's performances in the Vatican; and yet observes in another place, that "the change in Raphael's manner seems to have been as sudden as it was complete, *uniting the best qualities of the best artists*, whether contemporary or subsequent to him."

We now come to the third charge brought against the Classical Tour—that it is merely "a compilation of former notices." What Eustace is here accused of having done (without any proof adduced in support of the charge), that it is the professed object of the present work to do. It has been observed already, that the very multiplicity of works on the subject of Italy affords a plausible pretext for a compilation. Such appears to have been Mr. Conder's opinion; whose performance, justly characterized by himself as "a condensation of our knowledge of Italy, drawn from the most authentic sources, and reduced, by a careful collation, to distinctness and accuracy," might be thought to supersede the necessity of any further attempt. It will be found, however, upon an examination of these two performances (supposing any one should be willing to take the trouble of making the examination) that no two works, which treat, in great measure, of the same subject, can be more dissimilar. With

the exception of a short account of Naples, Mr. Conder's book does not touch upon the Two Sicilies; nor, indeed, in that portion of the work which refers to Upper and Lower Italy, is the plan pursued similar to the one here adopted. The first volume of Mr. Conder's performance is almost wholly taken up with an account of the mountainous districts of Savoy, and the different passes of the Alps. The present work, on the contrary, gives merely a succinct account of the Pass of the Mont Cenis and that of the Simplon; the former at the commencement of the compilation, the latter at its close. Another obvious difference between the two performances may here be noticed, not, certainly with a view to depreciate Mr. Conder's work, but merely to shew that a single compilation has not necessarily exhausted the subject. It is this—that Mr. Conder has passed over the contents of the Florentine, Vatican, and Neapolitan museums; all of which are here noticed at some length; as might, indeed, be inferred from the title page itself. Other very material points, which tend to distinguish the two compilations from each other, might easily be brought forward; but these, it is hoped, will be deemed sufficient.

In this compilation, besides the works already mentioned—Addison's Tour in Italy, Gray's Let-

ters, Spence's Polymetis, Moore's View of Society, &c., Rose's Letters, Burton's Antiquities of Rome, Middleton's celebrated Letter from Rome, Blunt's Vestiges, &c., Sketches of Italy, Rome in the Nineteenth Century, Sismondi's History of Italian Literature, his Tuscan Agriculture, Gilly's Vaudois, De Staël's Corinne, Chateauvieux's Agriculture of Italy, Algarotti's Works, Bell's Observations, Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold, Notes to the same Canto, the Quarterly Review, Brydone's Sicily, Hoare's Continuation of Eustace, Smyth's Memoir, Hughes' Travels in Sicily and Albania, Spallanzani, Ulysses' Travels in the Two Sicilies, together with various others, have occasionally been consulted.

The length of the Appendix may, perhaps, be thought to require some apology; unless the title of the book may be pleaded as an excuse. A translation of Lanzi's Storia Pittorica has been given by Mr. Roscoe, but certainly not such a translation as the original deserves. All who are acquainted with the original will bear willing testimony to the elegance of Lanzi's style—a merit which will hardly be accorded to Roscoe's translation. This, however, as it is a mere matter of taste, will not, perhaps, be admitted by all, and even if admitted may be excused on account of the dif-

ficulty of transfusing into a translation the delicacies and graces of any well-written work. "Ce qu'il y a de plus délicat dans les pensées, et dans les expressions des auteurs, qui ont écrit avec beaucoup de justesse, se perd quand on les veut mettre dans une autre langue: à-peu-près comme ces essences exquises, dont le parfum subtile s'évapore quand on les verse d'un vase dans un autre*." Such considerations may, perhaps, atone for occasional inelegancies of language, but no apology can be offered for inaccuracies; and it is hoped that this Abridgement of Lanzi—which comprises the lives of all the more distinguished Italian artists nearly at full length—will be found exempt from the many errors and mistranslations which disfigure the larger work of Mr. Roscoe.

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* Bouhours, Pensées Ingénieuses, p. 195.

# CONTENTS.


## CHAP. I.

Passage of the Mont Cenis—Savoyard Valleys; Poverty of the Inhabitants; Pass of La Chaille; Montagna della Grotta; Valley of the Arc; Sun-rise among the Alps; Lans-le-Bourg; Hospice; Susa; Rivoli;—Turin; its Situation; the Superga . . . . . *Page* 1—19

## CHAP. II.

Genoa—Its Fortifications; Narrowness of its Streets; Bettinelli's Description of it; Marble Palaces; Churches; Hospitals; National Character; adjacent Country . 20—30

## CHAP. III.

Pisa—The Cathedral; Baptistery; Leaning Tower; Campo Santo . . . . . 31—41

## CHAP. IV.

Lucca—Vale of the Serchio; Baths of Lucca . 42—45

## CHAP. V.

Florence—Its Situation; Royal Gallery; Gabinetto Fisico; Libraries; Churches; Cathedral; Dante; Santa Croce; Santa Maria Novella; Boccacio; Chapel de' Depositi; Chapel de' Medici; Palaces; Pitti Palace; Corsini Palace . 46—107

## CHAP. VI.

Improvvisatori—General Character; their Prototypes among the Ancients; Homer an Improvvisatore . . 108—116

## CHAP. VII.

The Drama—Mysteries or Sacred Dramas; early Tragedies; early Comedies; Commedie dell' Arte; Operas; Opera Buffa; Goldoni; Gozzi; Metastazio; Alfieri; Italian Performers 117—158

## CHAP. VIII.

Vallombrosa—Camaldoli—La Verna . . . 159—167

## CHAP. IX.

General Aspect and Agriculture of Tuscany—Plain; Colmate; Metayers; Leaseholders;—Hill; Produce; Mode of Culture;—Mountain; Mountain Villages; Chesnut Woods; Appearance of the Mountaineers;—Environs of Florence; beautiful View from Fiesole; Italian Sun-set; Fire Flies 168—183

## CHAP. X.

Siena—Palaces; Piazza del Campo; Cathedral; Chigi Chapel; Library; Dominican Church; Guido da Siena's Madonna; Low State of the Sienese School; Peruzzi's Sibyl; Vanni's Descent from the Cross; Hatred subsisting between the Italian States; Boxing . . . . . 184—195

## CHAP. XI.

Journey from Siena to Rome—Maremma; Montepulcian Wine; Baths of St. Philip; Ricorsi; Radicofani; Dress of the Shepherds; Acquapendente; Lake of Bolsena; Montefiascone; Viterbo; Soracte; Desolate State of the Campagna; Reasons for supposing it to be nearly in the same State now as formerly . . . . . 196—210

## CHAP. XII.

Malaria—Its supposed Causes; not confined to Low Situations; Brocchi's Hypothesis; Woods productive of it; Period of its Continuance . . . . . 211—216

## CHAP. XIII.

Rome—Topography; Capitoline Hill; Tarpeian Rock; Forum; Palatine Hill . . . . . 217—224

## CHAP. XIV.

Works of the Republic—Tullian Prison; Cloaca Maxima; Military Ways; Aqueducts; Pantheon; Tombs; Tomb of the Scipios, of C. Poblicius Bibulus, of Caius Cestius, of

Cæcilia Metella; Temple of Rediculus; Temple of Honour and Virtue; Fountain and Valley of Egeria . 225—255

## CHAP. XV.

Works of the Empire—Imperial Palace; Temples; Temple of Jupiter Tonans, Concord or Fortune, Jupiter Stator, Peace, Antoninus and Faustina, Peace, Venus and Rome, Vesta, and Fortuna Virilis;—Triumphal Arches; Arch of Titus, Septimius Severus, Constantine, Gallienus, and Drusus; Janus Quadrifrons; Trajan's Pillar; M. Aurelius's Pillar; Tombs of Augustus and Hadrian; Coliseum; Circus of Romulus; Scuderie del Circo di Romolo; Theatre of Marcellus; Portico of Octavia; Baths and Palace of Titus; Caracalla's Baths; Diocletian's Baths; Bridges, &c. 256—304

## CHAP. XVI.

Works of the Middle Ages—Basilicas; St. John Lateran; San Stefano Rotondo; S. Constantia; San Lorenzo; St. Clement; St. Agnes; S. Maria in Trastevere; S. Croce; S. Maria Maggiore; Catacombs of St. Sebastian 305—313

## CHAP. XVII.

Modern Architecture—Algarotti's Theory; Churches; Palaces; Villas; Fountains . . . . . 314—324

## CHAP. XVIII.

St. Peter's; Jesus and St. Ignatius; San Pietro in Vincoli; St. Gregory; San Pietro in Montorio; Capuchin Church; S. Andrea della Valle; S. Maria Sopra Minerva; S. Agos-

tino; S. Maria della Pace; S. Maria del Popolo; S. Maria in Araceli . . . . . 325—353

## CHAP. XIX.

Palaces—Colonna, Barberini, Sciarra, Doria, and Corsini Palaces; Farnesina; Spada, Falconieri, and Borghese Palaces; Monte Cavallo: Rospigliosi Pavilion; Farnese Palace . 354—379

## CHAP. XX.

The Vatican Museum—Galleries of Raphael; Museo Pio Clementino; Octagonal Court, containing the Apollo Belvedere and the Laocoön &c.; Hall of Animals; Saloon of the Jupiter; Stanza delle Maschere; Salle Ronde; Hall of the Greek Cross; Stanza della Biga; Library; Sacred and Profane Cabinets; Papyrus Chamber; Pauline and Sistine Chapels; Chambers of Raphael; Picture Gallery . 380—435

## CHAP. XXI.

The Capitoline Museum—Equestrian Statue of M. Aurelius; Marforio; Cabinet of Egyptian Gods; Cabinet of Inscriptions; Plan of Old Rome; Gallery; Stanza del Vaso, containing the Iliac Table, Diana Triformis, Ephesian Diana, Furietti Mosaic, Sarcophagi, &c.; Stanza degli Imperatori; Stanza de' Philosophi; Great Hall, containing the Furietti Centaurs, the Amazons, the Præfica, the Harpocrates; Hall containing Relievos representing the Battle of the Amazons, the Sleeping Endymion, &c.; Hall of the Dying Gladiator, Venus, Antinoüs, &c.; Palace of the Conservators; Rostral Column; Consular Fasti; Bronze Geese; She Wolf; Picture Gallery . . . . . 436—466

## ERRATA.

*Page* 77, *line* 20, *for* influence *read* influenced.
— 107 — 11 — that characterizes *read* than characterize.
— 149 — 7 — low phrases *read* law phrases.
— 220 — 14 — rendered *read* render.
— 246 — 10 — pœne *read* pene.
— 350 — 1 — its credit *read* his credit.
— 420 — 24 — advanced *read* advances.
— 424 — 26 — of air *read* of the air.

THE

# CLASSIC AND CONNOISSEUR

IN

# ITALY AND SICILY.

## PASSAGE OF THE MONT CENIS—TURIN.

Tho' sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated ease may never hope to share!

BYRON.

IT was on the evening of the 16th of February, 1826, that a party of four of us set out in the Lyons' *diligence* for the passage of the Mont Cenis. We travelled all night, and early on the following day reached Pont de Beauvoisin, the frontier town between France and Savoy. Savoy for the most part consists of mountain; and we had not long bid adieu to France, before the face of Nature began to wear the character of interest peculiar to a mountainous country. The villages, more perhaps from chance than design, are placed in the most picturesque situations—some surrounded by stately walnut-trees, or seated by the side of babbling brooks—others

on the verge of precipices, or half-concealed among the mountains. For several miles, indeed, the road follows the course of the rapid Guiers,

> Thro' a vale,
> Such as in Arcady, where many a thatch
> Gleams thro' the trees, half-seen and half-embowered.

But though Savoy confessedly abounds in every element of the picturesque, presenting all the charms and ever-varying features of a wild and romantic country, yet can it boast but little else to make the traveller envy its inhabitants. "Romance and poetry may assign joy and gaiety to what they call the happy valleys of Savoy, and speak of it as another Arcadia, where gladsome shepherds and lovely shepherdesses make the hills re-echo with their music: but, in sober reality, rarely, either in summer or winter, will rustic dance or song here be found to enliven morning or evening; rarely will the sound of pipe or tabor be found to greet the traveller's ear, or the voice of merriment be heard to issue from cabin or cottage to invite his stay *." During the winter months, the condition of this peasantry must be pitiable indeed. In the windows of their humble dwellings oiled paper usually supplies the place of glass, and the smoke, instead of being carried off by a chimney, is suffered to make its escape through a hole in the roof or wall; while the inmates must of course be exposed to all the inclemency of

* Gilly's Vaudois.

the weather. Their clothing, too, is upon a par with their shelter; and their squalid and sickly looks, the loathsome appendage of the goître, the number of idiots, and the swarms of beggars, that meet the eye at every turn, are calculated to leave no very pleasing impression upon the mind. And yet these are the people whom Sterne, in his Sentimental Journey, thus apostrophizes:—"Poor, quiet, patient, honest people! fear not! your poverty, the treasury of your simple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your valleys be invaded by it. Sweet are the dwellings that stand so sheltered!" This may be very sentimental, but certainly it is not very true. In point of fact, experience has ever shewn that the poor Savoyard is as little sheltered by his mountains from the inroads of his more powerful neighbours, as he is from the rough visitings of the weather.

The further we went, the wilder became the scenery. We kept ascending and ascending,

> Higher and higher still, as by a stair
> Let down from heaven itself.

At length we reached the wild and beautiful defile known by the name of the pass of La Chaille. On our right, at a great depth beneath us, rolled the Guiers, foaming and thundering along in its straitened channel,

> The mountains closing—and the road, the river,
> Filling the narrow pass.

On our left, a wall of almost perpendicular rocks soared as high above us as we were above the bed of the tor-

rent. Two carriages could hardly pass each other on this formidable road—here, stretching along a ledge of rock, and there, hollowed out of it—with nothing but a slight parapet, by way of protection, on the side of the precipice. A projecting crag, too, here and there overhanging the pass, and every moment threatening a fall, "jamjam lapsura, cadentique adsimilis," could hardly fail to inspire something like a sensation of fear. But the appearance of danger is said to add to the interest of an excursion; and if it be so, this defile may boast of being one of the most interesting on the route, as it is unquestionably one of the most magnificent. It was here that Rousseau, as he tells us in his "Confessions," while on his way to Les Charmettes, near Chambery, "amused himself by rolling stones from the road into the roaring torrent, and watching them as they bounded from ledge to ledge before they were lost in the abyss below."

The Montagna della Grotta, or mountain and gallery known by the name of Les Echelles, forms the next grand feature upon this route. After following, for some distance, a new line of road, (begun in 1803, under the auspices of Buonaparte, but not finished till 1817), which winds with a gradual ascent round the little valley above Les Echelles*, you reach a perpendicular rampart

* "This village owes its name to the mode resorted to formerly of passing a cavern in its vicinity, through which lay the only road to Chambery. Those who travelled by this old road ascended ladders placed on the face of the rock, to the height of a hundred feet: they then entered the cavern, and, after climbing more than eighty

of rocks which seem to say, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!" These rocks stand directly at right angles with the road, and shoot up abruptly, like a screen, before it; opposing, to all appearance, an insuperable barrier. Yet even here the persevering enterprise of man has triumphed; a magnificent tunnel, of nearly a thousand feet in length, having been cut through the very bowels of the mountain.

On emerging from this gallery, we passed through a barren and uninteresting tract till we approached Chambery, the capital of Savoy, where the mountains recede a little, and the country again wears a more smiling aspect. A few miles farther on we passed under the fort and through the town of Montmelian, famed for its vineyards which produce the white wine of that name; as well as for its mulberry groves, the leaves of which are stripped off to furnish food for the silk-worms, which supply the manufactories of Chambery. Shortly afterwards we crossed the Isère, and began to ascend, on the left bank of that river, by a road which commands de-

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feet through it, regained the day in a deep cleft of the mountain; and a path, of which some vestiges remain, like a Roman pavement, enabled the traveller with comparative ease, and freedom from danger, to attain the summit of this extraordinary passage. By lowering the cleft in the mountain, and terracing a descent to Les Echelles, Charles Emmanuel II. made a road practicable for carriages, called the *Route of the Grotto*, long considered as one of the most extraordinary productions of human effort. In 1803, this road was condemned by the French engineers, and the new one undertaken."—*Brockedon's Route from Paris to Turin.*

lightful views over the fort and town of Montmelian and the valley of the Isère.

It has been justly observed, that the usual time required by an Alpine pass, is "a day's walk up a valley, which gradually becomes narrower; a day's walk across the mountain itself; and a day's walk down a valley which gradually widens." Accordingly, on this road, the passage of the Alps can hardly be said to commence till the traveller reaches the foot of those stupendous heights which close in upon the Arc, about twenty miles from Chambery, and about five above the confluence of that river with the Isère. The Arc rises in Mount Iseran, a few miles above Lans-le-bourg; and from its source to its junction with the Isère, winds between two chains of Alps, and, as its name indicates, literally takes the form of a bow. "In all our journey through the Alps," says Addison, "as well when we climbed as when we descended them, we had still a river running along the road, which probably at first occasioned the discovery of the passage." This remark is strictly exemplified in the Arc; along which river, crossing and recrossing it at various points, and never at any great distance from its banks, lies the great road to Italy.

At Aiguebelle, a town seated in the very heart of the mountains, we enjoyed a magnificent view of the Alps,

> Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
> As rather to belong to heaven than earth*!

* Nives cœlo propè immistæ, is the expression of Livy.

Leaving that place, we entered another defile, (called, from the blackness of the soil, the Maurienne), through which the road winds, for several leagues, with an inclination so gradual, that, but for the changing character of the Arc, and the slowness of our progress, we should hardly have been conscious of ascending a mountain. Where we first touched upon the Arc, we found it a broad, shallow, and limpid stream; but the nearer we drew to its source, the more impetuous became the current. At St. Jean de Maurienne, the chief town of the valley, it was no longer gliding "in aquas tenues;" and at St. Michel it was a furious torrent. Indeed the river, and the two chains of mountains through which it flows, seem to undergo a corresponding change. Where the river is no longer a mere torrent, there the sides of the hills admit of cultivation, and smile with the habitations of man. But where the Arc rushes forward with a headlong course, there you behold "montes concurrere montibus altos," and enormous masses of rock heaped together in the wildest confusion.

Ours has been truly styled a nation of travellers; and this "truant disposition" of our countrymen has given occasion to much animadversion and some ridicule. "'Make them like unto a wheel,' is (says Sterne, in his humorous way) a bitter sarcasm, as all the learned know, against the grand tour, and that restless spirit for making it, which David prophetically foresaw would haunt the children of men in the latter days; and therefore, as thinketh the great Bishop Hall, it is one of the severest

imprecations which David ever uttered—as if he had said, 'I wish them no worse luck than always to be rolling about.' So much motion, continues he—for he was very corpulent—is so much unquietness; and so much of rest, by the same analogy, is so much of heaven." A leaner personage would, probably, like Sterne, arrive at just the opposite conclusion. Admitting, however, that the pleasures even of travelling are not to be had without their attendant inconveniences, yet who would not forget them all while contemplating the magnificent scenery of the Alps? Who would not willingly compound for a few annoyances on the road, to behold, "vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in with all her great works about her?"

The mountains become gradually more and more sterile, and the water-falls increase in frequency and volume, between St. Jean de Maurienne and St. Michel; while those rude substitutes for bridges, so often found among the Alps, consisting of fir-trees heedlessly thrown across the different water-courses, more frequently meet the eye, and add not a little to the variety and effect of the landscape. Even here, however, cultivation is not neglected: no patch of land, that can possibly be reclaimed is suffered to lie dormant: the vine itself is occasionally seen shooting up amidst the naked crags; while here and there, perched on the summit of almost inaccessible rocks, are seen little cabins, inhabited for two or three months in the year by those who gather in the scanty harvest or scantier vintage of the Maurienne.

We set out from St. Michel about three o'clock on the morning of the 19th of February. The sky was perfectly clear; and when the sun arose we were gratified with one of the grandest and most sublime spectacles in nature. No words, indeed, can do justice to the splendour and variety of such a scene—the pale, spectral appearance of the snowy peaks, at the first peep of dawn—and the rosy tints with which they were suffused, when the glorious orb of day at length appeared above the horizon, "rejoicing like a giant to run his course." "There was scarcely a colour," says Gilly, describing this very scene, "which his rays did not throw upon the mountains. At one time, it was like a vast mantle of crimson, which gradually changed from one tint to another, till it mellowed down to the softest purple: it then brightened again, and irradiated the snow-clad tops of the extreme heights, till every crag looked like a flame of fire. The hard, bright glittering beds of snow, that lay upon the peaks, receiving and transmitting the rays of light—the frozen sides of the cascades, and channel of the torrent, that sparkled under every ray that fell upon them—the pendent icicles of a thousand forms and sizes—the crisp and fringy flakes of snow that hung from the pines—the enormous masses of ice, clear as crystal or diamond, and reflecting as many colours—the foaming Arc in the abyss below—the glittering roofs of a village more than a hundred yards beneath us; all these objects, contrasting with the black and gloomy bank of firs in the shade, presented a picture surpassing the wildest dreams of the imagi-

nation." To add to the variety of the landscape, the formidable fort Lesseillon, built since the fall of Buonaparte to guard the defile, and planted, to the left of the road, on one of the wildest and most inaccessible spots of this wild region, amidst larches, firs, and mountain pines, kept breaking every now and then in imposing masses upon our view, till at length the whole structure stood before us.

On nearing Lans-le-bourg, the road stretches by a zigzag ascent across one of the flanks of Mount Iseran, from which we caught the first view of Mont Cenis and its everlasting snows:—

Cuncta gelu canâque æternùm grandine tecta.—Sil. Ital.

At Lans-le-bourg we quitted the *diligence*, and placed ourselves in a *traineau*—a machine resembling the body of a tilted cart, placed on a sledge, and drawn by four horses. The day was still bright and clear, and the scenery singular and sublime; though the great depth of snow, by filling up the different chasms, and here and there converting a steep precipice into a more gradual declivity, in some measure softened down the ruggedness of the landscape. The road winds gradually up the mountain; sometimes forming a sort of terrace, with parapets of great strength, composed of huge blocks of stone; with lofty poles placed at convenient distances, to mark the track, in case of any unusual drift of snow. At every turn or traverse, you necessarily take a direction nearly the reverse of the one you were following but a

minute before. Thus the line of road forms an alternation of angles, by means of which all abruptness is avoided, and the summit of the pass attained by a succession of easy ascents*.

Having gained the most elevated point of the road, the traveller descends a little towards a plain of considerable extent, called the Plain of Mont Cenis; and here he finds the well-known Hospice, founded by Charlemagne. Of the whole of this pass, the Mont Cenis is perhaps the least dreary part. Its Hospice; its houses of refuge, each occupied by a *cantonnier*, and built for the reception of such as might otherwise be lost in the snow storms; the various other habitations that meet the eye; and the number of travellers who are continually passing and repassing, take away all idea of desolation, notwithstanding the wildness of the scenery.

We had now bid adieu to the waters which pay tribute to the Rhone, and here we beheld another stream, issuing from the little lake opposite the Hospice, and running on with equal eagerness to join the Po. This lake, though frozen over more than half the year, is said to abound with delicious trout. Addison calls it a beautiful lake, an epithet which, notwithstanding its rhododendrons and mountain myrtles, it scarcely merits; and adds, oddly enough, that it "would be a very extraordinary one,

* The average inclination of the road is about one foot in fifteen. The highest point of it, near La Ramasse, is 6780 feet; and Rock St. Michel, the highest peak of Mont Cenis, 11,460 feet above the sea.

were there not several mountains in the neighbourhood rising over it!" and, therefore, sufficiently accounting for it. In the descent, only one horse was employed in drawing the traineau, while one of the others was fastened by a rope to the hinder part of it, for the purpose of acting as a check upon it at those points where its motion might otherwise have been too rapid.

Beyond the Grande Croix, the road winds down in terraces to the plain of St. Nicholas. The grandest section of the mountain is that which overlooks this plain. Here the rocks shoot up abruptly, and to such a height, that even in the clearest weather their summits are not unfrequently lost in mist, "abeuntque in nubila montes." At this point, on looking down upon the line of road, you see it in some places hollowed out of the solid rock, in others resting upon arches, traversing ravines, carried along the edge of precipices, protected by parapets, and indicating at every step the arduous character of the struggle, before the enterprise and perseverance of man triumphed over the stubbornness of Nature:—

> Thro' its fairy course, go where it will,
> The torrent stops it not, the rugged rock
> Opens and lets it in; and on it runs,
> Winning its easy way from clime to clime
> Thro' glens locked up before!—ROGERS.

At the post-house on the Italian side of the mountain, we placed ourselves in another *diligence*, and arrived in the evening at Susa. The descent on the side of Lans-

le-bourg, from La Ramasse, the highest point of the pass, may be accomplished by those who have nerve enough for the task, in a sledge guided by one man, in about seven minutes.

Mont Cenis presents a more imposing front on the side of Piedmont, where it rises abruptly from its base, than on that of Savoy, where it slopes more gradually towards the valley of the Arc: accordingly, the views on the south side are bolder and more romantic than those towards the north. But though the traveller is taught to look for the first sight of Italy from the Mont Cenis, and may perhaps in clear weather, and from the loftier summits, catch a distant glimpse of it, yet from the road itself he must not expect to see an unbounded horizon, or any thing like a panoramic view. Here, as in most other mountain passes, the prospect is confined by the windings of the valley along which the road runs. "It would be difficult," says Gilly, "to conceive where Polybius and Livy could have placed Hannibal, to give him and his army that sight of the plains of the Po, which had the effect of animating their drooping spirits*. The direction is all that could possibly have been pointed out, from whatever spot the Carthaginian harangued his troops; for, wherever there is a mountain pass, there must be intersections, and chains and ridges flanking and crossing each other, and effectually intercepting any dis-

* Prægressus signa Hannibal, in promontorio quodam unde longè ac latè prospectus erat consistere jussis militibus, Italiam ostentat, subjectosque Alpinis montibus circumpadanos campos.

tant prospect." This is certainly true as regards the prospect from the Mont Cenis itself. But, after the traveller has followed the road in its sinuosities round the side of the mountain which overhangs the deep valley of Novalese, and has passed the Roche Melon—an enormous mountain which rises on the opposite side of that valley—then the vale of the Doria expands before him, and offers to his admiring eyes one of the most beautiful views in the Alps, bounded by Turin and the plains of the Po.

Near the entrance of Susa is the dismantled fort of La Brunette, once the key of the passes by the Mont Genèvre and the Mont Cenis, and, therefore, of this part of Italy. At Susa itself, in the garden of the governor, are the remains of a triumphal arch, built in honour of Augustus by Cotys, a petty sovereign of this mountainous region: but the *diligence* started much too early in the morning to afford us an opportunity of visiting it. As we journeyed along the vale of Susa, we could not help contrasting its sunny hills, its well-watered and cultivated fields*, with the wilder scenery of the valley of the Arc. At Rivoli, where the gay Italian villa first meets the traveller's eye, we quitted the narrow vale of Susa, and entered that vast plain which stretches from

* Apricos quosdam colles, according to the expression of Livy, rivosque propè sylvas, et jam humano cultu digniora loca. Livy has also hit off the general features of a transalpine valley happily enough:—Nives cœlo propè immistæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus, pecora, jumentaque torrida frigore, homines intonsi et inculti, animalia, inanimaque omnia rigentia gelu."—Liv. xxi.

the foot of the maritime Alps to the shores of the Adriatic. During this day's journey we frequently met with the vine trained over trellises, so as to form successive avenues, but no where did we see it married to the poplar or the elm. From Rivoli, a straight road, bordered by a noble avenue of lofty trees, conducted us to Turin. Large patches of snow still lay scattered over the plain; and the Collina, a chain of hills rising to the south of the Po, was covered with it.

"TURIN commands the sublimest prospects—here a crescent of magnificent Alps—there the snow-capped cone of Monte Viso—in the middle, the 'king of floods,' opening his way through a rich plain which gradually widens before him—beyond him the Collina, studded with white villas, and crowned with the lofty dome of the Superga *."

Turin itself is worthy of its beautiful site, and is deservedly admired—for the straightness of its streets, which cut each other at right angles—the elegance of its buildings; though, from the holes which supported the scaffolding and are still left gaping, they have a somewhat unfinished air—and its general cleanliness. This latter peculiarity was noticed and accounted for by Addison. "By the help of a river," says he, "that runs on the upper side of the town, they convey a little stream of water through all the most considerable streets, which

* Forsyth.

serves to cleanse the gutters, and carries away all the filth that is swept into it." This statement we saw exemplified; the snow, with which the streets were filled, being carried off in the manner here described.

The royal palace is spacious, but more remarkable for richness of decoration* than for beauty. That of the dukes of Savoy occupies a conspicuous position in the middle of the principal square; too conspicuous, indeed, as only one of its fronts—consisting of a Corinthian peristyle raised on a plain basement—is worthy of such a site. The other three are not only ugly in themselves, but appear still uglier by being contrasted with the fourth. The front of the Carignano palace, which is curved, is covered with whimsical decorations in such profusion that they become an incumbrance rather than ornament. In the interior is what they call a great curiosity, *una cosa stupenda*—a staircase of Guarini's—of which the chief merit is the attempt to give the idea of weight unsupported.

It was unfortunate for Turin, that while there was no lack either of means or inclination to embellish it, the task should have devolved upon such men as Guarini and Guivarra, whose perverted taste preferred the puerile conceits of Boromini to purity and simplicity of design. In all their works they seem to have aimed at nothing

* The collection of pictures in this palace consists principally of specimens of the Dutch, Flemish, and French schools, among which are several admired portraits by Vandyke. Among the productions of the Italian schools, Titian's *Supper* at Emmaus, and the *Four Elements* by Albani, are the most celebrated.

so much as the novel and the singular. At one end of the old Gothic cathedral, and common to that and the palace—to which latter, indeed, it serves as a sort of squire's pew—is the *Santo Sudario*, a chapel so called as being the supposed depository of Christ's winding sheet, and built of slate-coloured marble. "Such materials," observes Forsyth, "were in themselves solemn and monumental; but, falling into the freakish hands of Guarini, they have been frittered away into a cupola full of triangular windows, which form the wildest lace-work that ever disgraced architecture."

The museum is rich in Egyptian antiquities, and contains one relic that is interesting in more points of view than as a mere remnant of art—the Tavola Isiaca—a massive slab of mixed metal resembling brass, inlaid with silver hieroglyphics, among which is a figure of Isis seated on a throne. This relic, which has given rise to so much discussion as to its meaning and age, contains, among its other symbols, a sort of fac-simile of the modern gondola, with this exception, that it wants the *felze*, or hutch; though this, by the way, makes no essential part of the boat, being removeable at pleasure*.

The Superga—a handsome church, embellished by a portico of eight marble columns, and surmounted by a

* This museum has, within these few years, been enriched by the collection of Drovetti, the rival of Belzoni. Among the greatest curiosities of this splendid collection are—a statue of Sesostris, and an ancient cubic measure, divided and marked. This latter was found at Memphis.

cupola, erected by Victor Amadeus II. to commemorate the raising of the famous siege of Turin in 1706, on the very spot from whence Prince Eugene reconnoitred the position of the French army—is about five miles from Turin, on the summit of a lofty hill on the south side of the river. It commands delightful views over the city, the suburbs, the Po, and the surrounding country. The ascent to it is long and steep; and it is mentioned as a proof of the obliging temper of some good-natured individual, that, just as he had reached the foot of the hill on his return from a visit to the Superga, having been met by a stranger, who inquired of him the way to that edifice, he was kind enough to retrace his steps to the top for the purpose of pointing it out.

In this costly mausoleum, together with the bones of several other princes of the house of Savoy, repose those of Victor Amadeus II., whose name figures in the page of history with those of Eugene and Marlborough. It was in a meadow near Carmagnola that Eugene and the Duke of Savoy met for the first time. To bring about this meeting the former had descended from the Tyrol, and traversed the plains of Lombardy; the latter had contrived to steal away from the recesses at the foot of Monte Viso, where he had found shelter among the Vaudois*. They ascended the heights of the Superga

* These Vaudois, who dwell among the most secluded of the Alpine fastnesses, which lie between the Clusone and the Pelice—two mountain torrents that fall into the Po—are a small community of

together; and such was the exultation of the fugitive duke on being made acquainted with Eugene's plan for the relief of his capital, that when he was asked where he would be pleased to dine—"à Torino, à Torino!" was the confident reply.

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hardy men, who have continued to maintain their religious independence against the supremacy of the church of Rome for more than a thousand years. Their situation in the heart of the wild and romantic valleys, which stretch along the eastern foot of the Cottian Alps and the Col de Sestrieres, first gave them the name of Vallenses, Waldenses, or Vaudois.—*See Gilly's Vaudois.*

## GENOA.

Horridos tractus, Boreæque linquens
Regna Taurini fera, molliorem
Advehor brumam, Genuæque amantes
Litora soles.—GRAY.

IN our way from Turin to Genoa, we passed the night at Asti, celebrated as the birth-place of Alfieri, and still more, perhaps, for the wine to which it gives name. A fog, dense enough to compare with a November fog in London, accompanied us on the following morning till we reached the Tanaro, a considerable river, on the banks of which stands Alessandria*. The citadel is said to be of great strength, and this strength it owes, in some measure, to the ease with which the waters of the Tanaro may be turned into the ditches by which it is surrounded. Not far from Alessandria we passed Marengo, an inconsiderable village. Our road lay across the very spot where the greatest slaughter took place: there was

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* The epithet *Della Paglia* is frequently applied to Alessandria; some say because the emperor elect was usually crowned there with a diadem of straw; others, because the inhabitants, for want of wood, are obliged to heat their ovens with straw! The inhabitants attribute the epithet to the fertility of the soil.

formerly a stone to mark the site where a vast number of the Austrians were buried. Since the fall of Buonaparte, however, the stone has been removed; but we thought we could still distinguish a sensible swell in this part of the plain. The road from Novi to Genoa no longer crosses the Bocchetta; a new line of road having been formed through Arquata and Ronca. After a long but gradual ascent, during which our attention was frequently diverted by the beauty of the scenery from the execrable state of the roads, we arrived at the summit of the mountain which overlooks the Gulf of Genoa. On descending by the steep traverses on the side towards the sea, we soon perceived a marked difference in the temperature of the air; which was further indicated by the total absence of snow, the appearance of the fig-tree, and the presence of a number of bare-legged children. During the whole of our journey we had seen but few people employed on the roads, nor any other implement made use of than the long-handled triangular spade, so common in Italy—an implement which seemed generally to be wielded with a degree of listlessness worthy of its awkward form.

Genoa is strongly fortified: it stands on a fine semicircular basin, at the foot of an amphitheatre of lofty hills, which inclose it on all sides down to the sea-shore. Along the summit of the chain, and following it in all its undulations, runs the outer wall, several miles in length. Within this is another wall, inclosing the city toward the

sea as well as toward the land, and opening to the harbour by well-defended gates. Till within these few years, there was but one line of communication between Genoa and the rest of Italy—the pass of the Bocchetta. The sea was her element, and by that channel was the wealth of the world poured into her harbour—a harbour, however, which, during the prevalence of the south-west wind, is far from being secure.

Genoa seems to have been built only for foot passengers: the Strada Balbi, and the Strada Nuova, are the only two streets wide enough for a carriage of any sort. The rest of the city consists of narrow alleys, closely crowded together; a circumstance accounted for by the precipitous nature of the country; the mountains at the back running down in steep declivities to the very edge of the town. Thus, though nothing can be more splendid than the two principal streets, lined as they are by the most magnificent palaces of the Genoese nobility; yet, on striking off from these into the narrower lanes, as a man must necessarily do to get at the more bustling parts of the city, he runs good risk of being knocked down by some laden mule, whose wine barrels or panniers, projecting far on either side, force him at least to take refuge under the first open door-way he can find.

Bettinelli has well hit off the appearance of Genoa as seen from the sea:—

> Ecco! vediam la maestosa immensa
> Città, che al mar le sponde, il dorso ai monti

Occupa tutta, e tutta a cerchio adorna.
Quì volanti barchette, ivi anchorate
Navi contemplo, e a poco a poco in alto
Infra i lucidi tetti, infra l'eccelse
Cupole e torri, il guardo ergendo a l'ampie
Girevol mura triplicate, i chiusi
Monti da loro, e le munite rocche
A luogo a luogo, e i ben posti ripari,
Ammiro intorno: inusitata intanto
Vaghezza a l'occhio, e bell' intreccio fanno
Col tremolar de le frondose cime,
Col torreggiar de l'appuntate moli.

Our own Gray, too, has given a sketch equally graphic —"Figure to yourself," says he, "a vast semicircular basin, full of fine blue sea, and vessels of all sorts and sizes, some sailing out, some coming in, and others at anchor; and all around it palaces and churches peeping over one another's heads—gardens, and marble terraces full of orange and cypress trees—fountains, and trellis-work covered with vines." Such is Genoa viewed from the sea; save that in Bettinelli's sketch, the palaces and villas figure, perhaps, too little; in that of Gray, "the vessels of all sorts and sizes," a good deal too much. The harbour now no longer exhibits the bustle and animation which these words would lead one to expect. But the palaces, to which Genoa owed the epithet of Proud, the villas which occupy the most beautiful points of view on the slopes of the hills, still form the most prominent feature in the landscape. The palaces are no longer faced, as formerly, with black and white marble—

once a mark of the highest nobility—but are generally covered with stucco, and decorated with frescos. The perishable nature of such decorations would be a sufficient objection to them*, even if there were no other. "If," says Addison, with reference to those of the Genoese palaces that are decorated with a mock representation of painted pillars, "these were so many true columns of marble set in their proper architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the places where they stand; but, as they are now, they only shew us that there is something wanting, and that the palace, which without these counterfeit pillars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the addition of such as are real."

The Ducal palace, though it has a magnificent appearance from the bay or the mole, owes its attractions more to its detached position by the sea side, and the historical recollections it recalls, than to any architectural merits. In front is a long inscription, detailing the titles of the immortal Andrew: they were effaced at the Revolution, but have since been restored. The gardens, which stretch along the shore, command delightful views over the city and the sea; but in themselves they are stiff and formal, exhibiting colossal statues interspersed

* Giorgione was the first to introduce them at Venice. "His works," says Lanzi, "consisted in great measure of frescos painted on the façades of houses, especially at Venice, of which there now exist only some few relics, as if to make us regret the loss of the rest."

among box and cypress, tortured into all sorts of shapes, in the taste of a Dutch villa.

It was in the Piazza Doria, or Piazza San Matteo, as it is now called, that Andrea assembled the people when he gave them their liberty. On one side of the Piazza is the church in which he lies buried; on the other, with an inscription to him as the deliverer of his country, the house in which he lived—a house

> . . . . . Less in length and breadth
> Than many a cabin in a ship of war;
> But 'tis of marble, and at once inspires
> The reverence due to ancient dignity.

The Ducal palace is remarkable for its dimensions, even among the palaces of Genoa. The hall in which the senate used to assemble is one hundred and twenty-five feet in length. The judicious arrangement of the statues—for the enemies of Genoa are chained on the Attic, while its benefactors are accommodated within—has not escaped the observation of travellers.

The two palaces of the Brignoli family now boast the finest collection of pictures in Genoa; and that of the Serra, the finest saloon in Europe. "This celebrated object is oval in plan, the elevation a rich Corinthian, the walls are covered with gold and looking-glass; the floor consists of a polished mastic stained like oriental breccia. Surfaces so brilliant as these would deaden any pictures except those of a ceiling, which require a bright reflection from the walls. Here then the ceiling alone is

painted, and borrows and lends beauty to the splendour below*." The palace itself was built in 1552, but this saloon was not finished till the close of the last century, at a cost of 40,000*l.*—" a sum," says Simond, " expended to very little purpose. It is vastly gay, to be sure—all looking-glass, gilding, rare marbles, and lapis lazuli; but too small for effect (40 feet by 28), too gaudy, and wanting breadth of surface and colour for the eye to rest upon."

The churches are numerous, and many of them as rich as gilding, and painting, and marble can make them. The cathedral is an odd-looking structure, composed of black and white marble arranged in horizontal stripes—a piebald style of architecture too much in vogue in Italy. The Carigliano church boasts some colossal statues by Puget, and forms one of the most prominent objects in Genoa. It stands on a rising ground near a bridge of the same name, which connects two steep banks that constitute the highest part of the city near the sea—passing with three giant strides over houses six stories high, which do not even come up to the springing of the arches.

Dupaty long ago complained, that the churches of Genoa were so highly decorated that they resembled play-houses. This remark is, perhaps, most applicable to the church of the Annunziata, which is deemed the finest in the city; and such indeed it certainly is, as far as richness of decoration can make it so. San Filippo

* Forsyth.

Neri, however, is remarkable for simplicity and grandeur of style. But the little church of San Stefano is one of the most attractive; and this attraction it owes to the famous martyrdom of St. Stephen, the joint work of Raphael and Giulio Romano. The countenance of the saint is above all praise; unless, indeed, we should think it excess of praise to apply the words of scripture, and say, in imitation of a certain fair tourist, that "they who look upon him, see his face as it were the face of an angel*."

The hospitals of Genoa are on a scale of magnificence corresponding with its other edifices. The chief of these are, the Great Hospital, and the Albergo dei Poveri. In the chapel of the latter is a celebrated work of M. Angelo's, a medallion, representing a head of the Virgin and of a dead Christ, in high relief. This sculpture of M. Angelo's, like his painting of Eve in the Sistine Chapel, shews, that, when he was so disposed, he knew how to acquit himself with credit even in those softer branches of the art, in which he was usually thought to be deficient. "The life and death which he has thrown into this little thing, the breathing tenderness of the Virgin, and the heavenly composure of the corpse, appear beauties foreign to the tremendous genius of the artist†." The altar-piece, representing the Assumption, is an admired performance of Puget's; though its effect is somewhat impaired by the misplaced reverence which has en-

* Sketches of Italy. † Forsyth.

circled the head of the Virgin with a glory, in the semblance of gilt rays. Of the Hospital of Incurables, it has been aptly observed by Forsyth, that "the very name of such hospitals, forbidding the patient to hope, and the physician to struggle, cuts off at once two sources of recovery."

The head-dress of the women, on going abroad, is usually a white muslin shawl, called *mezero*, thrown over the head and shoulders, much after the fashion in which the Scotch women adjust their plaids. It is used by the women of all ranks, and has the reputation of being as favourable to intrigue, as we are led to believe the cucullus was of yore*.

The Genoese are proverbial for cunning; resembling in that the Ligurians of old. "And indeed," says Addison, "it is no wonder, while the barrenness of their country continues the same, that the manners of the inhabitants do not change; since there is nothing makes men sharper, or sets their hands and wits more at work, than want." So conscious are the Genoese merchants of the failings of their poorer countrymen, that, rather than trust them, they invariably employ Bergamasques in the Porto-Franco. On asking a laquais de place why there are so few Jews at Genoa, he assigned as the reason, that they rarely make a fortune there, the inhabitants being, to use his words, "plus Juifs que les Juifs." The well-known Italian proverb is equally severe upon

* Sumit nocturnos meretrix cucullos.—Juv.

the Genoese sea and territory, and upon its inhabitants: —"Monti senza legno, mare senza pesce, gente senza fede, e donne senza vergogna;"—"land without trees, sea without fish, men without faith, and women without virtue*."

The nature of the country round Genoa brought to my mind the following remark of Addison: "If a man considers the face of Italy in general, one would think that Nature had laid it out in such a variety of states and governments as one finds in it. For as the Alps, at one end, and the long range of Apennines, that passes through the body of it, branch out on all sides into several different divisions; they serve as so many natural boundaries and fortifications to the little territories that lie among them†." It may, indeed, be affirmed with great truth, that

> . . . Nature's self detains the victor's car,
> And makes their land impregnable, if earth
> Could be so.

"Accordingly," continues Addison, "we find the whole country cut into a multitude of particular kingdoms and

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* "Travellers," says Forsyth, "have often applied the 'Vane Ligus,' &c. to the Genoese character; but the '*Patrias* tentâsti lubricus artes' appears to me to be levelled rather at an individual, the fallaci Auno,' than against the nation at large."

† "Surrounded by the Alps and the sea, the natural limits of Italy are determined with the same precision as those of an island.

commonwealths in the oldest accounts we have of it, until the power of the Romans, like a torrent that overflows its banks, bore down all before it, and spread itself into the remotest corners of the nation. But as this exorbitant power became unable to support itself, we find the government of Italy again broken into such a variety of subdivisions, as naturally suits with its situation."

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By these vast mountains, arranged in a huge crescent, one extremity of which reaches to the Adriatic Gulf, and the other to the sea of Genoa, it is separated from the continent; while, throughout the greater part of its extent, it is bathed by the sea. It thus divides itself into two great parts—the continental portion, and the Peninsula—the common boundary of which is the isthmus of Parma. For if from Parma, as a centre, a semicircle be traced to the north, with a radius of about sixty leagues, it will sweep along the higher chain of the Alps, and describe the territory of what is called the continental part, formerly Cisalpine Gaul. The Peninsula, again, is a trapezium, comprehended between the continental part on the north, the Mediterranean on the west, the Adriatic on the east, and the Ionian sea on the south. The Apennines are mountains of the second order, and, commencing where the Alps terminate, run through the Peninsula in a longitudinal direction, increasing in elevation by a progress inverse to that of the Alps; and, extending to its southern extremity, divide the waters which discharge themselves into the Adriatic from those which flow into the Mediterranean."—*Edin. Review*, No. 80.

## PISA.

È quasi fatale alle umane cose non durar lungamente in un medesimo stato; e dopo la maggior elevazione dover fra non molto aspettarsi la decadenza.—LANZI.

I LEFT Genoa for Pisa in a felucca, and arrived at Leghorn about the middle of the following day. This thriving town is said to contain upwards of sixty thousand inhabitants. Of these, a sixth part, and those the wealthiest, are Jews. The streets, which are clean and paved with large flag stones, are crowded with people of all nations, exhibiting a singular diversity of costume; for here may be seen, mingled in gay confusion, the Turk, the Armenian, and the Greek; the inhabitants of the Mediterranean isles, and those of the Barbary coast.

Leghorn has the advantage of a secure harbour*, and

* The pier commands a magnificent view—the Monte Nero, which no Italian vessel sails by without saluting Our Lady of that name—the whole extent of coast from the Gulf of Genoa to the Point of Piombino—the little island of Gorgona, famed for its anchovies—the light-house built by our Queen Anne, on a dangerous shoal not far from it—and the isles of Elba and Corsica, the places of Buonaparte's birth and exile.

a lazaretto, said to be the best in Europe. The quay is decorated with a statue of Ferdinand of Medicis, with four bronze figures kneeling round the pedestal, some say to personify the four quarters of the globe; others, to represent certain Turkish slaves who had attempted to steal a Tuscan galley, and were executed by order of that prince. With the exception of these statues, and the repositories of sculptured alabaster in the *Via Grande*, Leghorn has little to boast of in the way of art.

The Protestant burying-ground, or Campo Inglese, as it is sometimes called, from the number of our countrymen interred there, is a plot of ground without the walls, protected by an iron railing, and surrounded by cypresses after the oriental manner. It is chiefly interesting as the burial-place of Smollet.

From Leghorn to Pisa, our road lay across an extensive plain, bounded on the south-east by the chain of the Monte Nero, the favourite retreat of the wealthier Leghorn merchants during the heats of summer.

The situation of Pisa is eminently beautiful. To the north it has the Apennines, to the south a fertile and extensive plain; while the Arno, here a navigable stream, flows through the heart of the town, dividing it into two nearly equal parts. The quays on each side of the river are lined with stately edifices, and connected by three bridges, the middle one of which is built of marble. In its passage through the town the river describes a slight curve, and this is thought to add so much to the beauty of the effect, that the *Lung' Arno* of Pisa (the common

appellation of the quays) is usually preferred before that of Florence.

Pisa, while the capital of a republic, could boast a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; but no sooner did it fall under the hated domination of Florence, than its population gradually dwindled away, and it now musters scarcely more than a tenth part of that number. Its former splendour, however, is still discernible in the deserted mansions that line its depopulated streets, as well as in the towers—once the distinctive mark and the defence of its nobles—which may still be traced in the walls of modernized houses. But the noblest monument of its magnificence is confined to one sacred corner, near the outskirts of the town: there stand clustered together all the wonders of Pisa—the Cathedral—the Baptistery —the Leaning Tower—and the Campo Santo; "all built of the same marble, all varieties of the same architecture, all venerable with years, and fortunate both in their society and their solitude*."

The *Cathedral*, a work of the eleventh century, was built by a Greek. It stands on a platform, to which you ascend by a flight of five marble steps. The sides are divided into three stories, the front into five: the general decoration of the exterior consists of round arches resting on single columns or pilasters; and the whole is surmounted by a cupola. But notwithstanding the cupola, and the absence of pointed arches, clustered pillars, and

* Forsyth.

ribs and tracery in the ceiling—the distinctive features of Gothic architecture—it is still called Gothic by the Italians. To shew the fitness of the appellation, they instance certain irregularities in the front and sides—in the former, the want of sufficient roundness in some of the arches under the angle of the roof; which, however, is accounted for by their situation—in the latter, a few large arches, inclosing two or three smaller ones; a combination not unfrequent in Gothic and Saxon works. In both cases, however, the arches are round, or as nearly so as their situation would admit; in both cases they rest on columns or pilasters of the Greek order. As another mark of the Gothic, they point to the figures of men and animals introduced in the capitals of some of the columns; but such ornaments, though common enough in Gothic churches, are of too old a date in those of Greece and Italy to be fairly attributable to a Gothic origin.

The plan and elevation are basilical; the interior consisting of a nave and double aisles, with choir and transepts rounded like the tribune. These five aisles are formed by insulated pillars of oriental granite, taken from ancient temples, a circumstance which may partly account for the design, since materials, borrowed from such a source, would naturally lead back to something like the style for which they were first intended. "It is," says Forsyth, "a style too impure to be Greek, yet still more remote from the Gothic, and rather approaches the Saxon, a style which may here be called the Lombard, as it appeared in Italy first under the Lombard princes,

a style which includes whatever was grand or beautiful in the works of the middle ages, and this was perhaps the noblest of them all."

As an idle decoration columns are seldom beautiful, but here they are not only necessary, supporting as they do the roof, but ornamental too, varying their combinations at every step, and by their colour heightening the effect of that "dim religious light" so pleasing in the eye of an Englishman, consecrated as it is to him by its associations.

The decorations of the interior are curious rather than beautiful. The admired marble pulpit is supported by a female figure of gross design and indifferent execution, in the act of suckling two children. The side altars are less rich, and therefore more beautiful than usual. One of these exhibits a singular group—an Adam and Eve standing under the fatal tree, which is loaded with the forbidden fruit: the serpent, to whom the sculptor has given a human head, is entwined round its trunk. In this church the sacred and the profane are strangely jumbled together. Bacchanals and Meleager's hunt figure on the walls, and heads of satyrs on a cardinal's tomb. Even the St. Potitus is said to be but a new christened statue of Mars.

The bronze gates of this cathedral have been eulogised somewhat beyond their desert. "I will only mention," says Algarotti, "the so much lauded gates of the Duomo, which some go so far as to prefer before those of the Baptistery at Florence. They are principally from

the designs of John of Bologna, but are very inferior to those chaste and noble gates of Lorenzo Ghiberti's, which drew forth the encomiums of M. Angelo. Besides, in these relievos, Bologna aimed at the same effect which he has also aimed at in those which decorate the pedestal of the equestrian statue of Cosmo I. at Florence, an effect by no means compatible with relievos—I mean that of giving indistinctness (sfondo) and distance to the composition, by means of perspective. And what is the consequence? Not only does the sculptor fail in his attempt, but mar a considerable portion of his figures."

The *Baptistery*, an isolated circular building, surmounted by a cupola, stands in front of the cathedral, and, like that, exhibits a multitude of useless columns, supporting mean and useless arches. The two upper stories, for there are three, shoot up into a number of acute pediments, each with a figure inscribed in it; and this, according to the Italians, is another indication of the Gothic.

Eustace admires the inner elevation, consisting, on the basement story, of a tier of arches resting on eight granite pillars; this, again, supporting a second tier of smaller arches resting on twice that number of marble ones; and this latter supporting the dome. But Forsyth, a far better authority in such matters, unequivocally condemns it. "Arches," says he, "are here perched upon arches, and pedestals are stilted on the capitals of columns, as a base to a hideous tunnel which screens the fine swell of the cupola." The statues and relievos have an evident

allusion to baptism, but, with the exception of the font, these are the only parts of the structure that would lead a man to divine its purpose.

The *Leaning Tower* may be described as a cylinder, surrounded on the basement story by a wall decorated with arches resting on half pillars; above which are six circles of slender columns supporting arches (which become smaller and more numerous as you ascend), and leaving an open gallery in each story between the columns and the wall. The whole is crowned with an eighth story, which, being merely a continuation of the inner wall, and surrounded by an iron balustrade, is of smaller diameter than the rest. A spiral staircase, communicating with the galleries, winds up within the wall*.

Much difference of opinion exists among different travellers as to the merits of this singular structure. One tourist† charges it with betraying "that poverty of effect which must ever result from small columns and a multitude of orders." Another‡ tells us, that it "would have small pretensions to architectural beauty, were it altogether upright: at present it is quite as displeasing as it is wonderful." On the contrary, Eustace admires it for its graceful form and marble materials; and Mathews pro-

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* The cylinder is composed of two walls, each two feet thick, one within the other, with an interval of three feet for the stairs. The well in the centre is twenty-two feet in diameter, the projection of the galleries seven feet, the diameter of the tower fifty feet; and its height one hundred and ninety.

† Forsyth.

‡ Woods.

nounces it to be, "upon the whole, a very elegant structure," and in its general effect "so pleasing, that, like Alexander's wry neck, it might well bring leaning into fashion among all the towers of Christendom."

As to the obliquity of this tower, some ascribe its cause to accident, others to design; the latter affirming, from the diminished inclination of the upper tiers, that the German architect contrived this declination, which his Italian successors endeavoured to rectify. As, however, a neighbouring belfry, and the observatory in the adjoining street, have been found to lean to the same side, there can be little doubt that the *Campanile* leans only from the same cause—the softness of the soil on which it stands. But, whatever be the cause of its obliquity, the tower seems to be in no danger of falling. Notwithstanding its threatening appearance, it has now stood more than six hundred years without rent or decay,

Ruituraque semper,
Stat, mirum! moles.

*Campo Santo.*—This cloistered cemetery, constructed in the thirteenth century, is a vast rectangle three hundred and eighty-three feet in length by one hundred and twenty-seven in width, surrounded by arcades of white marble. The arches, like those met with in Roman architecture, are round, and the pillars faced with pilasters; but each arcade, with the exception of only four, includes an intersection of small arches, rising from slender shafts like the mullions of a Gothic window. This, however, is supposed to be an addition, the arcades having, to all

appearance, been open originally down to the pavement. In their present state they are not unlike so many Gothic windows stripped of their glass. Indeed, it is pity that they had not been glazed, for the frescos, with which the walls are covered, might thus perhaps have been protected in some degree from the effects of damp. As it is, they are rapidly going to decay.

In this Campo Santo it was, that, at the dawn of modern painting, the more distinguished of the Tuscan artists were taught to emulate each other's powers. Here Giotto executed certain historical pieces from the life of Job, which, though amongst his earliest performances, are not altogether devoid of merit. Here Gozzoli finished, in the short space of two years, his *Noah inebriated*, his *Building of the Tower of Babel*, with other scriptural subjects which cover one entire wing of the cemetery—a work that might, as Vasari well observed of it, appal a whole host of painters. Here, also, Andrea Orcagna gave a representation of the Last Judgment; and Bernardo Orcagna, another of the Inferno. In a painting in the corner of the rectangle to the right of the entrance, Andrea has taken occasion to represent the effects of the sacred soil of which the cemetery is composed*. First

* It is said to have been filled, to the depth of nine feet, with earth brought by the Pisans from the Holy Land, on their return from the third crusade. This earth was thought to possess the property of decomposing animal substances in the space of four-and-twenty hours. Such, at least, is the prevailing notion, though Simond, on the contrary, asserts, that "bodies buried in it are said to be safe from decay."

you see the swelling, then the bursting, of the trunk, then its gradual decomposition, and, lastly, the bare skeleton; all which you are required to believe was the work of only twenty-four hours. In this picture Orcagna has also represented the soul quitting the body, under the semblance of an infant. In some instances the devil is in the act of seizing this infant; in others, an angel is seen bearing it away to heaven. In one case, where the defunct seems, as Madame Sevigné says of herself, to have belonged "ni au Dieu, ni au diable," an angel takes this semblance of a soul by the hands, while the devil keeps fast hold of it by the legs.

Had the various works executed here by the earlier painters been preserved in their pristine state, they would have afforded an admirable field for the study of the rise and progress of modern art. Retouched, however, as they have been, they still exhibit a sort of palæology of painting; they still serve to "shew the art growing, through several stages, from the simplicity of indigence, to the simplicity of strength." "The first pictures," continues Forsyth, "betray a thin, timid, ill-fed pencil; they present corpses rather than men, sticks rather than trees, inflexible forms, flat surfaces, long extremities, raw tints, any thing but nature. As you follow the chronology of the wall, you catch perspective entering into the pictures, deepening the back-ground, and then adjusting the groups to the plans. You see the human figure first straight, or rather stretched; then foreshortened, then enlarged; rounded, salient, free, various, expressive. Throughout this sacred ground Painting pre-

serves the austerity of the Tuscan school: she rises sometimes to its energy and movement, she is no where sparing of figures, and has produced much of the singular, the terrible, the impressive; but nothing that is truly excellent. All the subjects are taken from scripture, the legends, or Dante; but, in depicting the life of a patriarch or a saint, the artists have given us the dress, the furniture, and the humours of their own day."

## LUCCA.

L'uliva, in qualche dolce piaggia aprica,
Secondo il vento, par or verde, or bianca:
Natura in questa tal serba, e nutrica,
Quel verde, che nell' altre frondi manca.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

ABOUT four miles north of Pisa, the Lucca road approaches the mountains whose marble quarries furnished the former city with the materials for its splendid edifices. At their foot stand the Baths of San Giuliano, once in considerable repute, but now less attractive than those of Lucca. After skirting the base of these mountains for a few miles, you come to the pretty village of Ripa Fratta—the Tuscan boundary—whose name "indicates how little the proudest embankments can resist the Serchio, when its floods are repelled by a south wind."

LUCCA is seated in a rich and highly cultivated valley, watered by the above-mentioned river, and surrounded by a belt of lofty Apennines, which gradually sink down into "vine-clad hills, where the celebrated villas rise on such sites as court admiration from the city." In its broad ramparts, its stately palaces with their massive walls and barred windows, its historical statues, and monumental memorials of departed patriots, we may still trace the vestiges of its former prosperity, when, elate with the ad-

vantages of liberty and commerce, it had, like so many other petty Italian states, "a public soul too expansive for the body." The ramparts, useless as a defence, are now converted into a promenade planted with forest trees: hence it has been observed, not unaptly, that, to a spectator without the walls, the city wears the appearance of a fortified wood, with a watch-tower in the middle—that watch-tower being the cathedral itself.

This structure is of the same date, and the same material, as that of Pisa. Its chief peculiarities are—the wide porch, consisting of three large semicircular arches, supported by piers with slender shafts and crowded with sculpture—and the round temple of the Santo Volto insulated in the nave. The other churches—decorated in a manner at once costly and fantastic, with variegated marbles, chequered or in stripes—are all of them, more or less, imitations of the Pisan cathedral, though on a small scale. Of the city itself, taken as a whole, it has been remarked by Chateauvieux, that "its crooked streets, pointed roofs, and irregular edifices, give it somewhat the air of a Flemish town."

This little state, comprising a territory scarcely exceeding fifty-four square leagues, contains a population of about one hundred and forty-three thousand souls. It is, indeed, one of the best peopled, as well as one of the best cultivated districts in Italy; and, as regards the plain itself, may truly be said to exhibit "the economy and shew of a large kitchen garden." The hills are covered with vineyards and olive-groves, especially the latter,

whose pale foliage meets the eye at every turn; the Lucca oil being considered superior even to that produced in the Florentine territory. Hence, notwithstanding the general poverty of the farmers—attributable in some measure, as we shall hereafter see, to the nature of the tenure by which they hold their lands—the advocates for small farms frequently adduce the Lucchese, and still more frequently the Lower Valdarno, where the peasantry are in easier circumstances, in support of their favourite system; triumphantly contrasting the smiling appearance of these two districts with the forlorn plains of the Campagna di Roma, where the farms are so enormously large.

The Baths of Lucca—a delightful summer retreat—are situated in the heart of the Apennines, about twelve miles from the town. The road, after quitting the romantic valley of the Serchio, studded with convents, villas and villages, and remarkable for its three curious bridges, winds along the banks of a tributary stream, called the Lima. Passing a huge mass of overhanging rock, with a chapel hollowed out in its side, you enter a sequestered valley inclosed between high and fertile hills, and, following the course of the Lima, after a few miles, arrive at the baths.

Never was watering-place more secluded. At the foot of the bridge which crosses the Lima is a little village, and on the hill above it are perched the Bagni Caldi; about a mile higher up the stream are the tepid baths, called Bagni della Villa, charmingly seated in an am-

phitheatre of hills. The surrounding scenery is highly pleasing and diversified—verdant meadows—"a brawling brook"—groves of oak and chestnut, clothing the tops of the highest hills—and, in the distance, the snowy summits and sparkling peaks of the towering Apennines.

The waters here are of various degrees of heat to within four of the boiling point; and are said to be very salutary. According to Algarotti's account, the Lucchesi have shewn more tact than their Pisan neighbours in puffing and promoting the celebrity of their baths. "Secondo il libro di Cocchi," says he, "i bagni di Pisa sono una panacea. Meglio per avventura i Lucchesi, i quali asseriscono, per tale malattia esser buoni i lor bagni, ottimi per tale altra, per questa, quella, e quell' altra non se ne esser ancora provata la virtù. Un così fatto stile si acquista fede."

## FLORENCE.

Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning rose, redeemed to a new morn.—Byron.

Exaggeration is said to be the besetting sin of travellers; but, with the exception of Rogers, who asserts roundly that,

Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence,

they have hardly done justice to the capital of Tuscany, which may well be called "the fair." Its churches, notwithstanding the unfinished state of many of their façades, are magnificent; its palaces, though they have more of solidity than elegance, are noble structures; the private dwellings are in general handsome; the streets, though narrow, are clean, and paved with thick flagstones, chiselled into grooves, to prevent the horses from slipping. The Arno divides the city into two unequal parts, and, being dammed up, has here the appearance of a large river, though it is in fact an inconsiderable stream. On each side, between the houses and the river, is the Lung' Arno, a broad quay serving for carriages and foot passengers. Thus the Arno may be con-

sidered as forming the principal street, the two sides of which are connected by four bridges at short intervals from each other. Of these, the Ponte della Trinità, consisting of three elliptic arches, and built of white marble, is deservedly the most admired.

The views up and down the river are delightfully varied, presenting wood, and water, and mountain; the Arno, the Cascine, and the Apennines; while in the immediate vicinity are villas without number, which, from the absence of smoke, and the purity of the air, are distinctly seen from all parts of the town. Ariosto long ago remarked, that, if the villas in the environs of Florence, which seem to shoot up like so many off-sets and suckers from the ground, were all collected within one wall, they would form a city twice the size of Rome.

The prospect from the neighbouring hills is yet more beautiful. Here you have Florence extended at your feet, "her groves and gardens, pinnacles and towers," and the river winding through the famed Valdarno—a golden plain, abounding in corn and wine and oil—till the scene is closed by the bold range of the Apennines. Such is the situation of Florence; and within her walls are palaces and museums rich in all the wonders of ancient and modern art; abounding with every thing that can delight the fancy or gratify the taste:—

> Search within,
> Without; all is enchantment! 'Tis the past
> Contending with the present; and, in turn,
> Each has the mastery.

But the great object of attraction here is the celebrated gallery. On entering the vestibule of this noble collection, you are met by the founders themselves. Here you may contemplate the features of Cosmo, "the father of his country," and of Lorenzo "the magnificent." Some of their busts are of porphyry. It seems that the art of carving in porphyry was lost, and one of the Medici is said to have restored it. After all, however, it is a substance but ill adapted to statuary. "A statue should be of one colour. That colour, too, seems best which least suggests the idea of colour, and is the freest from any gloss or radiance that may tend to shed false lights, and confuse vision. Hence, white marble is preferable to black, black marble to bronze, bronze to gold, and any of them to a mottled surface like porphyry." (Forsyth).

The gallery itself runs round the whole edifice, which forms the three sides of an oblong, and twenty different rooms or cabinets open into it. Of these, an octagonal cabinet, known by the name of the Tribune—the walls of which are decorated with a few paintings of the great masters, and in the area of which are five of the most admired pieces of ancient sculpture—claims our first attention.

In the centre of this apartment stands "the statue that enchants the world"—the matchless Medicean Venus. That this inimitable statue was found in Hadrian's villa, and that it is the work of a Greek sculptor, is all that is now known; for the name of Cleomenes, on the pedestal, is generally supposed to be a forgery. Some will have it

that this modest-looking figure represents the abandoned Phryne, who, at the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries, on coming out of the bath, exposed her person to the gaze of all Athens. But though this would establish its identity with the famous Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles, of which that courtesan was the model, yet others have even doubted whether it ought to be called a Venus at all; seeing that it would be difficult to recognise, in this divine statue, any traits of the queen of love and pleasure. "It seems rather intended as a personification of all that is elegant, graceful, and beautiful; not only abstracted from all human infirmities, but elevated above all human feelings and affections; for though the form is female, the beauty is like the beauty of angels, who are of no sex."

The majority of travellers, who are lavish in their praises of the Venus, would probably acquiesce in the justness of the above critique of Mathews; but there have been some, who, for the sake of singularity perhaps, have more than questioned not only its supremacy in beauty, but even its delicacy. For its beauty—a recent tourist of the softer sex complains of the insipidity of the face, and the thickness of the legs; and declares, moreover, that she has seen living women scarcely less beautiful, and far more interesting. And then, for its delicacy—every body knows that this is the very statue of which, to use the words of Sterne, "Smollet falls foul, and uses worse than any strumpet."

Venus is graceful in all her attitudes—

Illam, quicquid agat, quoquo vestigia vertat,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.—TIBULLUS.

If she but move or look, her step, her face,
By stealth adopt unmeditated grace.—WALPOLE.

But in no attitude is she more so, as Spence observes, "than in that of the Venus of Medicis; in which figure of her, if she is not really modest, she at least counterfeits modesty extremely well. Were one to describe exactly what that attitude is, one might do it in two verses of Ovid's:"—

Ipsa Venus pubem, quoties velamina ponit,
Protegitur lævâ semireducta manu.—ART. AM. 2, 614*.

Immediately behind this statue is the most famous of all the famous Venuses of Titian, voluptuously reclining on a couch, with flowers in her right hand: two females, who are busied in opening a chest in the back ground, seem to be introduced for no other purpose than to serve as a foil to the beauty of the principal figure; which Algarotti thought worthy to rival the Medicean statue. Not so Mathews. "In this picture," says he, "Titian has represented the goddess of pleasure in her true character—the Houri of a Mahometan paradise—and a most

* At the foot of the statue are two Cupids playing about a dolphin. Hence it is that Venus is called by Ovid, "the mother of the two Cupids"—Geminorum mater Amorum. One of these Cupids was looked upon as the cause of love; and the other, as the cause of its ceasing. Accordingly, antiquarians usually call the two little Cupids at the foot of the Venus of Medicis, by the names Eros and Anteros; and there is something, not only in the air of their faces, but in their very make and attitudes, which agrees well enough with those names: the upper one being lighter and of a more pleasing look; the lower one more heavy and sullen.—*Spence's Polymetis, Dial.* 7.

bewitching picture it is. But the triumph of the statue is complete. There is about it that mysterious something, 'quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tamen,' impressed by the master-touch, which is as inexplicable as the breath of life. The attention of the spectator is rivetted to it, and he turns from the picture—like Hercules from the voluptuous blandishments of the goddess of pleasure—to devote an exclusive adoration to the celestial purity of her rival."

The Venus suffered considerably in her transport from Rome to Florence. The whole of the right arm is modern, as is also the left from the elbow downward. The searching eyes of critics have also descried in her some faint traces of humanity: they have discovered that her ears, like those of the daughters of Niobe, are pierced for ear-rings, and that one arm looks as though it had been compressed by a bracelet. The arms, however, being modern, the bracelet must of course have been a modern decoration; but we can hardly believe this of the other "barbarous trinkets," as Mathews calls them. Though, with him, "one would wish to think they were not the work of the original sculptor, but added by some late proprietor, in the same taste that the squire in Smollet bestows full-curled periwigs, by the hand of an itinerant limner, at so much a head, on the portraits of his ancestors painted by Vandyke;" yet, when we reflect that they were common to the Venus and the daughters of Niobe, we can hardly come to such a conclusion.

Whether this statue is the work of Praxiteles or not, it may, as Addison has observed, very properly remind us

of what Venus is made to say in one of the Greek epigrams:—

Γυμνην οἶδε Παρις με και Αγχισης και Αδωνις,
Τους τρεῖς οἶδα μονους· Πραξιτελης δε ποθεν;

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too
Have seen me naked and exposed to view;
All these I frankly own, without denying;
But where has this Praxiteles been prying?—Addison.

The Apollino, the Arrotino, the Wrestlers, and the Faun, are the four satellites which surround the presiding deity of love.

The *Apollino* is in the graceful style, what the Apollo Belvidere is in the sublime. He stands with one arm negligently thrown over his head; and perhaps his only defect is his diminutive stature, which, notwithstanding his acknowledged symmetry and grace, renders him after all but an insignificant representative of the far-darting Apollo.

The *Group of the Wrestlers* has by some been thought, perhaps erroneously, to represent two of the sons of Niobe, not only because they were discovered nearly in the same spot with the Niobe, but because, as we learn from Ovid, two of the sons of Niobe were exercising themselves in wrestling at the moment they were transfixed by the arrows of Apollo. This group has the merit of being unique, and admirably displays the exertion of the two competitors, in the tension of the muscles and the swelling of the veins. The head of the vanquished is antique; that of the other, if not modern, has at any

rate been retouched. Both are admired for their expression: the victor seems to glory in his success, while the vanquished appears to be torn with the contending passions of rage and despair at his defeat. His head is turned toward his successful opponent, who still keeps him down; and one of his legs is uplifted, as if he were meditating an effort to extricate himself and give his adversary a fall. One of his arms seems out of joint.

The Arrotino, or Whetter, or Remouleur, or Spy—a statue of a crouching slave whetting a knife—has opened a wide field for the conjecture of connoisseurs; who are hardly yet agreed upon the subject. He is represented in the act of suspending his employment, and looking up as if to listen to something that is said. Hence with some it passes for the slave who, while whetting his knife, overheard Catiline's conspiracy. But they who reject this hypothesis will not admit that the countenance betrays any indication of that surprise and curiosity, which a person so circumstanced might naturally be expected to feel. Others are of opinion, that it represents the peasant who discovered the plot into which the two sons of Junius Brutus entered for the restoration of Tarquin. Others, again, will have it that it is meant for Accius Navius, that ingenious soothsayer, who said, "he could do what the king was thinking of;" and when Tarquin, with a sneer, replied, "I was just thinking whether you could cut that whetstone with a razor," immediately severed it in two. In fact, no satisfactory suggestion has yet been hit upon. The favourite conjecture, at present, is, that it represents the Scythian whom Apollo com-

manded to flay Marsyas. "It seems strange," says Hobhouse, in his notes to the fourth canto of Childe Harold, "that the character of that disputed statue (the Whetter) should not be entirely decided, at least in the mind of any one who has seen a sarcophagus in the vestibule of the Basilica of St. Paul without the walls*, at Rome, where the whole group of the fable of Marsyas is seen in tolerable preservation; and the Scythian slave, whetting the knife, is represented exactly in the same position as this celebrated master-piece. The slave is not naked; but it is easier to get rid of this difficulty, than to suppose the knife in the hand of the Florentine statue an instrument for shaving; which it must be, if, as Lanzi supposes, the man is no other than the barber of Julius Cæsar."

The *Dancing Faun*, playing on the cymbals, has been attributed to Praxiteles, though more from the excellence of the work than from any direct proof. The head and arms are modern—the workmanship of M. Angelo—who, in the opinion of Mathews, has here shewn so much skill in restoration, that it may be doubted whether the original could have excelled the substitute. Bell, however, in his "Observations on Italy," tells us that M. Angelo has given "too fresh and full a face for the shrunk, meagre, and dried up body;" and that he has "evidently mistaken the design, which is assuredly that of a drunken old faun, balancing with inebriety, rather than dancing

* The Basilica was destroyed by fire in 1824: the Sarcophagus may perhaps have escaped.

with glee. The limbs are all in a strained and staggering attitude; and the action arises, not from the exertion of dancing, but from the loss of balance, and the desire to preserve it. The whole body inclines forward in a reclining posture; and there must have been a proportionate bend of the head backwards to counterbalance the inclination of the trunk." This latter, considered by itself, he looks upon as "perhaps the most exquisite piece of art of all that remains of the ancients."

The group of the *Niobe*, supposed by some to have been designed for the pediment of a temple, gives name to the cabinet in which it is placed. This group—if such a term may be applied to figures placed at equal distances round a room—consists of sixteen statues of various sizes, and very unequal merit, and thought, too, to be by different hands. The agony of maternal affection, in the figure of Niobe herself, clasped by the arm of her youngest child, is admirably expressed; and whether this group suggested Ovid's affecting description, or whether the sculptor did but embody the conceptions of the poet, the statue and the description, it must be admitted, form no bad commentary on each other:—

Ultima restabat, quam toto corpore mater,
Totâ veste tegens, unam, minimamque relinque;
De multis minimam posco, clamavit, et unam.

The last, with eager care, the mother veiled,
Behind her spreading mantle close concealed,
And with her body guarded, as a shield.
"Only this least, this youngest, I implore,
"Grant me this one request, I ask no more."—GARTH.

Some critics object to the dress of the other daughters as too thin and meretricious for dying princesses; others think there is too much attitudinizing in the figures of the sons; while most are of opinion that the taste of the whole is somewhat too theatrical.

In this chamber of the Niobe is the Head of Alexander; a head worthy of the son of Ammon and the conqueror of the world. But here again the virtuosi are at fault; not, indeed, as to the identity of the head, but as to the circumstance in which the sculptor meant to represent the hero; whether in a state of bodily pain or languor, or of sorrow and remorse for the murder of his friend Clitus, or lastly, according to the conjecture of Addison, as weeping for new worlds to conquer.

The Hermaphrodite, asleep upon a lion's skin, affords a striking example of the happy knack of the ancients in hitting off the ease and simplicity of nature*. So natural is the posture of the recumbent figure, that one hesitates to approach it, lest one should disturb its repose. But though we admire the excellence of the work, we may well be surprised at that perversion of taste, which could lead the ancients to delight in such monstrous representations. "The heathen sculpture," observes Gray, "was generally filthy and abominable; for though it be allowed that the Venus is but the display of female charms, and that she rather enchants us by the modest

* The Shepherd extracting a thorn from his foot, in one of the ante-rooms of the Tribune, exhibits another remarkable instance of the same happy faculty.

and retiring decency of her manner, than awakens any unchaste sentiments; yet the Fauns, and Satyrs, and impersonated objects of lewdness, prejudice morality by suggesting ludicrous ideas to mingle with our disgust. The Hermaphrodite is sculptured with such elegance as cannot but arrest attention to a subject little beneficial to delicacy; and I know of no moral effect to be derived from contemplating Zephyrs, Ledas, and Cupids; drunken gods, gladiators, and heroes."

One of the most interesting parts of this celebrated collection is the series of imperial statues and busts ranged along the gallery, shewing, as it does, the state of sculpture from Julius Cæsar down to Constantine.

What Addison says of medals holds still more strongly of these busts and statues. Here we have "the faces of all the great persons of antiquity." Here we see "the Alexanders, Cæsars, Pompeys, Trajans, and the whole catalogue of heroes, who have many of them so distinguished themselves from the rest of mankind, that we almost look upon them as another species." Here, too, "we find the representations of ladies that have given occasion to whole volumes, on account only of a face. We have here the pleasure to examine their looks and dresses, and to survey at leisure those beauties that have sometimes been the happiness or misery of whole kingdoms."

It has been found that the heads which are rare in medals are also rare in marble. There are, however, some exceptions. Tiberius, for instance, is a rare medal, but a common bust; and the contrary holds good of

Agrippa and Caligula, of whom there are many medals and but few busts. The Julius Cæsar in bronze, which begins this series, closely resembles his effigy on the most authentic medals: it wants the laurel crown, and is therefore thought to have been cast before the Senate granted him the privilege of wearing it. The same remark applies to another bust of his in marble. In some instances we meet with several busts of the same individual: thus, there are three of Nero, three of Trajan, four of M. Aurelius Antoninus, three of Lucius Verus, and three of Julia, the daughter of Titus: but in this latter case the three are so unlike each other, that scarcely any difference of age can reconcile them.

Physiognomists, "who can read sermons in stones," affect to trace the history of their prototypes in these imperial heads. Thus they tell you that "Caligula had an habitual paleness, which is indicated by the very marble;" that Claudius's bust betrays "that stolidity and heaviness which, in all his actions, characterized the man, in whom the least application produced an involuntary shaking of the head; and that the mouth, too, is treated in such a manner, as to point out another organic defect of that weak-minded prince, recorded by Juvenal;" while, with regard to Nero's, "the character under which he is represented, evidently seems to be put on with a view to mask his cruelty*." In all this there is perhaps a little

* In the "Galerie Royale et Imperiale," it is observed of Caligula—"Il avait une pâleur habituelle, que le marbre semble indiquer." Of Claudius it is said—"La bouche est traitée de façon à

too much of the fanciful; for though "it is no doubt an agreeable amusement to compare in our own thoughts the face of a great man with the character that authors have given us of him, and to try if we can find out in his looks and features either the haughty, cruel, or merciful temper that discovers itself in the history of his actions;" yet we should be cautious how we carry this amusement too far. In some few instances Nature may have stamped the characters of the individuals upon their countenances too plainly to be mistaken, yet in many others such characteristic marks would be sought for in vain.

Few either of the statues or busts have escaped uninjured; and, but for modern restoration, we should meet with the same mutilated statues and the same disfigured heads that Juvenal mentions as not uncommon in the collections even of his day:—

> Et Curios jam dimidios, humeroque minorem
> Corvinum, et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem.
>
> Curius, half wasted by the teeth of time,
> Corvinus dwindled to a shapeless bust,
> And high-born Galba crumbling into dust.—GIFFORD.

Among these busts there are several in which the flesh is of white marble and the drapery of coloured. High authority may be quoted for this mixture. Homer and Virgil seem to have approved of it. The former intro-

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faire reconnoître un autre defaut naturel de ce foible prince, dont parle Juvenal (Sat. 6)." And of Nero—"L'air sous lequel il est représenté, semble être affecté et cacher de la cruauté."

duces gold and silver and tin into the sculpture of Achilles' shield; the latter talks with complacency of the union of gold and marble: "Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro." The materials both of the Jupiter and the Minerva of Phidias were ivory and gold; and metal bits were found to be inserted in the mouths of the marble horses taken from the frieze of the Parthenon*. After all, however, no authority can defend such a mixture. "Sculpture," as Forsyth justly observes, "admits no diversity of materials; it knows no colour; it knows nothing but shape. Its purpose is not to cheat the eye, but to represent to the mind all the truth and beauty and grace and sublimity of forms. Did the expression of a statue depend on the illusion produced, or on the number of idiots who mistake it for life, the Medicean Venus would then yield to every wax-work that travels from fair to fair."

At the extremity of the gallery is an antique Morpheus in touchstone. "I have always observed," says Addison, "that this god is represented by the ancient statuaries under the figure of a boy asleep, with a bundle of poppy in his hand. At first I took it for a Cupid, till I noticed that it had neither bow nor quiver."

. . . . . Qualia namque
Corpora nudorum tabulâ pinguntur Amorum,
Talis erat; sed ni faciat discrimina cultus,
Aut huic adde leves aut illis deme pharetras.

* This practice was not peculiar to Phidias. In the Museo Borbonico, at Naples, there is a horse's head of bronze with a bright metal bit inserted in it.

Such are the Cupids that in paint we view;
But that the likeness may be nicely true,
A loaden quiver to his shoulders tie,
Or bid the Cupids lay their quivers by.—ADDISON.

It is probable that the ancients chose to represent the God of Sleep under the figure of a boy, contrary to the practice of modern artists, because it is the age which has its repose the least broken by care and anxiety. Statius, in his celebrated invocation of Sleep, addresses him under the same figure:—

Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidissime divûm*,
Quove errore miser, donis ut solus egerem,
Somne, tuis? Tacet omne pecus, volucresque feræque.
SYLV. 4, lib. 5.

Tell me, thou best of gods, thou gentle youth,
Tell me my sad offence; that only I,
While hushed at ease thy drowsy subjects lie,
In the dead silence of the night complain,
Nor taste the blessings of thy peaceful reign.—ADDISON.

It was also probably with reference to night, as the proper season for rest, that the God of Sleep was always formed out of black marble. That sculptors in the

* "We," says the Quarterly Review, No. 19, "have always read the passage thus:—

Crimine quo merui juvenis, placidissime divûm.

By this punctuation, juvenis acquires a very peculiar force, and the spirit of the passage is greatly improved. 'What have I done, that I, though still young, at the season of life when cares are least likely to obstruct repose, am denied the gifts of sleep?'"

choice of their marble had sometimes an eye to the person they were to represent, we learn from the ancients themselves, who tell us that the Nile was generally represented in stone of that colour, because it flows from the country of the Æthiopians:—

> Usque *coloratis* amnis devexus ab Indis.—Georg. 4, 293.
>
> Rolling its tide from Æthiopian lands.

Among the modern statues there are but few that have any great merit. Michael Angelo's Bacchus has received quite as much incense as it deserves. The sculptor has here given the jolly god a meagreness of frame somewhat at variance with the usual representations of him, together with a stolidity of look that ought, one should think, to procure him but few votaries. Some, however, will have it that M. Angelo did this designedly, and that it was his intention, in this instance, to play the moralist, by exhibiting the disgusting effects of intemperance.

A curious story is told of this statue. It is said that M. Angelo, stung by the envious critiques of his contemporaries, executed it with great secrecy, and buried it where he knew it must soon be dug up again; first taking the precaution to break off one of the arms. The event turned out as he expected. The wiseacres of the day fell at once into the snare, and, pronouncing it a masterpiece of ancient art, tauntingly challenged M. Angelo to equal it. We may imagine with what satisfaction he answered the challenge, by producing the broken arm, and thus vindicating his claim to the work.

The unfinished Brutus, which used to pass for Marcus

Brutus*, now passes for one of the Medici who murdered his uncle, and who on that account was styled the Florentine Brutus; but proving afterwards the oppressor, and not the liberator of his country, M. Angelo left his bust unfinished. Here, too, we have this great artist's first essay in sculpture—the Head of a Satyr—a singular performance, said to have been executed when he was only fifteen years of age. But among all the modern statues there is nothing worthy to be compared with the bronze Mercury of John of Bologna, who is represented "standing on one leg, upborne by the breath of a Zephyr. It is a figure of ethereal lightness—the veritable son of Maia—and might 'bestride the gossamer that idles in the wanton summer air †.'"

So much for the sculpture of the gallery: nor is it less rich in paintings. Besides the celebrated Venus of Titian already noticed, and another by the same master, inferior only to the former, the Tribune exhibits a specimen of each of the three different styles of Raphael. To his first manner may be referred the portrait of a Florentine lady, named Magdalene Doni; a work far more stiff and formal than the contiguous Holy Family, by his master Perugino. To his second manner may be referred a Madonna and Child, with an infantine figure of

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* Such at least was the opinion of Cardinal Bembo, to whom we owe the following distich which is placed beneath it:—

"Dum Bruti effigiem Michael de marmore fingit,
In mentem sceleris venit, et abstinuit.

† Mathews.

St. John holding in his hand a bird, to which the attention of the Saviour seems directed—a picture in which the painter evidently improves in expression, while his simplicity remains unimpaired. The St. John in the Wilderness; the portrait of Julius II., the colouring of which is as fresh, after the lapse of three hundred years, as if it had been painted yesterday; and the Fornarina, the mistress of Raphael, who received the name of Fornarina from being the wife of a baker;—all these are in his last and happiest manner, without any trace of that hard dry style which disfigures his earlier performances.

In the same apartment is a circular Holy Family in water colours, with naked figures in the back-ground, by M. Angelo. Richardson and others have extolled it for the vigour of its tints; but Lanzi, without suffering himself to be swayed by the great name of the author, has given a more correct estimate of its merits. "Placed," says he, "beside the works of the best masters of every school, who, in that theatre of art, (the Tribune), seem, as it were, to stand in awe of each other, it offers itself to us as the most scientific, but the least beautiful picture; its author stands before us the most accomplished draughtsman, but the feeblest colourist among them all. In it, too, the aërial perspective is somewhat neglected; for while the figures in the distance are duly diminished, the light is not so managed as to render them proportionably indistinct."

Among the other treasures of the Tribune, the most remarkable for their beauty are—the Endymion, and the Samian Sibyl, by Guercino, especially the latter, which

exhibits a striking instance of that master's exquisite skill in the management of light and shade—a Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto, which might of itself suffice to vindicate his claim to the title of painter, notwithstanding the cutting critique of Forsyth, that "he has neither poetry in his head, nor pathos in his heart,"—a beautiful half-figure of the Virgin in contemplation, by Guido; in which connoisseurs affect to recognise that close imitation of the antique, which might naturally be looked for in the works of one whose favourite study, by his own admission, was the group of the Niobe—a portrait of Cardinal Agucchi, by Domenichino, worthy of being compared with Vandyke's noble picture of Charles V. on horseback, over against which it is placed—a much lauded Bacchanal, by Annibal Caracci—a no less extolled Herodias, by Da Vinci—and two Madonnas, with the Infant Saviour, by Coreggio, together with a Holy Family by Parmigianino; of which two painters it has been well said, that the former, in his pictures of the Virgin, carries beauty to its highest pitch, while the latter not unfrequently goes beyond the mark, and runs into the affected.

In the ante-rooms of the Tribune, amidst an almost endless variety of other paintings, are a few bold sketches by Salvator Rosa, and the famous Medusa's Head by Da Vinci, "with its gloomy brow, watery eyes, and looks full of agony."

Among the more striking objects in the gallery itself are some glaring Madonnas painted on wood by Greek artists in the tenth and eleventh centuries. "These

pictures," observes Forsyth, "are uniform; the drapery of the Virgin is dark, but bespangled with stars; the posture of the child the same in all; for when the divine maternity was acknowledged at Ephesus, the child was then first coupled with the Madonna, but the mode of painting both was fixed by the ritual. Painting in that age was satisfied with producing mere forms, and did not aspire at expression. Conscious of her own weakness, she called in the aid of gold, and azure, and labels, and even relief; for these pictures are raised like japan-work. They present all the meagreness, the angular and distinct contours, the straight, stiff parallelism of attitude, the vacant, yet pretty little features, which are common to the productions of unenlightened art; and more or less perceptible in the Egyptian idol, the Gothic statue, the Indian screen, and the Chinese jar."

In a collection of such vast extent classification becomes absolutely necessary: hence different rooms are appropriated to the productions of different schools, the Tuscan, the Venetian, the French, and Flemish schools. To the same cause must we attribute the various other series into which the paintings of this gallery are divided; such as a series of Florentine portraits, a series of illustrious foreigners, a series of painters. Here, however, we must admit, classification is pushed a little too far, and made to degenerate into a degree of uniformity betraying something like "the furnishing taste of a tradesman." How different this from the principle which usually prevails in the formation of a choice collection, in which, as method and multitude can hardly consist with excellence,

each picture is prized only for its own sake, without reference to the rest.

Of these series, the most interesting is that of the great painters of the three last centuries, all executed by their own hands. Those of Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, and Guido, are among the more esteemed. Raphael's portrait, which is inferior to any of the above, seems to have been painted while he was yet very young.

One of the rooms which opens into the gallery contains a collection of Etruscan, or, as they are otherwise called, Grecian vases, in terra cotta and marble. Among the latter is the famous Medicean vase, representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia; for its form, its size, and sculpture, the finest in existence.

In one of the cabinets is a number of small idols and penates, with their implements of worship, both earthen and bronze. These little images, from their rudeness, their long faces, pointed chins, flat eyes, and simpering mouths, pass for Etruscan, and lead us back to the very infancy of art*. In the same cabinet is a little image of Juno Sospita, clothed in a goat skin, with the horns sticking out above her head. The right arm, which probably bore a shield, is broken, and the left, which also seems to have held something in its grasp, is a little injured. The feet are bare†. Here, too, is an antique

* Since Etruria received its gods, and consequently its statuary, from Egypt and Greece, these little images may, perhaps, with as much propriety, be referred to the later Egyptian, or earlier Greek, as to the Etruscan sculpture.

† Cicero gives the following description of this goddess:—Herclè,

model of the Laocoön, from which Bandinelli finished his admired copy which stands at the extremity of the gallery: it is entire in those parts in which the original is defective. Here also is an Apollo or an Amphion, holding an instrument resembling a violin; and a Corona Radialis, with only eight spikes. The usual number was twelve; in allusion either to the signs of the Zodiac, or the labours of Hercules:—

> Ingenti mole Latinus,
> Quadrijugo vehitur curru; cui tempora circum
> Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
> Solis avi specimen.—Æn. xii. 61.
>
> Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
> Twelve golden rays around his temples play,
> To mark his lineage from the God of day.—Dryden.

Another cabinet, near the Tribune, is filled with costly and fanciful works in precious stones. "Here are heads and figures of Roman emperors and Catholic saints, of princely sinners and pious popes of the house of Medici; who have hats of jet, faces of agate, eyes of opal, coats and petticoats of lapis lazuli, legs of jasper, and shoes of porphyry. The eye is dazzled with a profusion of crystal vases; with candlesticks and crucifixes composed of gems of every colour; with diminutive columns, and mimic temples; goblets that might serve for

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inquit, quàm tibi illam nostram Sospitam, quam tu nunquam ne in somniis vides, nisi cum pelle caprinâ, cum hastâ, cum scutulo, cum calceolis repandis.

the banquets of gods, cups fit for fairies, and jewels worth the eye of an emperor*."

*Gabinetto Fisico.*—This museum, originally an assemblage of various scattered collections in natural history, is another favourite lounge at Florence. It is rich in fossils, corals, shells, and insects; but owes its celebrity principally to the anatomical imitations of dissected subjects in wax. Such an exhibition, one would imagine, must be too disgusting and indelicate for general admission. Here, however, may constantly be seen crowds of idlers of either sex; though the gravid uterus and its processes, together with all that is revolting in disease and deformity, lie exposed with a nakedness that can only be grateful to the eye of science.

Zumbo, a Sicilian, is said to have been the first to apply wax to the purposes of imitative anatomy. Among those of his works preserved in this museum, is a miniature representation of the commencement and progress of the fatal plague of Florence; and from the effect produced by this diminutive performance, we may readily imagine, that, had it been as large as life, it would have been too revolting for exhibition. Here we behold "the decomposition of bodies through every stage of putrefaction—the blackening, the swelling, the bursting of the trunk—the worm, the rat, and the tarantula at work—and the mushroom springing fresh out of the midst of corruption†."

*Libraries.*—The Laurentian library is appropriated to

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* Rome in the 19th century. † Forsyth.

the public manuscripts, which, as their loss would be irreparable, are properly enough chained to the desks.

The oldest manuscript in this library is a Virgil, which disputes the palm of antiquity with the Virgil of the Vatican. It wants the "Ille ego qui quondam, &c.," and the two-and-twenty lines of the Second Æneid, beginning at "Jamque adeo super unus eram, &c." This celebrated book, after having previously gone through a chapter of accidents, and been carried into France during the late war, has once more been restored to Florence.

The Pandects of Justinian, which are also deposited in this library, were sent to Palermo for safety, and thus escaped the rapacity of the French. This famous code, as the story goes, was found in a barrel at Amalfi, on the capture of that town by the Pisans; and to this discovery Hume attributes the revival of the Roman law. As, however, Irnerius had been lecturing on the Pandects at Bologna, previous to the fall of Amalfi, it seems more probable that the Pisans brought them from Constantinople, during their intercourse with the Levant.

Next to these, the earliest works, that now remain here, are a few Greek and Latin classics of the eleventh century, of which the writing is far more legible than that of the illuminated manuscripts that followed. The older illuminations are remarkable for nothing so much as the brilliancy of their colours, a circumstance attributable to their having been laid on in the virgin state.

Some of these illuminations are the work of Oderisi, whom Dante styles the "honour of Agubbio," from the skill he acquired in this art; an art which, in the sequel, became prejudicial to learning, by rendering books scarce.

"Every copyist," says Forsyth, "became a painter, and, wasting his time in the embellishment of books, rendered books in general rare. Early in the fifteenth century this art made a most rapid progress, as appears plainly from some of these manuscripts; and Attavente, who wrought for the magnificent founder of this library, had brought it near to perfection, when the discovery of the art of printing gave a check to its importance." The works usually shewn here as distinguished for their beauty, such as the Pliny, the Homer, the Ptolemy, the Missal of the Florentine Republic, all belong to the fifteenth century, and contain portraits of the Medici in the initials and margins.

The art of illuminating books is now confined to the few who are employed upon the repair of such libraries as this, whose business it is to supply such leaves as happen to be damaged or lost, to imitate the writing of every age, and to give to such interpolations the due tinge of antiquity.

Among the more curious manuscripts is a narrative of a tour in France, England, Holland, and Spain, by Cosmo the First; illustrated by views of the principal towns through which he passed. There is also a Petrarch, with portraits of the poet and his mistress, taken, as the story goes, from the life.

The finger of Galileo is preserved in this library under a glass case—"pointing, with a triumphant expression, to those heavens, which he was condemned to a dungeon for having explored." It has, indeed, been said, that the Inquisition condemned Galileo, not for maintaining the

theory of the earth's motion round the sun, but for calling in the authority of scripture to support it. And yet had we nothing else to argue from than the well-known exclamation, "E pur si move," which escaped from Galileo at the very moment of his recantation, it would of itself be enough to prove, that it was the doctrine and not the authority for it, the theory, and not the foundation of the theory, which the Inquisition compelled him to renounce.

The *Magliabecchian Library* is the great repository of printed books, as the Laurentian is of manuscripts. It is also the seat of the Florentine academy; a name in which the Della Crusca*, as well as two others, have now merged.

*Churches.*—The edifice most deserving of notice among the churches of Florence is the cathedral, founded by Lapo in 1298, and surmounted, in the following century, by the cupola of Brunelleschi.

This church, which forms a new epoch in the history of architecture, has sometimes been considered as a mean between the Gothic and the Greek, and is the first that was built in Italy in the present proportions of the arcade. Forsyth, however, will not admit that it has any thing in common with either the Gothic or the Greek. "In opposition to the fretted surfaces and spiry flights of the Gothic, here is the most naked simplicity and

* The Academy della Crusca took its name of Crusca (bran), and a mill for its device, to mark the object of its institution—that of separating the precious from the vile.

strength unconcealed. Of the Greek, on the other hand, not a particle entered into the original idea. Instead of columns, the exterior decoration consists of three kinds of marbles composed into panels, and the interior in pillars and round arches; but no arches were known in Greek architecture, nor can be traced in the ruins of free Greece. What architecture then is this, but the ancient Roman, revived as completely as the purposes of the church would admit?" In conformity with this remark, the Guide to Florence observes, "that the admirable architecture of this sublime structure recedes from the Gothic, which prevailed at the time of its erection, and approaches rather to the Roman."

This cupola*, which is wider than that of the Pantheon, and consequently wider than that of St. Peter's, was the first double cupola ever raised in Europe. Unlike St. Peter's, it is not in pendentive, but polygonal, and bears on the perpendicular, but it may fairly be considered as the prototype of that celebrated work. Michael Angelo boasted that he would hang the dome of the Pantheon in the air, but it was this noble work of Brunelleschi's that gave him the assurance of executing his boast. How much it had excited his admiration, may be inferred from the story which tells us, that, on setting out to superintend the building of St. Peter's, he turned his horse's head for the purpose of contemplating

* The cupola, being polygonal, is of course something wider from angle to angle than from side to side. Measured on the angles it is 149 feet in width; measured on the sides, only 138.

once more the cupola of the cathedral, as it towered above the pines and cypresses of the city, and that, after a pause, he exclaimed, "Comè te non voglio! meglio di te non posso*!"

The choir is directly under the cupola, and, like the cupola, is polygonal. It is of the Ionic order, and, considered by itself, is a fine object; but it is as little in keeping with the edifice to which it belongs, as the Grecian screen is with the Gothic structures of our own island. "Cathedrals in general," as Forsyth observes, "lying under the control of tasteless or interested men, have lost their original unity, and become mere galleries of architecture; in which specimens of every style are built side by side, just as pictures of every school are hung upon the same wall. A choir thus inclosed is necessarily darker than the nave. Here is just that 'dim religious light' which pleases poetical and devout minds—a light which heightens the effect of the lamps and candles, of the gold, silver, and brocade of Catholic worship, while it shades the mediocrity of the paintings and sculpture."

This cathedral contains very few pictures, and none of any value, though Eustace affirms that "its paintings are in general master-pieces of art." Among the more remarkable is Paolo Uccello's portrait of Giovanni Aguto, an English adventurer, who fought in the pay of the Pisans, and afterwards betrayed them. Close to the above picture is an old portrait of Dante, executed by

* Like thee I will not build one: better than thee I cannot.

Orcagna several years after the poet's death, and honoured with a place in this cathedral by the very republic which had condemned him to the stake. The Florentines, it appears, would gladly have recovered the bones of Dante, whom they suffered to die in exile at Ravenna; but, being baffled in their attempts, they voted a cenotaph to be erected in the cathedral. Yet this vote also proved unavailing, and Orcagna's picture is all that the Florentines can shew in honour of the man who made their dialect the standard of Italy. Well might he call them,

> . . . . . Quello 'ngrato popolo maligno . .
> Che discese di Fiesole ab antico,
> E tien' ancor del monte e del macigno.

This, and all the other portraits of Dante that have come down to us, are said, like those of our own Shakspeare, to be posthumous. But as they are all said to bear a strong resemblance to this picture of Orcagna's, they have, at least, what Shakspeare's have not—the sanction of uniformity to recommend them.

"Dante and Shakspeare form a striking parallel—as the master-bards of Italy and England—oppressed with praise and annotation at home, and ridiculed as barbarians by foreign critics*. Dante rose before the dawn of

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* Not, however, by all foreign critics: Madame de Staël and Baron Grimm may be noticed as two brilliant exceptions. "In England (says the former) all classes are equally attracted by Shakspeare's plays; whereas, in France, our best tragedies fail to interest the multitude." "Let any one (says the latter, in his Lite-

letters in Italy; and Shakspeare soon after they had spread in England. Finding their native tongues without system or limit, each formed another language within his own; a language peculiar as their creators, and entering only like authorities into common Italian and English, to add nerve and spirit, and dignity and beauty. Both have stood the obliterating waste of ages, have seen younger styles grow old and disappear, have survived all the short-lived fopperies of literature, and flourish now in unabated fashion, inviting and resisting ten thousand imitations*."—

. . . . . Altri Danteggia,
Fra duri versi brancola, e s'avvolge
E si perde d'Averno tra le bolge.—PIGNOTTI.

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rary Correspondence) read the more finished of Racine's verses; how they fill and charm the ear! But they are mere sing-song after all: they are not the genuine accents of Nature. There is, in the finest of Shakspeare's plays, though they are less polished and less regular, a something of the wild and the sublime, which I look for in vain in our tragic poets. A celebrated artist, of German extraction, but one who passed great part of his life in London, where he but lately died—the famous Hogarth—well known for the genius and wit evinced by his compositions, wrote a work on the beautiful, full of extraordinary ideas. Among other prints, we there find one in which a French dancing-master is seen standing before the beautiful statue of Antinoüs—busily employed in raising the head, lowering the shoulders, and placing the arms and legs of the latter; in a word, in transforming him into an elegant and agreeable *petit-maître*. This stroke of satire is as ingenious as it is original. I doubt, however, whether our celebrated Marcel would have ventured to meddle with the Antinoüs; but substitute the statue of Melpomene for that of Antinoüs, and make Corneille and Racine the dancing-masters, and the allegory will not be very wide of the truth."

* Forsyth.

The *Divina Commedia* may be ascribed almost exclusively to Dante's own creative genius. It is a work of which there existed no model in any language. Some hints may perhaps have been supplied by the popular superstition of the age. The Franciscan and Dominican orders, instituted during the preceding century, had rekindled the flames of fanaticism, of which the festivals and pageants of the day afford sufficient indication. On one of these occasions*, as we learn from Sismondi, (Hist. Lit. I, 356), was exhibited at Florence, in the bed of the Arno, a representation of Hell, "with all the varied torments which the imagination of the monks had called up —its rivers of boiling pitch, its gulfs of fire, its mountains of ice, and its serpents—all which were brought to act upon real persons, who, by their shrieks and groans, rendered the illusion complete." Whether we are indebted for the Inferno to this incident, or whether, as Sismondi supposes, the Inferno itself gave rise to the spectacle, we have here a singular specimen of the spirit of the times, which influence alike the poet and the contrivers of the infernal pastime.

It is in the year 1300, that Dante, having lost his way in a desert near Jerusalem, supposes himself to be introduced into the infernal regions, under the guidance of his favourite Virgil. Dante's Hell is a vast abyss, in shape like a funnel or hollow cone, occupying the interior of the earth, and divided into eight concentric circles—for the sides of the funnel, instead of forming a gradual

* The 1st of May, 1304.

slope, are supposed to be cut into terraces or galleries. From the lowest depth of this abyss—the abode of Lucifer himself—which terminates in the centre of the earth, a long cavern extends through the opposite hemisphere, opening at the foot of a mountain placed among our antipodes. The form of the mountain is that of an enormous cone*, also cut into terraces for the different abodes of those who are doomed to undergo the pains of purgatory,

> Till the foul crimes done in their days of nature
> Are burnt and purged away.

The summit of the mountain is the seat of the terrestrial paradise, forming a sort of connecting link between heaven and earth. From thence a third spiral conducts to the throne of the Most High. "Thus," observes Sismondi, "the infernal regions and the empyrean are conceived upon the same plan, and the world of spirits has been invested, by the genius of Dante, with that kind of varied harmony, always consistent with itself, yet always new, which seems to belong exclusively to the works of the Deity."

It is not, however, merely in the conception of the poem that Dante's originality consists; his style and sentiments are equally original; and vainly shall we search the works of preceding or contemporary versifiers† for any

* Le relief de celle de l'Enfer, as Sismondi expressively calls it.

† Ginguéné thus characterizes the early poets of Italy and Sicily: —Un seul sujet les occupe, c'est l'amour; non tel que l'inspire la nature, mais tel qu'il était devenu dans les froides exstases des che-

traces of that severe, yet energetic tone, the voice of Nature herself, by which we are so forcibly struck at the very outset of his immortal poem.

It is in language like this that he apostrophizes his 'mighty master:'—

> Oh! sei tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte
> Che spande di parlar si largo fiume? &c.

> Art thou that Virgil then? the fountain head,
> Whence roll the streams of eloquence along?
> —— Thus with a bashful front I humbly said—
> Oh! light and glory of the sons of song!
> So favour me, as I thy page have sought
> With unremitting love and study long!
> Thou art the guide and master of my thought;
> Sole author thou, from whom the inspired strain,
> That crowns my name with deathless praise, I brought*.

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valiers, passionnés pour des beautés imaginaires, et dans les galantes futilités des cours d'amour. Chanter est une tâche qu'il remplissent; toujours force leur est de chanter, c'est leur dame qui l'exige, ou c'est l'amour qui l'ordonne, et ils doivent dire prolixement et en canzoni bien longues et bien traînantes, ou en sonnets rafinés et souvent obscurs, les incomparables beautés de la dame et leur intolerable martyre. Ce sont des ravissemens ou des plaintes à ne point finir, et des recherches amoureuses et platoniques, à dégouter de Platon et de l'amour. Ils ont sous les yeux les mers et les volcans, une végétation abondante et variée, les majestueux et mélancholiques débris de l'antiquité, l'éclât d'un jour brûlant, des nuits fraiches et magnifiques; leur siècle est feconde en guerres, en revolutions, en faits d'armes; les mœurs de leur temps provoquent les traits de la satire; et ils chantent comme au milieu d'un désert, ne peignent rien de ce qui les entoure; ne paraissent rien sentir, ni rien voir.—*Hist. Lit. d'Italie.*

* Quarterly Review, No. XXI.

Another passage, remarkable for the austere sublimity of its style, is the terrible inscription over the portal of Hell:—

Per me si va nella città dolente, &c.

Thro' me ye pass to mourning's dark domain;
  Thro' me to scenes where grief must ever pine;
Thro' me to misery's devoted train—
  Justice and power in my great Founder join,
And love and wisdom all his fabrics rear—
  Wisdom above control, and love divine—
Before me Nature saw no work appear
  Save works eternal; such was I ordain'd—
Quit every hope ye who enter here!—HAYLEY.

The total exclusion of hope from hell, so finely introduced in this passage, may perhaps have suggested Milton's

—Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
Nor rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all!

Dante possessed in an eminent degree the power "of painting in words; of representing objects which are the pure creations of fancy, with so much truth and force, that the reader thinks he sees them before him, and believes ever after that he has actually beheld them." "Not less," says the Quarterly Reviewer, "is he distinguished by beauties generally considered as the growth of an age of excessive sensibility—the delineation of the calm and peaceful scenes of inanimate nature, of picturesque objects, and pastoral images. The very nature of the poem

seems to exclude ornaments of this description, and, from expecting only the supernaturally terrible and sublime, the reader is astonished to find the frequent opportunities embraced by the poet of introducing into passages, seemingly the most inauspicious for his purpose, such exquisite representations of natural objects, and of the feelings which they are calculated to inspire, as can hardly be equalled by those of any poet in the most advanced period of mental luxury and refinement.

"Thus the cloud of anger and indignation that for a moment obscures the philosophical serenity of his immortal guide, is illustrated by a comparison with the vicissitudes incident to the face of Nature in early spring, which conveys to our senses all the freshness, together with all the uncertainty of the season. The miser, who is tormented with the thirst of Tantalus, is thus made perpetually to behold, without tasting, not water only, but

> Rivulets, that from the verdant hills
> Of Casentin into the Arno flow,
> Freshening its current with their cooler rills.

So the flames, which illuminate the eighth circle of his infernal regions, are

> Lights numberless, as by some fountain side
> The silly swain—reposing at the hour
> When beams the day-star with diminished pride,
> When the sunned bee deserts each rifled flower,
> And leaves to humming gnats the populous void—
> Beholds in grassy lawn, or leafy bower,
> Or orchard-plot, of glow-worms emerald bright.

So the evening hour is attended with all the circumstances of soothing melancholy, with which it is wont to inspire a poetical imagination, in a passage of which the last line probably suggested to Gray the opening of his elegy:—

'Twas now the hour when fond desire renews
To him who wanders o'er the pathless main,
Raising unbidden tears, the last adieus
Of tender friends, whom fancy shapes again;
When the late parted pilgrim thrills with thought
Of his loved home, if o'er the distant plain
Perchance his ears the village chimes have caught,
Seeming to mourn the close of dying day*."

QUARTERLY REV. xxi.

Never were poet's strains more truly inspired than those which Dante pours forth on quitting the infernal regions for a less horrible abode, where hope at least accompanies and mitigates torment—whether we regard the splendour of the diction, or the many descriptions and dramatic scenes with which the first portion of the Purgatorio abounds. "Among the most beautiful of the episodes in this admirable part of the poem, are the meeting of Dante with his friend, the musician Casella, and that with the painter Oderisi da Gubbio, who is condemned to purgatory for having indulged the overweening pride of art. It is into his mouth that the poet puts those celebrated reflections on the vanity of human endowments, in which he is suspected of having intended to introduce

* Che paja'l giorno pianger che si muore.

a boast of his own poetical excellence, somewhat at variance with the moral of humility which it is his object to impress:—

Oh empty pride of human power and skill!
How soon the verdure on thy summit dies,
If no dark following years sustain it still!
Thus Cimabue the painter's honoured prize
To Giotto yields; a happier rival's fame
Hath veiled his glory from all mortal eyes.—
Who now repeats that elder Guido's name?
Another wears the poet's envied crown.
*Perhaps this fleeting present hour may claim*
*One who shall bear from both their vain renown.*"

QUARTERLY REV. xxi.

The six planets of the solar system (for the earth is of course excepted), together with the sun itself, are by Dante supposed to form the abodes of different classes of the blessed. In the eighth heaven the poet witnesses the triumph of the Saviour; in the ninth the Divine Essence is revealed to him, veiled, however, by three surrounding legions of the heavenly host; in the tenth, or empyrean, he beholds the Virgin, together with the saints of the Old and New Testaments. "Few, even of the warmest admirers of Dante, have had the enthusiasm to follow him step by step, through this last division of his stupendous edifice. In the Inferno, the imagination is constantly kept on the stretch by that terrible machinery which the poet sets in motion and supports with unequalled powers. In the Purgatorio, hope is every thing and everywhere about us; in both alike, the number of interesting episodes, the pictures of human character,

and of objects both real and fantastic, but 'which we fancy real, because they invest ideal beauties with the qualities perceptible to sense,' employ by turns the feeling, the judgment, and the fancy."

The Paradiso offers scarcely any of these resources: the poet here deals but little in description; and we quit the different mansions of the elect, into which he introduces us, without being able to carry away with us any precise notion of them. "Yet," continues the Quarterly Review, "it must not be thought that even the ineffable and fatiguing splendours, or the mystical theology of the Paradiso, do not occasionally admit the introduction of such natural pictures, and such moral reflections, as constitute some of the highest claims of the poet. Nor must we forget either the exquisitely graceful and simple delineation of the ancient manners of Florence, intended by him as the vehicle of censure upon those of the age then present; or the melancholy and affecting colours in which he has displayed the miseries of exile; or the poetical prediction of his own banishment:"—

. . . . His, alas, to lead
A life of trouble, and ere long to leave
All things most dear to him, ere long to know
How salt another's bread is, and the toil
Of going up and down another's stairs*!—ROGERS.

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* Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta
Più caramente: e questo è quello strale
Che l'arco dell' esilio pria saetta:
Tu proverai sì come sà di sale
Lo pane altrui, e come è duro calle
Lo scendere e'l salir per l'altrui scale.

The want of a leading point of interest—for Dante is not so much the hero of the poem as the spectator of the objects which his imagination has called forth—the frequent intermixture of images sacred and profane, ancient and modern, as well as the admission of such as are low and vulgar, or even indecent and disgusting—the occasional recurrence of puerile reasoning, enigmatical diction and literal quibbling—these are defects from which the warmest admirers of the poet cannot exculpate him. But, after all, they are venial sins in one of whom Ginguené has truly said, that he "starts up a giant among pigmies, not only effacing all that had preceded him, but filling alone a rank of which none can hope to dispossess him. Even Petrarch, the tender, the elegant, the divine, does not surpass him in the graceful, and has nothing that approaches him in the sublime and terrible."

But it is high time to return from this long digression, nor longer forget, that, besides the portrait of Dante, which gave rise to it, this same Florentine cathedral contains the ashes of Giotto and Brunelleschi; that the Campanile or Belfry—a lofty square tower incrusted with variegated marbles—stands detached from the church; and that near the principal entrance of the latter is the Baptistery, an octangular edifice, chiefly celebrated for the relievos of its three bronze gates,

> . . . . The gates so marvellously wrought
> That they might serve to be the gates of heaven*!

* Such is Rogers's version of the saying ascribed to Michael Angelo.

The relievos of these doors, which are of the fourteenth century, represent various scriptural subjects, beginning with the creation. An attempt has here been made to sustain the perspective; the more distant objects being executed in flat, the nearer ones in mezzo, and the nearest in high relief.

Perhaps the most interesting church here is the Santa Croce—the Westminster Abbey of Florence—within whose

> . . . . . Holy precincts lie
> Ashes that make it holier;

for here are the ashes and the tombs of Galileo, Macchiavelli, Michael Angelo*, Guicciardini, Boccacio, and Alfieri†. Macchiavelli's epitaph is a happy instance of that brevity which, when well managed, makes an epitaph so impressive:—

> Tanto nomini nullum par elogium.
> Nicolaus Macchiavelli.

In the church of Santa Maria Novella is preserved one of the few remaining works of Cimabue—a Madonna

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* According to tradition, Michael Angelo's tomb was, by his own express desire, so placed, that when the doors of the church were thrown open, the cupola of the cathedral might be seen from it.

† Alfieri's monument is surmounted by a figure of Italy clad in long flowing drapery: hence the following *jeu d'esprit* in allusion to the rapacity of the French:—

> Canova questa volta s' ha sbagliata,
> Fe l'Italia vestita ed è spogliata.

above the size of life. According to Vasari, it was executed in a garden near the Porta San Piero, and, when finished, carried to the church in solemn procession preceded by trumpets. The garden lay without the walls; and such was the rejoicing there on the occasion, that the suburb received the name of Borgo Allegri, a name which it still retains, though now comprised within the city. This church is also interesting as being the spot where, as Boccacio feigns, was formed the party that constitute the heroes and heroines of the Decameron. The introduction to that interesting work informs us, that:—Nella venerabile chiesa di Santa Maria Novella, un Martedì mattina, non essendovi quasi alcuna altra persona, uditi gli divini ufici in abito lugubre, quale à sì fatta stagione si richiedea, si ritrovarono sette giovani donne, tutte l' una all' altra o per amistà, o per vicinanza, o per parentado congiunte, delle quali niuna il venti et ottesimo anno passato avea, nè era minor di diciotto, savia ciascuna, e di sangue nobile, e bella di forma, et ornata di costumi, e di leggiadria onesta.

Love, real or imaginary, seems to have given birth to most of the poems and other literary productions of the day. It was in honour of the Princess Mary of Naples, whom he has celebrated under the name of Fiammetta, that Boccacio composed the romance which bears that title, as well as a second romance, intitled *Filicopo*, and his two heroic poems, the *Theseide* and *Filostrato*. The want of interest which pervades all these works, appears the natural consequence of the want of reality in the passion which is pretended to have inspired them. In

the two latter compositions the poet stands forward as the supposed inventor of the *ottava rima*, subsequently adopted as the vehicle of heroic poetry, in preference to that unbroken *interlacement* of rhymes, which is too apt to fatigue the ear in the Divina Commedia. The Theseide is, moreover, "the first modern poem in which the author, abandoning the dull repetition of dreams and visions, imagined a regular action or fable, and conducted it, through different stages of adventure, to its close. To the English reader it presents the additional interest of being the model of 'The Knight's Tale' of Chaucer, and the origin, therefore, of one of the noblest poems in our language, the 'Palamon and Arcite' of Dryden*."

Boccacio was the author of various esteemed Latin works; but the source of his highest renown is the Decameron:—"A collection of tales which he held in no esteem, which he composed, as he says himself, only for the solace of the ladies, who, in those days, led a very dismal life; and to which, in his declining years, he attached no other importance than the regret with which religious scruples inspired him. Like Petrarch, he looked for his immortality from learned works, composed in a learned language; like him he received it from the mere sports of imagination, in which he brought to maturity a language yet in its infancy, and till then abandoned to the people for the common concerns of life; to which he was thus the first to give in prose, as Dante and Petrarch had done in verse, the elegance, the har-

* Quarterly Review, No. XXI.

mony, the measured form, and happy choice of words, which make a literary and polished language*."

Doubts, however, have been entertained as to whether Boccacio's style, which is in the highest degree elaborate and harmonious, flowing on, like a copious river, with a soft and ever-varying murmur, is the best adapted for narrative. It is objected, that its very sweetness at length fatigues us, and that we long for some interruption of this melodious current—some cessation to this constant stream of language,

> Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever would run on.

This verbiage, it must be confessed, pervades the whole of the Decameron. "The most tragic and the most comic events, description, narrative, and dialogue, are all given with the same plethoric fulness, the 'same solemn loquaciousness' of expression, which has since tinged the whole literature of Italy†."

Boccacio's claims to the honours of original invention have also been disputed; and the groundwork of the Decameron must, it seems, be admitted to be discovera-

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* Ginguené iii. 70.

† See Edinburgh Review, No. 109. The Italians themselves seem not unconscious of this defect; for Guicciardini's prolixity is proverbial even in Italy. There was, we are told, a criminal, who was permitted to make his election between that author's history and the galleys. At first he chose the history. But the war of Pisa proved too much for him; and rather than wade through it, he was content to lead the life of a galley slave:—

> Chained down at sea, beneath the bitter thong,
> To the hard bench and heavy oar so long.—*Rogers.*

ble in the old Indian romance of Dolospathos. This romance—the general outline of which will be familiar to the reader, from the imitation under the title of Turkish Tales—found its way, at an early period, into the literature of most European states, and is known in this country by the name of "The Seven Wise Masters." The story which gives rise to the rest, is that of a young prince, who, rejecting the advances of one of his father's queens, is charged by her with the very crime which he had refused to commit. The father naturally hesitates to condemn his son to death, and the queen relates a tale with a view to overcome his irresolution. This is met by another, to shew the danger of rash measures. The queen replies in a third—and so on, till the author's invention is exhausted. After all, however, admitting this romance to have suggested the first idea of the Decameron, there are many tales in that celebrated work of which the originality has never been impugned.

Ginguené does not betray quite so much heat as Hobhouse in the defence of Boccacio*; but he apologizes—as far as it is becoming to apologize—for the real and imputed faults of the Decameron, and thus remarks upon the motley nature of its contents:—"In passing sentence of condemnation upon the licentiousness of a great proportion of these tales, we ought to bear in mind that they are by no means all of them of this objectionable character; and that the interesting, the mournful, nay even the tragic and the purely comic pieces, are yet more numer-

* See Notes to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.

ous than the licentious ones. In all these various kinds of composition, Boccacio displays the same facility, the same adherence to nature, the same elegance, the same fidelity in assigning to the different personages the style best adapted to them, in painting to the life their actions and their gestures, in making of each tale a little drama which has its argument, its plot, and its denouement—where the dialogue is as perfect as the conduct of the piece, and where each actor preserves to the last his own peculiar features and character.

" Priests, given up to hypocrisy and libertinism, such as they were in those days; monks, abandoned to luxury, gluttony, and sensuality; husbands, at once duped and credulous—wives, sly and intriguing; the young, of both sexes, thinking of nothing but pleasure—the old, of nothing but money; nobles, ever oppressive and cruel; knights, ever frank and courteous; ladies, some amorous and frail, others generous and high-minded, often victims of their frailty, and tyrannized over by jealous husbands; corsairs, *malandrins*, hermits, dealers in false miracles and leger-demain; persons, in short, of every station, every country, every age, all of them with their peculiar passions, habits, and language;—such are the subjects comprised in this immense painting, subjects which even the most fastidious are never weary of admiring."

The *Chapel de' Depositi*,

> . . . . . That chamber of the dead,
> Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
> Turned into stone, rest everlastingly,

deserves notice rather as Michael Angelo's first essay in architecture than for any merits of its own. The design, consisting of two orders, has neither lightness nor grandeur to recommend it, and is, indeed, altogether unworthy of the impressive monuments within;—two allegorical figures representing Morning and Twilight, reclining upon a sarcophagus containing the ashes of Lorenzo de' Medici; and two other recumbent figures, representing Night and Day, upon a sarcophagus immediately opposite to the former*. "The attitude of Night," says Bell, "is beautiful, mournful, and full of the most touching expression: the drooping head, the supporting hand, and the rich head-dress, are unrivalled in the arts. Day is little more than blocked, yet most magnificent: the noble effect is only heightened by what is left to the imagination. Till I beheld them, I had no conception of the genius and taste possessed by this artist: they evince a grandeur and originality of thought, a boldness and freedom of design and execution, unrivalled." A certain poet having said of the statue of Night:—"Though she sleeps, she lives: if thou doubtest, awake her, and thou wilt hear her speak;"

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* Armed statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici, in a sitting posture, are placed in niches over these sarcophagi. The former of these is, according to Rogers, "the most real and unreal thing that ever came from the chisel:

What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'Tis lost in shade; yet like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable."

Michael Angelo, himself no slighted votary of the muses, thus replied in the person of Night:—

Grato m' è il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso.
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,
Non veder, non sentir m' è gran ventura.
Però non mi destar; deh! parla basso.

Grateful to me to sleep, more grateful still to be of stone!—
While wrong the hapless land defiles, while shameless deeds prevail,
On me, alas, to see, or hear, would misery entail.
Then wake me not; but speak, if speak thou must, in softest tone.

The contiguous *Chapel de' Medici*—the intended Mausoleum of the Medicean family—" is more noble and more chaste in the design itself, though its architect was a prince, and its walls were destined to receive the richest crust of ornament ever lavished on so large a surface*." It is covered in the interior, as far as it is yet finished, with lapis lazuli, agate, jasper, and other precious stones. On the extinction of the Medicean line, the work was abandoned, and it is only within these few years that it has been resumed.

The unfinished churches of Florence justify Burnet's remark, that " they look as if they were flayed;" while the variegated marble exterior of the cathedral, campanile, and baptistery, sufficiently warrant the other observation, that " they look as if they were in livery."

*Palaces.*—The general aspect of the Florentine palaces is that of gloomy strength. Their solid masonry gives them more the appearance of castles fitted for the defence

* Forsyth.

of feudal barons, than of mansions adapted to the residence of wealthy merchants. "Were these singular buildings displayed by greater breadth of street, the vast and magnificent character of the Tuscan style would then be better seen. To this hour Florence wears the aspect of a city filled with nobles and their domestics—a city of bridges, churches, and palaces. The streets are short, narrow, and angular, and each angle presents an architectural view, fit to be drawn for a scene in a theatre. Each house is a palace; and a palace, in Florence, is a magnificent pile, of a square and bulky form, with a plain front, extending from two to three hundred feet, built of huge dark-grey stones, each measuring three or four feet. A coarse rustic work rises in a solid form to twenty or thirty feet in height. A great grooved stone, or stylobate, sets off the building from the street, forming a seat which runs the whole length of the front: this, in feudal times, was occupied by the dependants of the family, who there loitering in the sultry hours of the day, lay asleep under the shelter of the broad deep cornice, which, projecting from the roof, threw a wide shade below.

"The first range of windows, which are ten feet from the ground, are grated and barred with massive frames of iron, resembling those of a prison. The front has, on the second floor, a plain and simple architrave. The windows are high and arched, placed at a considerable distance from each other, and varying from ten to fifteen in number, according to the extent of the front. The third story resembles the second in plainness, and in the size of its windows. The roof is of a flat form, with a deep cornice and bold projecting soffits, imparting an air of grandeur

to the whole edifice. The chimneys are grouped into stacks, the tops of which, increasing in bulk as they rise in height, resemble a crown: the slates, with which they are constructed, are placed in such a manner as to produce the effect of ventilation; having a plited form, not unlike the fan-heads in the inside of a mushroom."

A massive iron gate opens into the court, which is usually surrounded by a colonnade, composed of one of the Greek orders, and bearing no analogy to the exterior of the building.

"The interior distribution," observes Forsyth, "accords with the length of front. One line of doors enfilades the apartments and lays open the whole house; a plan rather incommodious for private life, but very proper for a gala, and suited to a hot climate. It sometimes, indeed, makes a thoroughfare of Signora's bed-chamber; but those sacred retirements, which an Englishwoman requires, are unnecessary in a country where ladies affect no restraint, and feel embarrassed by no intrusion. In every house the lower rooms are vaulted. The upper apartments are hung very generally with silk; never with paper. The walls are coated with a stucco which is rather gritty, but well adapted for fresco-painting."

*The Pitti Palace* boasts the finest collection of pictures in Florence, after that of the Royal Gallery. Some idea of its value may be formed from this circumstance, that the French carried away no less than sixty-three to the Louvre; all which have, however, been restored.

"The cant of criticism," says Mathews, "and the dogmatism of knowledge, would confine all right of judgment upon painting and sculpture to those alone who have

been duly initiated in the mysteries of virtù; whereas it seems to be with painting and sculpture—as Johnson has pronounced it to be with poetry—it is by the common sense of mankind, after all, that the claims to excellence must finally be decided." On this head, Algarotti also remarked, that "the painter should impress strongly upon his mind, that there is no better judge of his performances than the genuine connoisseur and the public*. 'Woe to those works of art,' continues he, quoting an observation of D'Alembert's, 'which have no charms but for artists themselves.'"

"Painting," to quote once more the words of Mathews, "considered as a fine art, is principally valuable as it is *historical or poetical;* in other words, as it represents the subject as it really was—or, as it represents the subject as it existed in the mind of the painter. Mere excellence of execution is surely the lowest claim a painter can advance to admiration. As well might a literary production rest its pretensions upon the mere beauties of the style. If the composition neither please the imagination, nor inform the understanding, to what purpose is

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* Mirabile est enim cùm plurimùm in faciendo intersit inter doctum et rudem, quàm non multum differat in judicando—*Cic. de Oratore.*

Je ferois souvent plus d'état de l'avis d'un homme de bon sens, says De Piles, qui n'auroit jamais manié le pinceau, que de celui de la plus part des peintres; and, if we may trust Pliny, the most renowned of all the ancient painters seems to have entertained much the same opinion:—Idem (Apelles) perfecta opera proponebat pergula transeuntibus, atque post ipsam tabulam latens, vitia, quæ notarentur, auscultabat, vulgum diligentiorem judicem quàm se præferens.—*Plin. N. H.* xxxv. 10.

its being written in elegant language? In the same manner, drawing and colours—the language of painting—can as little, of themselves, form a title to praise.

" When I visit a collection of paintings, I go to have my understanding instructed, my senses charmed, my feelings roused, my imagination delighted or exalted. If none of these effects be produced, it is in vain to tell me that a picture is painted with the most exact attention to all the rules of art*. At such pictures I look without interest, and turn away from them with indifference. If any sensation is excited, it is a feeling of regret that such powers of *style* should have existed, without any spark of that Promethean heat, which alone confers upon them any real value. Where this is wanting, it is vain that a connoisseur descants upon the merits of the drawing, the correctness of the perspective, and the skill of the arrangement. These are mere technical beauties, and may be interesting to the student in painting; but the liberal lover of the arts looks for those higher excellences, which have placed painting in the same rank with poetry. For what, in fact, are the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Murillo, Salvator Rosa, Claude, Nicholas Poussin, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; but the sublime and enchanting, the terrific and heart-rending conceptions of a Homer, a Virgil, a Shakspeare, a Dante, a Byron, or a Scott, 'turned into shapes?' They are the kindred productions of a congenial inspiration.

* Ars enim, cùm à naturâ profecta sit, nisi naturam moveat ac delectet, nihil sane egisse videtur.—*Cic. de Oratore.*

"Yet I would not be understood to deny *all* merit to mere excellence of execution. I would only wish to ascertain its true place in the scale. The perfect imitation of beautiful nature in the landscapes of Hobbima and Ruysdaal—the blooming wonders that expand under the pencil of Van-Huysum—and the exquisite finishing of Gerhard Douw's laborious patience—cannot be viewed with absolute indifference. Still less would I withhold the praise that is due to the humorous productions of Teniers, Hogarth, and Wilkie. These have a peculiar merit of their own, and evince the same creative powers of mind, as are exhibited by the true *vis comica* in the works of literature."

The collection in the Pitti is one of the choicest in Italy. Among its other treasures there are no less than eight pictures by Raphael—"the father of dramatic painting," as Fuseli styles him—"the painter of humanity—less elevated, less vigorous than Michael Angelo, but more insinuating. What effect of human connexion—what feature of the mind, from the gentlest emotion to the most fervid burst of passion, has been left unobserved—has not received a characteristic stamp from that examiner of men! Perfect human beauty he has not represented. No face of Raphael's is perfectly beautiful—no figure of his possesses, in the abstract, the proportions which could raise it to a standard of imitation. Form to him was only a vehicle of character or pathos; and to those he adapted it, in a mode and with a truth that leave all attempts at emendation hopeless. His invention connects the utmost stretch of possibility with

the most plausible degree of probability, in a way that equally surprises our fancy, persuades our judgment, and affects our heart. The line of Raphael has been excelled in correctness, elegance, and energy; his colour far surpassed in tone, in truth, and harmony; his masses, in roundness; and his chiaroscuro, in effect: but, considered as instruments of pathos, his works have never been equalled; and, in composition, invention, expression, and the power of telling a story, he has never been approached." This is high praise, and seems to exemplify the remark, that it is difficult to speak with moderation of Raphael*—those who under-value him rating him by his worst performances, while his admirers look only to his best. Perhaps there is some truth in Mathews's observation, that "the character of his genius, like that of the Caracci, was extraordinary. Most painters may almost be said to have been born so; and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. West have expressed something like a feeling of humiliation, upon finding, at three-score, how very little they could add to the first juvenile productions of their pencils†. Raphael was a genius of a slower growth; and it would be difficult to discover, in the hard

* For the reverse of the picture, the reader is referred to Simond's notice of frescos in Raphael's works in the Vatican.—*See Art. Vatican, &c. of this work.*

† "Genius is like the spiral, more rapid in its progress, than when it draws near the unattainable centre of perfection. Reynolds looking back at his guinea-portraits, and Bernini at his busts of Cardinal Scipio Borghese, were mortified to find those not so inferior as they expected to their latter works."—*Forsyth.*

dry outlines of his first manner, any indication of that felicity of conception and execution, which is so conspicuous in his maturer works. His females are beings of an exclusive species; and if he painted from nature he was fortunate in his acquaintance. The Madonna is a subject which he has appropriated and made his own; it is only tolerable in his hands; or, at least, after seeing his, there is no tolerating any other." As Mengs observes, "his Madonnas enchant us, not because they display the correct beauty of the Venus of Medicis or the celebrated daughter of Niobe, but because, in their expressive features and engaging smiles, he realizes all our ideas of female modesty, maternal love, sweetness of disposition—in a word, of grace itself."

During my progress through the picture galleries of Italy, it was a source of no little amusement to me to compare the different opinions of different travellers on some of the more celebrated works of art. This was especially the case with regard to the *Madonna della Seggiola*—a picture so called from the chair on which the Virgin is sitting. It is one of Raphael's most admired performances, and is said to have so captivated Buonaparte, that he always carried it with him in his carriage, even during his campaigns. "The *Madonna della Seggiola* unites the most opposite graces; there is a refined elegance joined to a diffident simplicity, with a gentle tenderness pervading the whole expression of her figure, which realizes all one's conceptions of that mother, from whom the meek and lowly Jesus derived his human nature." Such is Mathews's opinion of this famous pic-

ture. Moore, however, appears to have regarded it with a less favourable eye. He tells us that he visited the Pitti in company with an English country gentleman; that this country gentleman greatly admired the picture in question so long as he fancied it represented a mere peasant with her child; but that, on being told it was meant as a representation of the Virgin, he forthwith changed his tone, professing that he thought the figure utterly destitute of that dignity, which a woman, conscious of being the object of divine favour, would naturally feel. This story may well be doubted. How any English country gentleman, even though, like the one in question, he should "know as little of painting as his pointer," could have reached the heart of Italy—a country where Madonnas are "as plenty as blackberries"—without at once recognising the subject of such a picture, it would be difficult to imagine. The truth seems to be, that Moore was determined to say something new upon the subject; and this was no such easy matter; for the merits of the work having been duly appreciated already, novelty was only to be had at the expense of absurdity. So just is that observation of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that "a man, who thinks he is guarding himself against prejudices by resisting the authority of others, leaves open every avenue to singularity, vanity, self-conceit, obstinacy, and many other vices—all tending to warp the judgment and prevent the natural operation of his faculties."

The portraits of Julius II. and Leo X., also by Raphael, combine the force and richness of the Flemish

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and Venetian schools, and are second only to the happiest efforts of Vandyke. In this branch of art, indeed, Vandyke stands unrivalled. "He has been equalled in freedom by Reynolds, and surpassed in the fascination of female loveliness by Lawrence, but no one has yet equalled him in manly dignity—in the rare and important gift of endowing his heads with power to think and act. With all his vigour, he has no violent attitudes, no startling postures; all is natural and graceful. Whatever his figures do, they do easily: there is no straining. Though a painter of mind more than of velvet or silk, he yet throws a cloak over a cavalier with a grace which few have attained. His ladies are inferior to his men; they seldom equal the fresh innocent loveliness of nature." Such is Cunningham's remark upon Vandyke's style in general; and the collection of the Pitti affords us an instance of its justness, in a full length portrait, to which Mathews thus briefly but shrewdly adverts:—"Any dauber may paint a sign-post likeness; but a portrait must have spirit and character as well as resemblance. Vandyke seems to embody, in one transient expression of the countenance—which is all that a painter can give—the whole character of his subject. The Bentivoglio is a magnificent specimen of his talent in this way. The subject is worthy of his pencil, and seems to have pleased him. It is a full length—dressed in a cardinal's robes."

There are also some pieces by Salvator Rosa, that ardent lover of nature in her wildest moods, who, to his other claims to notice, adds the merit of originality. "The world," says Reynolds, "was weary of the long

train of insipid imitators of Claude and Poussin, and demanded something new: Salvator Rosa saw and supplied this deficiency. He hit upon a new and savage sort of composition, which was very striking. Sannazarius, the Italian poet, for the same reason, substituted fishermen for shepherds, and changed the scene to the sea." Whatever may be Salvator's merits on the score of originality, Sir Joshua, as Lady Morgan has observed, seems in the above passage to have been guilty of an anachronism. "When Salvator struck into a new line, Poussin and Claude, who, though his elders, were his contemporaries, had as yet no train of imitators. The one was struggling for a livelihood in France, the other was cooking and grinding colours for his master at Rome." Hence, she concludes, not improperly perhaps, that Salvator's early passion for those rude scenes of which he has conveyed such vivid impressions in his works, was not the result of speculation, having any reference to the public taste, but merely the operation of original genius.

"Salvator Rosa," remarks Mathews, with that felicity of thought and gracefulness of language by which all his observations are distinguished, "is of all painters the most poetical; possessing not only that *mens divinior*, that mysterious power over the grand, the sublime, and the terrible, which constitutes the soul of a poet; but also ministering more than any other painter to the imagination of the spectator. There is always in his wild and romantic sketches, a something more than meets the eye, which awakens a train of association, and sets in motion the airy nothings of the fancy. You may look at

his pictures for ever without feeling the least satiety. There is a battle of his in the Pitti, which might serve as a study to all poets who have sung of battles, from Homer down to Walter Scott. There is also a portrait of himself, by himself, which promises all the genius exhibited in his works."

The *Four Philosophers*—a splendid picture by Rubens—exhibits the singular life and vigour, the freedom and truth of drawing, and the glowing and unlaboured colouring, which characterize most of that great artist's works.

*The Fates*—one of the few oil paintings that M. Angelo has given us—form an extraordinary group. Their withered bodies, and wrinkled faces, and heavy eyes, give them a sort of family likeness:—

> . . . . facies non omnibus una,
> Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.

"There is something quite appalling in the solemn severity—the terrible demeanour of their gravity."

*The St. Mark* is, among the pictures of Fra Bartolommeo, what the Moses of San Pietro in Vincoli at Rome is among the statues of Michael Angelo—the noblest work of its author.

The *St. John in the Wilderness*, by Andrea del Sarto, is one of his happiest performances, and may serve to vindicate him from that sweeping censure of Forsyth's, which describes him as having "neither poetry in his head, nor pathos in his heart."

In the centre of the apartment called the Boudoir stands Canova's Venus, placed, to evident disadvantage, in

the same city which boasts the Venus of Medicis. It has been supposed that it was the artist's object to combine, in this figure, the beauties of the Medicean and Callipygian Venuses: though it is admitted that, even with the help of drapery, he has failed to attain the modesty of the Florentine statue; while, in point of form, he has fallen far short of the exquisite beauty of the Neapolitan one. In the opinion of Mathews, the attitude of the statue is constrained, if not even awkward, a circumstance which he is for attributing to the manner in which she compresses the scanty drapery which the sculptor has given her, intended, perhaps, to double every charm it seeks to hide. He charges it, too, with want of symmetry, and as having a head manifestly too large for the body. The remainder of his critique, which contrasts it with the Medicean Venus, exhibits, as compared with the remarks of other tourists, a singular instance of that strange diversity of opinion which seems to prevail upon almost every work of art. "This statue," says he, "occupied the pedestal of the Medicean Venus during her flight to Paris; but she is not worthy to officiate as chambermaid to the goddess of the Tribune. It is simply the representation of a modest woman, who seems to shrink from exposure in such a dishabille; while her Grecian prototype, in native innocence and simplicity—scarce conscious of nakedness—seems to belong to an order of beings to whom the sentiment of shame was as yet unknown." It is amusing to see in how different a light the expression of this very statue was regarded by the sculptor Banks. Speaking of the Medicean Venus,

he remarks that "her face has beauty and expression so happily combined, that, at first sight, one sees she is conscious of her exposed state!" On comparing these different opinions, one would suppose "the force of *discord* could no further go," but we shall find that Simond has contrived to carry it further still. "I shall only remark on the Venus," says he, "that consciousness of sex seems to be the sole distinguishing character or expression which ancient and modern artists, from Praxiteles to Canova, have ever thought of giving to that goddess. Unlike Apollo, who walks a god and forgets that he is naked, she seems to think of nothing else. Still more unlike to Eve, who—

> Undecked, save with herself; more lovely fair
> Than wood nymph, or the fairest goddess feigned
> Of three, that on Mount Ida strove—
> Stood to entertain her guest from heaven: no veil
> She needed, virtue proof, no thought infirm
> Altered her cheek.

The attitude of the Venus," he continues, "is every way unbecoming." And, as if this were not hard measure enough, he has the cruelty to hang her up upon the horns of a dilemma. "Either the goddess feels that she is naked, or she does not: if her modesty suffers, let her put on her clothes. It really were too absurd for this modest person to walk up and down Olympus, under the gaze of immortals and of mortals too, all the while enduring miseries which she might so easily spare herself!" It was, perhaps, a conviction of the ludicrous inconsistencies into which connoisseurs are so frequently be-

trayed, that led Lord Byron to exclaim, with real or affected contempt for the labours of the whole fraternity—

> I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
> The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
> How well his connoisseurship understands
> The graceful bend and the voluptuous swell:
> Let these describe the undescribable!

At the *Corsini Palace* is one of the most admired performances of Carlo Dolci—a figure of Poetry—exhibiting less of the mannerism, less of the mawkish and affected sweetness that characterizes most of his works. It has been well described, as "one of those countenances, the charms of which are lighted up by that undefinable expression, which makes the face the index of the mind, and gives the assurance, at the first glance, of intellectual superiority."

## IMPROVVISATORI.

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.—Hor.

Italy possesses, in her *improvvisatori*, a class of poets, whose fugitive essays leave no monument behind them, though they afford, perhaps for that very reason, the greater pleasure at the time. The talent of these improvvisatori, their inspiration, and the enthusiasm which they excite, are characteristic features of the nation itself. "In them especially," says Sismondi, in his History of Italian Literature, "we discern how poetry is more immediately the language of the soul; how the thoughts assume, from their very birth, the most captivating form; how the music of the diction and the colouring of the picture are so allied to feeling, that the poet possesses in verse a genius which fails him whenever he descends to prose, and that the man who would hardly be listened to in common conversation, no sooner abandons himself to the inspiration of the moment, than he becomes at once imaginative, engaging, and sometimes even sublime."

"Florence has long been renowned for improvvisatori. So early as the fifteenth century, the two blind brothers, Brandolini, excelled here in singing Latin extempore. And, in later times, the crowned and pensioned Corilla drew the admiration of all Italy*." Two others, of still more

* Forsyth.

recent date, were scarcely less distinguished—La Fantastici, the wife of a Florentine goldsmith, and Signora Mazzei, descended from one of the noblest families of Florence. "Heaven," says Sismondi, "had endowed the former with an exquisite ear, a fancy worthy the name she bore, and a fluency and copiousness of diction corresponding with the harmony of her voice. The latter, however, may perhaps be said to surpass all others in the fertility of her imagination, the richness and purity of her style, and the harmony and perfect regularity of her verse. She does not chant her effusions. Absorbed by her inventive faculty, she is always hurried along by the rapidity of her thoughts, and being thus incapacitated from attending sufficiently to her delivery, her recitation is somewhat ungraceful. But the moment she gives up the reins to her imagination, the most harmonious of all languages becomes invested with new charms: the hearer is enraptured, and hurried along by the magic flow of her verse; he feels himself transported into a new world of poetry, and marvels at sight of a human being thus declaiming in the language of the gods!"

Rose gives the following description of the appearance of a celebrated improvvisatore, a description that may, in many respects, apply to most exhibitions of the kind*.

* Un improvisateur demande un sujet, un thème à l'assemblée qui doit l'entendre: les sujets de la mythologie, ceux de la religion, l'histoire, et les evenemens du jour, lui sont, sans doute, plus souvent offerts que tous les autres; mais ces quatre classes contiennent elles-mêmes plusieurs centaines de sujets divers qu'on peut considérer comme rebattus, et il ne faut pas croire qu'on rende service au poète en le questionnant sur un sujet qu'il a déjà traité. . . . . Après avoir reçu son sujet, l'improvisateur reste un moment à mé-

" Two understrappers appeared upon the stage, with materials for writing and a large glass vase; one of whom took down, on separate scraps of paper, different subjects, which were proposed by such of the audience as chose to suggest them; the other, having duly sealed them, threw them into the vase, which he held up and shook before the spectators: he then presented it amongst them for selection, and different subjects were drawn, but all rejected, till they came to 'Alfieri at the tomb of Shakspeare,' an argument accepted by universal acclamation.

" The two assistants now retired, and the principal, who was young, appeared in their place. He received the paper on entering, and immediately threw himself on a chair; from whence, after a few Pythian contortions, apparently made with a view to effect, he poured out a volley of verse without the slightest pause or hesitation: —but this was only the prelude to a mightier effort.

" He retired, and the assistants re-appeared. Subjects were proposed for a tragedy, the vase shaken as before, and the papers containing the arguments drawn.

" Amongst the first titles fished out, was that of *Ines*

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diter, pour le voir sous toutes ses faces, et faire le plan du petit poème qu'il va composer. Il prépare ensuite les huit premiers vers, afin de se donner l'impulsion à lui même en les récitant, et de se trouver par là dans cette disposition d'âme qui fait de lui un être nouveau. Après sept ou huit minutes, il est prêt, et il commence à chanter; et cette composition instantanée a souvent cinq ou six cent vers. Ses yeux s'égarent, son visage s'enflamme, il se débat avec l'esprit prophétique qui semble l'animer. Rien dans notre siècle ne peut représenter, d'une manière plus frappante, la Pythie de Delphes, lorsque le dieu descendait sur elle, et parlait par sa bouche.—*Sismondi, Hist. Lit. de l'Italie.*

*de Castro*, which was adopted, and communicated to the *improvvisatore.* Professing himself unacquainted with the story, the leading facts of it were communicated to him, succinctly enough, by the suggester of the theme, and he forthwith proceeded to form his *dramatis personæ*, in the manner of one who thinks aloud. These were few, after the manner of Alfieri. As soon as this matter was arranged, he began and continued to declaim his piece, without even a momentary interruption, though the time of recitation, unbroken by any repose between the acts, occupied the space of three hours.

"As a *tour de force*, the thing was marvellous; but Italy is fertile in such prodigies. I recollect once seeing a man, to whom, after he had played various pranks in verse, three subjects for sonnets were proposed; one of them was *Noah issuing from the Ark*, the other the *Death of Cæsar*, and the third the *Wedding of Pantaloon.* These were to be declaimed, as it may be termed, *interlacedly*—a piece of Noah, a piece of Cæsar, and a piece of Pantaloon. He went through this singular process with great facility, though only ten minutes were given for the composition, and though it was moreover clogged with a yet more puzzling condition: he was to introduce what is termed a *verso obligato*—a particular verse, specified by one of the audience—at a particular place in each of the sonnets.

"Such strains pronounced and sung unmeditated, 'such prompt eloquence,' such sentiment and imagery flowing in rich diction, in measure, in rhyme, and in music, without interruption, and on subjects unforeseen, must evince a wonderful command of powers; yet judg-

ing from the studied and published compositions of improvvisatori, which in general are dull enough, it would seem that this impromptu-exercise seldom leads to excellence. Serafino d'Acquila, the first improvvisatore that appeared in the language, was gazed at in the Italian courts as a divine and inspired being, till he published his verses and dispelled the illusion*." The same remark, too, applies to the celebrated Gianni, one of the most renowned of the tribe. Nothing which he produced in the retirement of the closet seemed to warrant the high repute in which he was held. And yet, singular enough, when short-hand writers took down his impromptu-effusions, as was sometimes the case, these were found to possess a warmth of poetic feeling, a richness of imagery, a force of eloquence, and not unfrequently a depth of thought, that might place him upon a level with the brightest ornaments of his country.

The Italian improvvisatori have the benefit of a language rich in echoes, and to this circumstance Madame de Staël's Corinna attributes much of their success. In her opinion, "this extemporaneous verse-making is not a whit more extraordinary in the languages of the South, than the charms of oratory, or the talent of conversation, in other languages. Nay," continues she, "I might, unfortunately, aver that with us it is even more easy to make impromptu-verse, than to express oneself well in prose. The language of poetry differs so entirely from that of prose, that, from the very first verses, the attention is rivetted by the expressions them-

* Forsyth.

selves, which, in a manner, place the poet at a distance from his audience. Nor is it merely to the sweetness of the Italian language, but still more to the emphatic and marked pronunciation of its sonorous syllables, that we must attribute the empire of poetry over us*. The Italian language possesses a sort of musical charm which affords pleasure by the mere sound of the words, almost independently of the sense: these words, too, have nearly all of them something of the picturesque—painting, as it were, what they express. Thus it is easier in Italy than any where else to captivate the imagination by words, displaying neither depth of thought, nor novelty of imagery." To this it may be added, as another means of accounting for the frequent occurrence of this extraordinary faculty, that the improvvisatore "generally calls in the accompaniment of song, a lute, or a guitar, to set off his verse, and conceal failures†. If his theme be difficult, he runs into the merest common-place, or takes refuge in loose lyric measure. Thus he may always be fluent, and sometimes by accident be bright."

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* Les sons appellent des sons correspondans, les rimes s'arrangent d'elles-mêmes à leur place, et l'âme ébranlé ne peut se faire entendre qu'en vers, comme une corde sonore lorsqu'elle est frappée se partage d'elle-même en parties harmoniques, et ne peut faire entendre que des accords.—*Sismondi.*

† This remark of Forsyth's must be taken with some exception. The most celebrated improvvisatori do not call in the aid of song; sometimes, because they feel themselves above the want of it, sometimes, because they have no voice. Tous les improvisateurs ne chantent pas; quelqu'uns des plus célèbres n'ont point de voix, et sont obligés de déclamer leurs vers aussi rapidement que s'ils les lisaient.—*Sismondi.*

Remarkable as is the talent of impromptu-verse-making, it seems that the prototype of the *improvvisatore* must be sought among the ancient Greeks and Romans. "That the oracles both in Italy and Greece were delivered in unpremeditated verse is sufficiently certain; as also that the *vates*, or seers, foretold things to come in spontaneous measures. Mention is made in Cicero, of Marcius and Publicius, as possessing that extraordinary faculty in great perfection. (De Div. i. 20). Many of the Roman youth, who had no pretensions to greater inspiration than their imaginations afforded them, were, notwithstanding, as regular improvvisatori as those whose performances have justly excited so much astonishment in these later times. In the year of Rome 391, to propitiate the gods, who were believed to be afflicting the city with a grievous pestilence, recourse was had to a public dramatic spectacle. A company of Tuscans were accordingly sent for, who performed their national dances to the sound of a pipe, but without dialogue. This barbarous exhibition the young men of Rome imitated; not, however, without making an essential improvement, consisting in the addition of extempore verses, which they accompanied with suitable gestures. Such long continued to be the state of the Roman drama; resting upon the natural talent the Romans had for extempore poetry, and not reduced to a written systematic form till the time of Livius. A taste, however, so congenial to the vivacity of this people, was not to be annihilated by a written drama; and there were ever found, even in the most polished ages of Rome, persons who, after the ancient custom, bandied ludicrous verses with each other,

called *exodia*, between the acts of the play, and who were not thought to receive any of that contamination from the histrionic art, which excluded actors in general from a place in their tribe, or a post in the army. (Liv. vii. 2). Perhaps the poetical contests carried on between the peasants in Virgil and Theocritus may be considered less extravagant, when allowance is made for the possible possession of a faculty, which, in our own country, the most refined and best educated cannot boast*."

Forsyth has remarked that the Greek language and the Italian appear to be equally favourable to this talent. Equally rich and harmonious and pliant, they allow poets to alter the length and collocation of words, to pile epithets on epithets, and sometimes to range among different dialects. "In attending to the Italian improvvisatori," says he, "I began to find out, or perhaps only to fancy, several points in which they resemble their great predecessor Homer. In both may be remarked the same openness of style and simplicity of construction, the same digressions, rests, repetitions, anomalies. Homer has often recourse to shifts of the moment, like other improvvisatori†. Like them, he betrays great inequalities. Some-

* Blunt's Vestiges of Ancient Manners in Italy.

† Homer seems to have kept a stock of hemistichs, which recur incessantly at the close of verses; as, επεα πτεροεντα προσεῦδα; θεα γλαυκῶπις Αθηνη, &c.;—expletive epithets, as διῖος, δαιμονιη, &c., which appear in so many, and such opposite meanings, that they cease ω have any meaning at all;—expletive phrases, which he applies indiscriminately, as the ορχαμος ανδρῶν, both to the monarch and the swine-herd;—set forms, which introduce his speeches,

times, when his speech is lengthening into detail, he cuts it short and concludes. Sometimes, when the interest and difficulty thicken, the poet escapes, like his heroes, in a cloud. I once thought of Homer in the streets of Florence, where I saw a poor cyclic bard most cruelly perplexed in a tale of chivalry. He wished to unravel; but every stanza gave a new twist to his plot. His hearers seemed impatient for the denouement, but still the confusion increased. At last, seeing no other means of escape, he vented his poetical fury on the skin of his tambourine, and went off with a *maladetto!*"

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as, τον δ' απαμειβομενος προσεφη, &c.—or else begin them, as, ανερες εστε φιλοι, &c., and thus leave him time to collect his thoughts for the speech itself. When he has killed one warrior in comes the δουπησιν δε πεσων, &c., and allows him a moment to look about for another victim. How often does he serve up, particularly in the gluttonous Odyssey, the same τ' αρα τ' αλλα feast, to refresh himself as well as his heroes! How often does the ημος δ'ηριγενεια φανη, &c., begin the business of the day! The return of such passages was a breathing place to the improvvisatore. The names and titles which he heaps on his gods, were only, says Lucian, an expedient to fill up a verse. Such was Homer, and such is the Italian; both literally singers; and the harp of the αοιδος is now most generally represented by a guitar.—*Forsyth.*

# THE DRAMA.

Quam non adstricto percurrat pulpita socco!—Hor.

According to Sismondi, the French took precedence of the Italians in dramatic representations. It was they who, while the ancient drama had sunk into complete oblivion, first thought of submitting to the eyes of assembled spectators, either the great events which accompanied the establishment of Christianity, or the mysteries which it proposes to our faith*, or even those occurrences of domestic life which might serve to provoke laughter, after contemplating scenes of a more serious character. The *istrioni* of the twelfth century, to whom

* The first who roused the attention of the people by these dramatic compositions, including various characters, were pilgrims returning from the Holy Land, who thus submitted to the eyes of their countrymen the scenes which they themselves had witnessed, and which all were anxious to be acquainted with. It is thought to have been in the twelfth, or, at latest, in the thirteenth century, that these spectacles were first exhibited, and that in the open air. But it was not till towards the close of the fourteenth century, that a company of pilgrims, who had celebrated, by a brilliant show, the marriage of Charles VI. and Isabella of Bavaria, established themselves permanently at Paris, and undertook to give regular entertainments of the kind. This company was called the Fraternity of the Passion, from the Mystery of the Passion, the most famous of their shows.—*Sismondi, Hist. Lit.*

some would trace up the Italian theatre, were mere ballad singers, and never rose to histrionic imitation. The first attempt at dialogue was made in the *moralities*, as they were called, of the following century; and even these bore no other mark of the drama, till the History of Abraham appeared at Florence in 1449, more than fifty years after the most famous of these monkish pastimes, called the Mystery of the Passion, had been acted at Paris.

" This Mystery, the earliest dramatic work after the revival of literature, comprises the whole history of our Saviour's life, from his baptism to his crucifixion. It was too long to be acted in a single day; accordingly, the representation was continued from day to day, and the entire piece was broken into a certain number of divisions, called *journées*, each of which contained the portion to be performed in one day.

" In this Mystery of the Passion no less than eighty-seven personages successively made their appearance on the stage. Among them were the three Persons of the Trinity, six Angels, the twelve Apostles, six Devils, Herod and his court, together with many other personages of the poet's own creation. A variety of machinery seems to have been employed to give to the show all the pomp of a modern opera: in some scenes recitative appears to have been employed; choruses, too, are here and there introduced, and the changes in the structure of the verse indicate no little acquaintance with the harmony of the language. Some of the characters are well delineated: some scenes display grandeur, movement, or

tragic effect; and though the style not unfrequently falls into the trivial or the tiresome; though some scenes are in the highest degree absurd; yet we cannot but recognise great talent in the conception of this terrible drama, which, executed as it was without model, and placing as it did before the eyes of the Christians of that age events which absorbed all their thoughts, must have excited a far deeper interest than the best constructed tragedies of modern days. Above all, one is surprised at the perspicuity of the language, which is far more intelligible than that of the lyric poets of the same epoch. Thus, in the council held by the Jewish Rulers, where several of the Pharisees are in their turn delivered of very long-winded addresses, Mordecaï expresses himself in the following manner:—

Quant Messias, quant le Christ régnera,
Nous espérons qu'il nous gouvernera
En forte main, en union tranquille;
Couronne d'or sur son chef portera,
Gloire et richesse en sa maison aura,
Justice et paix régira sa famille.
Et si le fort le pauvre oppresse ou pille,
Si le tyran son franc vassal exille,
Quant Christ viendra tout sera mis en ordre.

" The Baptist delivers a terribly long sermon upon the stage; nor can we comprehend how the spectators could have patience enough to endure these tedious harangues, on any other supposition than that of their having considered themselves as doing a sort of penance; persuaded that, in these religious mysteries, that which neither provoked laughter, nor drew forth tears, might yet tend to

the salvation of their souls. In the following scene, however, where the Baptist is interrogated by certain of the Priests and Levites, the dialogue is well supported:—

ABYAS.—Sainct Prophète! il nous est escript,
Que le Christ, pour nous racheter,
Se doit à nous manifester,
Et réduyre par sa doctrine
Le peuple en sa grace divine.
Par quoi, veu les enseignemens,
Les haulx faits et les prêchemens
Dont tu endoctrines tes proesmes;
Nous doultons que ce soit toy-mesmes
Qui montres tes belles vertus.
SAINT JEHAN.—Non suis; je ne suis pas Christus,
Mais desouls lui je m'humilie.
ELYACHIM.—D'où te vient doncques la folie
De toi tenir en ces déserts,
Tout nu? Dis nous de quoi tu sers,
Et quel doctrine tu presches?
BANNANYAS.—On nous a dit que tu t'empesches
D'assembler peuples par ces bois
Pour venir escouter ta voix,
Comme d'un homme solennel.
Es-tu donc maître en Israël?
Sçai-tu les lois et les propheties,
Qu'est-ce de toi?
NATHAN.— Tu nous publies
Que Messyas est jà venu;
Comme le sçai tu? L'as-tu vu?
Est-ce toi?
SAINT JEHAN.— Ce ne suis-je mye.
NACHOR.—Et quel homme es-tu donc? Helye?
Te dis-tu Helyas?
SAINT JEHAN.— Non.

BANNANYAS.— Non?
Qui es-tu donc? quel est ton nom?
Imaginer je ne le puis.
Tu es le Prophète!
SAINT JEHAN.— Non suis.
ELYACHIM.—Qui es-tu donc? Or te dénonce,
Afin que nous donnons réponse
Aux grans princes de notre foi,
Qui nous ont transmis devers toi
Pour savoir qui tu es.
SAINT JEHAN.— *Ego*
*Vox clamantis in deserto.*
Je suis voix au désert criant,
Che chacun soit rectifiant
La voie du Sauveur du monde,
Qui vient pour notre coulpe immonde
Réparer sans doubte quelconque.

"The result of this scene is the conversion of the interlocutors; who eagerly implore baptism at the hands of St. John. This ceremony is followed by the baptism of the Saviour himself. But here the versification is far less remarkable than the notes, which almost carry us back to the time of these rude exhibitions:—

"Ici, (it is said), entre Jésus dedans le fleuve de Jourdain, tout nud; et Saint Jehan prend de l'eau à la main, et en jette sur le chef de Jésus:—

SAINT JEHAN.—Sire, vous êtes baptizé.
Qui à votre haute noblesse
N'appartient ne à ma simplesse,
Si digne service de faire;
Toutefois mon Dieu débonnaire
Veuille suppléer le surplus.

" Ici sort Jésus du fleuve Jourdain, et se jette à genoux tout nud devant Paradis. Adonc parle Dieu le Père, et le Saint-Esprit descend en forme de colombe blanche sur le chef de Jésus, puis retorne en Paradis. Et est à noter que la loquence de Dieu le Père se doit prononcer intendiblement, et bien à traict, en trois voix; c'est à savoir ung hault dessus, une haulte contre, et une basse contre, bien accordées; et en cette harmonie se doit dire toute la clause qui s'ensuit:—

*Hic est filius meus dilectus,*
*In quo mihi bene complacui.*
Ceslui-ci est mon fils amé Jésus,
Qui bien me plaist; ma plaisance est en lui.

" Moreover, since the same Mystery was the prototype of Comedy as well as Tragedy, we must also transcribe a few verses from the dialogue of the Devils; for, throughout the whole piece, it is they who enact the comic parts; while the eagerness they betray to maltreat each other never failed to provoke the laughter of the spectators:—

BERITH.—Je ne sçay qui est ce Jésus,
Mais je croy qu'en l'universel
N'en y a point encore ung tel;
Qui que l'ait en terre conçu,
Je ne sçay d'où il est issu,
Ne quel grant dyable l'a presché;
Mais il n'est vice ni péché
De quoi je le sçusse charger.
SATHAN.—Haro, tu me fais enrager
Quant il faut que tels mots escoute.
BERITH.—Et pourquoi?

SATHAN.— Pour ce que je doubte
Qu'en la fin j'en soie désert.
Laissons-le ici en ce désert,
Et nous en courons en enfer
Nous conseiller à Lucifer,
Sur les cas que je lui veulx dire.
BERITH.—Les dyables vous veulent conduire,
Sans avoir meilleur sauf conduit.
LUCIFER.—J'aperçoy Sathan et Berith
Qui reviennent moult empêchés.
ASTAROTH.—Si vous voulez qu'ils soient torchés,
Vecy les instrumens tous prêts.
LUCIFER.—Ne te hâte pas de si près,
A frapper derrière et devant;
Ouir faut leur rapport avant,
Sçavoir s'il nous porte dommage.

"But when the devils have given their sovereign an account of what they had seen, and of their vain endeavours to tempt Jesus to sin, Ashtaroth falls upon them with his imps, and flogs them back again to earth*."

The example set by the author of the Mystery of the Passion was quickly followed by a crowd of imitators, whose names are for the most part forgotten. The Mystery of the Conception and Nativity of our Saviour, and that of his Resurrection, are among the more ancient. The legends of the Saints were also put into dialogue and prepared for representation; and in like manner was the whole of the Old Testament dramatized.

* Sismondi, Hist. Litéraire.

These sacred dramas are still acted in many of the towns of Italy during Lent; but more especially at Naples, where nothing is more common than to see advertisements pasted on the walls, setting forth that, on such a night, will be represented, at one theatre, the Murder of the Innocents; at another, the Sacrifice of Abraham; at a third, the departure of the Israelites from Egypt; whilst enormous pictures, exactly upon a par with the rude daubs in front of our own wild beast or mountebank shows, serve to illustrate these respective subjects, and attract the attention of the public.

"It is the opinion of Voltaire," says Blunt, "that the Italians received these mysteries from Constantinople, where the Greek plays of the old tragedians continued to be acted for several centuries after Christ. To supplant such profane exhibitions, Gregory of Nazianzum, in the fourth century, with a temporising spirit which too much prevailed at that period, determined to introduce dramatic stories derived from the Old and New Testaments. Of these one is still extant, intitled Χριστος πασχων, or Christ's Passion—valuable as being a cento of verses collected from the Greek tragic poets, by which some true readings in the originals have been preserved. The characters in it are the Virgin, our Saviour, Joseph of Arimathea, Mary Magdalen, Pilate, John, a Nuncius, the Synagogue, a chorus of women, and some others. It is expressly declared in the argument that it was written in imitation of Euripides; and that it was the first time the Virgin Mary had been brought upon the stage.

"Warton mentions another sacred drama or a still

earlier date; in all probability about the times immediately succeeding the destruction of Jerusalem. (Hist. of English Poetry, Vol. ii.) It is written in Greek iambics by one Ezekiel, styled the tragic poet of the Jews, and many fragments of it are preserved in Eusebius, (Lib. ix. 28, 29). It bears the title of the Εξαγωγε, or Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt. The principal speakers are God, Moses, and a Nuncius. The narrative, however, adheres pretty closely to the Bible, although the Nuncius, in describing the passage of the Red Sea, informs his hearers, 'that Pharaoh disposed his infantry in the centre; that on each side of them he left room for the chariots of war; and that each wing consisted of horse.'

"From the date as well as the character of these plays, it is clear that they at least were borrowed from the heathen drama; and whether the Italians received such compositions through the medium of Constantinople, or drew them directly from their own ancient theatre, is a matter of no importance. They were at any rate well prepared to acknowledge the legitimacy of them; for the Roman, no less than the Grecian stage, abounded with adventures of the gods. Witness the Amphitryo of Plautus, in which Jupiter and Mercury display a variety of feats little becoming the nature of beings so exalted. Amongst the several rules which Horace lays down for the regulation of stage compositions, that, by which a restriction is imposed on the indiscriminate introduction of deities amongst the dramatis personæ, is not forgotten.

"Happily for the interests of religion, these mysteries, though once so common in England, have long since been

abolished. That they are still retained in Italy arises probably from the dramatic nature of the Roman Catholic ceremonies themselves. In Italy there has ever been a certain connexion between the theatre and the church. The union was formed when plays were for the first time represented at Rome under a vain expectation of suppressing a pestilence, and appeasing the anger of Heaven. (Liv. vii. § 2). It was strengthened by the part they continued to bear in the festivals of the gods; and it has been prolonged by that insatiable thirst of the people, whether in the solemnities of worship, or the frivolities of amusement, for the gratifications of sense."

It was not till the year 1483, four-and-thirty years after the first appearance of the history of Abraham, that Politian revived, in his Orfeo, the ancient form of acts and choruses. This piece, which was brought out at the court of Mantua, though divided into five acts, interspersed with choruses, and wound up with a tragic conclusion, might with more propriety be called an eclogue than a tragedy. The love of Aristeus for Eurydice—the flight and death of the latter, whose untimely fate is bewailed by the Dryads—the lamentations of Orpheus—his descent into hell—and the vengeance wreaked upon him by the Thracian Bacchanals, form the ground-work of the five acts, or rather of five different subjects but slightly connected together. Nevertheless, the Orfeo—combining the charms of decoration, of poetry, and of music, and exciting the curiosity while it satisfied the judgment—brought about a revolution in the drama. So many were the imitations of the Greek produced by this

example, that a regular theatre, the first in Modern Europe, was built at Milan in 1490, on the Greek model.

"Tragedy now began to speak Italian." Trissino's Sophonisba, which appeared in 1515, thirteen years after that of Caretto, passes for the first regular tragedy written after the revival of letters; and might, as Sismondi has observed, also pass for the last of the ancient tragedies; so closely did its author tread in the steps of the Greek tragedians, especially of Euripides. Trissino wanted, it is true, the creative genius which inspired the great Athenian poets; and failed to impart a sufficiently dignified demeanour to his leading characters. But, to a scrupulous imitation of the ancient drama, he had the merit of adding much depth of feeling, and was the first who contrived to excite a lively interest in the spectator:—

> With arts arising, Sophonisba rose,
> The tragic Muse, returning, wept her woes.
> With her the Italian scene first learned to glow,
> And the first tears for her were taught to flow.—Pope.

Rucellaï, the friend of Trissino, Alamanni, Anguillara, Speroni, Giraldi, and various others, followed in the same track; writing on the ancient plan, in long solemn dialogues, quite foreign from the purpose of playing; and imitating the defects, rather than the beauties, of the Greek drama. "Does the Greek theatre afford an instance of want of address in the conduct of a piece, or fatigue us with a speech of an astounding length—*that* they are sure to select for imitation. One would swear that they had laid a wager to get Sophocles

and Euripides hissed off the stage, and that, at the close of the piece, they are waiting to tell you:—'What has thus exhausted your patience is the ancient drama!' Euripides, it is true, was but too fond of introducing moral sentences and philosophical dissertations: but each of his maxims, compared with Rucellai's, is but as a text to its commentary.

"The inferiority of the Italians to the Spaniards in dramatic composition," continues Sismondi, "is very striking, and that, too, during the most palmy period of Italian literature. Those would-be restorers of the theatre have, it is true, from as early a date as the sixteenth century, scrupulously observed all Aristotle's rules, and conformed to the literary laws laid down by the ancient classics, while those laws were as yet but partially received; but what avails this, if life and spirit be still wanting? It is impossible to get through a tragedy of theirs without insufferable fatigue: it is a weight which there is no such thing as shaking off; nor can we comprehend how the spectators could have had the patience to endure the long tirades, and wearisome dialogues to which they were condemned in place of the action itself, which was studiously kept out of sight. A Spanish play, on the contrary, though monstrous in plan, and most irregular in execution, never fails to captivate the fancy, by the curiosity and interest which it excites. Even on reading these plays, it is with regret that we lay the book aside; and yet the stage is their proper element; it is there that their dramatic spirit rivets the attention of the spectator, and never suffers his thoughts to wander."

Comedy was first introduced by Hercules, Duke of Ferrara, in his translation from Plautus*. Ariosto soon followed with a comedy intitled *La Cassaria*, or the Farmer's Wife, the oldest Italian work of the kind, unless, indeed, we admit the *Calandra* of Cardinal Bibbiena to have preceded it. Ariosto took Plautus and Terence for his models; and these he copied with the same fidelity with which they had already copied the Greeks. Hence his plays—and there are five in all—place before our eyes the slaves, the parasites, the nurses, the adventurers —all the personages, in short, to be found in the Roman drama. We sometimes meet with wit, but it is of a kind too far-fetched to be natural. It is more of Roman than Italian origin: the jokes in which his slaves and parasites indulge so strongly recall the recollection of the same characters in the works of Plautus and Terence, that, if we smile at all, it is at the pedantry rather than the wit. After the manner of the Romans, the scene, which never changes, is in the street, before the residence of the principal personages: the unity of time is no less rigorously observed than that of place; but here again, after the Roman fashion, the action is related rather than seen. In short, in these frigid pieces, every thing reminds you of the Roman stage—even the very jests, where we meet

* Plautus's plays, it seems, were sometimes performed in the original language. Après l'année 1470, says Sismondi, l'academie des litterateurs et des poètes de Rome entreprit, pour faire mieux revivre les anciens, de representer *en latin* quelques comedies de Plaute.

with the coarseness and obscenity of the Latin poets, instead of the playful sallies of the modern Harlequins. "The crowd that succeeded wrote plays as exercises for princes and scholars, who recited those comedies, now called *erudite*, in courts, academies, and colleges. The very title, the purpose, the place, and the players, seem to have condemned the whole species to stupidity and oblivion*." Macchiavelli and Pietro Aretino form, perhaps, the only exception to this remark. Of the former we have three comedies, which, for novelty of plan, sprightliness of dialogue, and truth of character, are infinitely superior to any thing of the kind which Italy had produced previous to that time; superior perhaps to any thing which she has produced since. In them we recognise at once the hand of a master†; especially in

* It was of a period somewhat anterior to the one to which the above remark of Forsyth alludes, that Sismondi says:—Les souverains, qui à cette époque mettaient toute leur gloire à protéger les lettres et les arts, s'efforçaient de se surpasser les uns les autres, en elevant, pour quelque occasion solennelle, un théâtre qui ne devait servir que pour une seule représentation: les gens de lettres et les grands de la cour se disputaient les rôles dans la pièce qu'on devait représenter, et qui tantôt etait traduite du grec ou du latin, tantôt était composée par quelque poète moderne à l'imitation des anciens maitres. L'Italie était glorieuse, quand dans une seule année elle avait eu deux représentations théâtrales, l'une à Ferrare ou à Milan, l'autre à Rome ou à Naples. Tous les princes voisins y accouraient avec leur cour, de plusieurs journées à la ronde; la magnificence du spectacle, la dépense énorme qu'il occasionnait, et la reconnaissance pour un plaisir gratuit, empêchaient le public de se montrer sévère dans ses jugemens.

† Macchiavelli's tale of Belphégor, or the Devil, who takes refuge

the ability with which he tears off the mask from hypocrisy. Two hypocritical monks, one of them named friar Timothy, who appears in the two first pieces—the other, friar Alberino, who figures in the third—are hit off with a force and truth, which left nothing to be added by the author of Tartuff. Aretino's comedies, though sadly defective in plan, and devoid of interest in most of the characters, yet exhibit genuine dramatic talent, together with an originality, and not unfrequently a sprightliness, rarely met with in the old Italian drama. Instead of blindly imitating the ancients, Aretino took human nature for his guide, and that too with all its vices and deformities in a corrupt age: and it is precisely because he looks only to the manners of his own time, as Aristophanes had looked only to the manners of his, that he resembles the comic poet of Athens even more than they who had studied him as their chosen model.

The earlier Italian comedies, as we have seen, were nothing more than pedantic copies from the Latin, which had been performed at the expense of the different courts, before societies of the learned; but a short time elapsed, however, ere companies of players got possession of these pieces, and recited them before the public, who paid for their entertainment. From that moment it became necessary both for actors and authors to study more attentively the public taste. It was not enough that a play did not

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in hell to escape from a shrewish wife, has been translated into most languages.

infringe any of those laws which the critics derived from the ancients; it became necessary also that it should afford amusement, or excite interest. Macchiavelli and Pietro Aretino had shewn how laughter might be provoked by the portraiture of the manners and vices of the times. In imitation of them, therefore, a crowd of authors undertook to amuse the public, without consulting Terence, and without any diminution of sprightliness on that account. The most remarkable among them was Grassini, a Florentine, nick-named *il Lasca*, who strove to impart to the Tuscan stage a character purely national, and who overwhelmed with ridicule both the pedants and the *Petrarceschi*. It is but fair, however, to observe, that, if the earlier writers might justly be taxed with pedantry, still more justly might these later ones be taxed with negligence and ignorance. Content to provoke the laughter of the populace by the lowest and coarsest jests, they altogether renounced the art of constructing and unravelling a plot, and seemed scarcely to trouble themselves at all about the truth and fidelity of their characters.

The *Commedie dell' arte* also took their rise in the sixteenth century. These, being the work of the players themselves, were never written beforehand: their plots alone were chalked out, and the dialogue was left to the extemporary wit of the actors*. Each actor, however,

* Sismondi takes the *Commedie dell' arte* to be nothing more than an improvement upon the performances of strolling mountebanks. Apparemment, (says he), des bateleurs et des saltimbanques essayèrent de faire paraître sur leur tréteaux des farces un peu plus longues; et ce qui n'avait d'abord été qu'un dialogue im-

was confined to a single character, and supposed to be drawn from a particular province, the dialect of which he was to use. Pantaloon was a Venetian merchant; Tartaglia, a stutterer of some other province; the Doctor Balanzone, a civilian of Bologna; while Harlequin and Brighella were of Bergamo: yet, though always re-appearing as Harlequin and his fellows, these maskers could furnish an incessant variety of story, satire, and fun. Many extraordinry tales are still told of the ready wit which this extemporary comedy was said to elicit. One pleasant instance, recorded in Moore's View of Society in Italy, may serve as a specimen. The Stutterer was in an agony: the word was inexorable: it was to no purpose that Harlequin suggested another and another. "At length, in a fit of despair, he pitched his head full in the dying man's stomach, and the word bolted out of his mouth to the most distant part of the house!"

Perhaps we shall be less surprised at the ready wit ascribed to these maskers, if we consider more attentively the abstract nature of the characters they personated. "Two fathers, two lovers, with their respective mistresses, and three or four domestics, generally constituted the whole dramatis personæ. To each was assigned a particular station in life, to each was appropriated a given name, country, mask, and dress; while, in each company, the same actor invariably played the same part, and made it his sole study to catch the spirit, tone, and repartees

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provisé entre un charlatan et son compère, prit peu à peu la forme d'une petite comedie."

peculiar to that part. Stage tradition added a few other peculiarities: a certain movement of the head, for example, a certain accent, a certain gesture, which a favourite actor might happen to have adopted in the character either of Pantalon de' Bisognosi*, the Doctor Balanzone, or the Harlequin and Brighella, became thenceforth the manner appropriated to that imaginary being. Every thing was chalked out for him beforehand; his character, his thoughts, his most trifling peculiarities. The actor had nothing to create: it was enough if he caught the true spirit of his part, as thus handed down to him. Each personage, as Schlegel ingeniously observes in his *Cours Dramatique*, may-be compared to a given piece at the game of chess, where the moves are all previously settled; and where a knight can never be played as a bishop or a castle. Nevertheless, with a limited number of men, thus subject to certain rules, the combinations in the game of chess are infinite; and, in like manner, those of the *Commedie dell' arte* might also be infinite.

"The less the actor was called upon to tax his invention in the part he had to perform, the more might he be trusted for what he was to say. An actor who had never trod the stage but as the representative of Panta-

* *Pantalon de' bisognosi* is derived from San Pantalon, a physician, to whom a church is dedicated at Venice, and who, from relieving the necessitous, was styled παντα ελεημων. This was abridged into Pantalon, and the *de' bisognosi* supplied the place of the truncated syllables. In conformity with this derivation, Pantaloon is always a compassionate character on the Venetian stage.

loon—he who had all his life played the part of Harlequin —was perhaps more safe from saying or doing any thing out of character than the author himself who composed the piece. Accordingly, the latter usually contented himself with a mere sketch: he brought two or three personages together, just indicated what was to be the result of the dialogue, and trusted for the attainment of his end to the natural gaiety of the actors. Some of the best jokes, indeed, were previously composed, because brilliant repartee was hardly to be expected on the spur of the moment; and some of the more laughable situations were preconcerted, because a single word too much from either of the actors might have changed the circumstances in which they were placed, either by extricating one of them out of a difficulty, or by revealing what required to be kept secret, or explaining some ludicrous mistake. Still, however, each actor might, without deranging the action, or impairing the interest, or interfering with the play of another, contrive to turn himself into ridicule. Pantaloon might harmlessly make a display of his childish good nature, the Doctor might betray his pedantry*, Brighella his cunning, and Harlequin his stolidity."

* "The Doctor's character (says Addison, in conformity with the above remark of Sismondi) comprehends the whole extent of a pedant, that with a deep voice, and a magisterial air, breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him: every thing he says is backed with quotations out of Galen, Hippocrates, Plato, Virgil, or any other author that comes uppermost; and all answers from his companions are looked upon as impertinences or interruptions. Harlequin's part is made up of blunders and absurdities: he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over queens,

After all, however, it would seem that the wit of these repartees was very apt to evaporate upon a closer examination. "The pleasantry was, it is true, without malice, because each exposed his own vices, his own absurdities, or his own stupidity; but it was also, for the most part, without wit or nature. It wanted wit, because each actor had no time for reflection, and could not foresee what he would have to contend with; and it wanted nature, because each exaggerated his part, in order to produce effect*." In conformity with the above remark, Rose tells us, that "a collection of sayings, uttered by a certain actor in the character of Brighella, disappointed the expectations of the Venetian public.

"Of these sallies," he continues, "which pleased on the stage, though not in the closet, it may be observed that they usually sin on the side of extravagance. May not, therefore, their immediate success be as fairly cited in evidence of the art of the wit, as the famous passage, quoted by Quintilian, in proof of the power of the orator? Every one knows, that, in alluding to a much applauded part of an oration, the fustian of which, considered by itself, must be obvious to the least fastidious, he exclaims, 'By what nice gradations must the orator have worked up the passions of his hearers! how must he

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and to run his head against every post that stands in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man who is sensible of the folly of the part can hardly forbear being pleased with it. Pantalone is generally an old cully, and Coviello (Brighella) a sharper."

* Sismondi Hist. Lit. Vol. ii.

have intoxicated their imaginations to make them receive for sublime that which, considered by itself, must be acknowledged to be bombast!'"

"Tragedy, in the mean time, could not, like her sister, descend to the mob; and therefore sunk under the heavy coalition of her scholastic poets and gentlemen players. To rouse her from this lethargy, they applied the fatal remedy of music."

Notwithstanding the truth of this remark of Forsyth's, it is probable that the aid of music was called in from the very revival of the drama. In all the earlier tragedies, choruses had been introduced after the manner of the Greeks, and these choruses were sung. Pastoral pieces were yet more constantly interspersed with airs, sung to music. Still, however, in all these compositions, music was but an accessory; it gave a finish to the entertainment, but did not constitute its essence. It was in the year 1594 that this order was, for the first time, reversed. Rinuccini—a Florentine poet, far less distinguished by talent or invention than by the possession of a musical ear, which made him alive to all the melody of his native tongue—composed, in concert with three musicians, Peri, Corsi, and Caccini, a drama founded on ancient mythology, and intitled Daphne*, in which the three fine arts were destined to unite their charms.

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* Le premier essai de Rinuccini n'était presque qu'une des métamorphoses d'Ovide mise en dialogue. On voyait Apollon tuer le serpent Python, au moment où ce monstre mettait en fuite les bergers et les nymphes. Tout orgueilleux de sa victoire, il brave l'Amour qui, avec Venus, était descendu sur la terre; le dieu enfant

Rinuccini's Eurydice, composed in concert with the same three musicians, was represented for the first time in the year 1600, on occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. with Mary of Medicis. This was followed by his Ariadne, which, like the former, met with a very favourable reception. The success of the opera was now assured; the different courts seemed eager to follow the example of Florence; the work was rendered more perfect; more action was given to the drama; more variety to the music; while the recitative itself was interspersed with airs. Duets and *morceaux d'ensemble* were also introduced; and, about a century after the commencement of the opera, Apostolo Zeno carried it, as it was thought, to all the perfection of which it was susceptible, till Metastasio came, and, by the force of genius, infused fresh life into the work of art.

" Nothing so extravagantly unnatural as the opera has ever stood so long," says one critic*. " What can be

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se venge; Apollon voit Daphné, il la poursuit; elle s'enfuit, et un messager vient raconter sa métamorphose. Quatre chœurs partagent en petits actes un petit drame, qui se compose au plus de quatre cent cinquante vers. Les chœurs, divisés en couplets gracieux, semblent plus particulièrement destinés à la musique. Le reste de l'opera était probablement tout en recitatif: on n'y voit point d'ariettes detachées, moins encore de duo ou de morceaux d'ensemble.—*Sismondi.*

* Forsyth.—" For the opera," he continues, " Italians have erected their grandest theatres, invented a new system of decoration, instituted academies, and mutilated men. Music, though introduced only as an assistant to tragedy, soon became the principal; and any poetry was thought good enough for an entertainment where no poetry could be understood." Vos musiciens

more contrary to nature," says another*, "than the singing a whole piece from beginning to end, as if the persons represented were ridiculously matched, and had agreed to settle in music both the most common and the most important affairs of life. Is it to be imagined that a master calls his servant, or sends him on an errand singing; that one friend imparts a secret to another singing; that men deliberate in council, and that orders in the field of battle are given, singing; and that men are melodiously slain with swords and darts? This is the downright way to lose the life of representation, which without doubt is preferable to that of harmony; for harmony ought to be no more than a bare attendant, and the great masters of the stage have introduced it as pleasing, not as necessary, after they have performed all that relates to the subject and discourse. Nevertheless, our thoughts run more upon the performers than the hero in the opera, and Viganoni and Morelli are seldom out of our minds. The mind not being able to conceive a hero that sings, runs to the actor or actress; and there is no question, that, in our most fashionable operas, Banti and Bolla are a hundred times more thought of than Zenobia or Dido." These, it must be admitted, are

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fameux, says de Staël, disposent en entier de vos poètes; l'un lui déclare qu'il ne peut pas chanter s'il n'a dans son ariette le mot *felicità;* le tenor demande la *tomba;* et le troisième chanteur ne peut faire des roulades que sur le mot *catena*—il faut que le pauvre poète arrange ces gouts divers, comme il peut, avec la situation dramatique.—*Corinne*, Vol. i.

* St. Evremond.

plausible objections. The admirers of the opera, however, might perhaps urge in its defence the same line of argument which Dr. Johnson used so triumphantly in defence of Shakspeare's violation of the unities. They might contend that a dialogue in recitative is but one degree more removed from nature than a dialogue in verse; and that the man who can imagine the heroes of a tragedy to converse in rhyme, may well imagine something more: but that, in fact, the spectators are never for a moment deceived, never for a moment suppose that men deliberate in council, or give orders during battle, in recitative; in short, that "they are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and the players only players."

The comic, like the serious opera, dates from the year 1597. It was founded on the *Commedie dell' arte*, and accordingly its principal personages are Harlequins, Brighellas, and other masks of the Italian theatre*. The same Apostolo Zeno was also the author of some comic operas, in these, however, he evinced but little talent; nor has this kind of composition yet produced any distinguished poet. Still it served to "pamper the two great appetites of the nation with music and buffoonery, and drew the upper classes of society away from poor prosaic Harlequin, who sunk to the level of our Bartholomew fair."

The seventeenth century was also very prolific of dra-

* "The musical demon fell next upon comedy, and begot the monster called *opera buffa*—a composition more wretched, if possible, than the serious melo-drama."—*Forsyth.*

matic writers: tragedies, comedies, and pastorals, were recited in every court, and on every stage; but none of these numerous pieces would bear comparison with those either of the preceding or subsequent century. The tragedies of that age were devoid of all truth in the portraiture of manners and character. Bloated in style and cold in action, they sin equally on the side of pedantry and bad taste, and are now only regarded as objects of curiosity, on account of the erudition they display. Not one of these pieces would now be heard to an end; not one of them could an author look to for novelty or example. The poet thought only of exciting the wonder of the spectators, by brilliance of decoration, and frequent change of scene: probability was sacrificed to the fondness for combats, and the desire of bringing cars, horses, and monsters, on the stage. The comedies of that age, too, were flat, vulgar, indigested compositions, manufactured solely for the mob; the pastorals grew continually more and more insipid, more affected, and fuller of conceits; and if the opera was then the only spectacle in vogue, it was also the only one which deserved to be so.

The Abbé Pietro Chiari, it is true, sought to bring about a revolution in the drama, and with this view composed ten volumes of comedies in verse, which for a time met with some success. But their very success only served to shew the complete depravation of the public taste. There is in them such a blending of the solemn and the flat, the trivial and the far-fetched, that they become at once ridiculous and tiresome.

In this low state was the Italian theatre when Goldoni appeared, and succeeded in bringing about a revolution which others had attempted in vain. At the commencement of his career, Goldoni found the stage divided between the *Commedie erudite*, and the *Commedie dell' arte.* The first class comprised all those which their authors had elaborately concocted in the closet, consulting the rules of Aristotle rather than the taste of the public: of these some were pedantic imitations of the ancients; others, copies of these imitations; and others, copies from the French. The *Commedie dell' arte* were either impromptu performances in the strict sense of the term, or mere skeletons of plays, the filling up of which was left to the actors. "Obliged, like Molière, to acquiesce for a while in the established barbarisms*, Goldoni at first wrote for the old masks; but, introducing beauties which were foreign and unfit for them, he gradually refined the taste of the spectators, made them ashamed of their former favourites, and then ventured to exclude the

* Goldoni, en exigeant de ses acteurs qu'ils récitassent ses pièces telles qu'il les écrivait, et qu'ils n'improvisassent plus, se rapprocha cependant plus des comédies de l'art qu'aucun de ceux qui, avant lui, avaient écrit pour le théâtre. Il conserva, au moins dans la moitié de ses pièces, tous les masques de la comédie Italienne; il leur laissa sans altération le caractère que la tradition leur avait donné; et lorsqu'il cessa d'exercer sur les acteurs, par sa présence, une influence directe, ceux-ci recommencèrent à improviser; en sorte que, comme tous ceux qui sont venus après lui ont abandonné les masques, ses pièces sont aujourd'hui les seules où l'on entende encore, en Italie, un acteur traiter son rôle comme un canevas.—*Sismondi.*

whole Harlequin family. Chiari and his adherents clamoured against this exclusion; but Goldoni has so completely succeeded, that his own masked comedies are now banished from the stage*."

"As regards comedy," says Sismondi, "Goldoni is now-a-days looked upon by the Italians as undisputed sovereign of the stage. His pieces, which evince an intimate acquaintance with the habits and character of his countrymen, always meet with an enthusiastic reception. A thousand times during their performance have I heard the exclamation, *Great Goldoni!* resounding from every part of the house; although, his distinguishing faculty—le naturel, la fidelité des mœurs et la gaieté—does not exactly come up to the ideas we are apt to connect with the term *greatness*, or *a great genius*. We must, however, give him credit for no ordinary powers—a fertility of invention, for example, which constantly supplied him with fresh subjects for comedy—an extreme facility of composition, which more than once enabled him to finish, in the short space of five days, a comedy in five acts and in verse—great sprightliness of dialogue, which is almost always appropriate, animated, and directed to its object—a thorough knowledge of the manners of his countrymen, and a rare talent of painting them to the life—in short, that drollery of which the Italians are so enamoured, which turns stupidity into ridicule, and never fails to provoke laughter.

The names of his females are generic. His Rosaure is a sentimental girl, who is always a little in love, but

* Forsyth.

always submissive—one who has a great inclination to be married, but a still greater to submit to paternal authority. His Beatrice, who is just the reverse of all this, betrays a vivacity, a wilfulness, a reckless gaiety, which contrasts strongly with the melancholy of Rosaure; while sometimes she evinces a degree of effrontery but ill adapted to the female character. In many of Goldoni's plays we meet with girls who, after having eloped from their parents, and followed their admirers from town to town, are made after all to bring their adventures to a successful issue—a mode of proceeding neither consistent with fact, nor conducive to morality.

"Nor is it solely with regard to love affairs that Goldoni makes his females play a part which does not belong to them; their character is equally misrepresented in other respects; their virtues and vices are alike exaggerated. His women are either angels or fiends: their portraits exhibit no gradation of light and shade.

"The same observations apply to his men. Their dissimulation, and the little scruple with which they break their word, are among the failings with which Italians are most frequently reproached; and hence perhaps it is that a scrupulous regard to a promise once given is one of the virtues most frequently brought upon the stage. Yet this principle is, most ridiculously, extended to cases where a man can neither make nor keep the promise; cases which depend too much upon the will of others; as where a father engages to dispose of the hand and heart of a daughter.

"In like manner is the virtue of honesty either strangely overcharged, or obtruded without delicacy: honest men

make such a parade of their honesty, make so many protestations that they will not lay hands on what belongs to another, that any where else distrust would infallibly be the consequence.

"A literary person is always represented as an insufferable pedant: not that Goldoni wished to turn literary men into ridicule, but because literature was then at a low ebb in Italy; and because those whose time had been devoted to its cultivation, were but too often unfitted for polite society. His heroes are generally braggarts, whose valour evaporates when put to the proof. Duels are by no means rare in his plays; yet we often find the duellist pondering whether it would not be wiser to assassinate his adversary.

"But what Goldoni aimed at most of all was, to give an amusing but exaggerated picture of absurdity and vice. In general he knows well enough how to support the characters of his personages: this character betrays itself in every action, word, and gesture; but then, it is, for the most part, carried beyond all bounds. As society can hardly be said to exist in Italy, as opinion is there without force, and ridicule powerless, the vices and failings of human nature shew themselves with a nakedness not to be met with elsewhere. Nevertheless, there are limits to which a comic author ought to restrict himself, for fear of exciting disgust instead of provoking laughter. For example, cowardice is, perhaps, the vice which of all others most provokes the risibility of the spectator; yet, in portraying it, Goldoni should have restricted it to those whom he meant to render ridiculous; whereas,

in more than one of his plays, he makes the men more arrant cowards than their mistresses. Perfidiousness and baseness, when carried to a certain extent, ought always to be excluded from the stage; where no personage, likely to be followed by the execrations of the spectators, ought ever to be admitted. Yet in the Two Twins, Pancrazio is a hypocrite, a paltry scoundrel, and a coward, who finishes by poisoning his rival, and that, too, with so little prospect of deriving advantage from his death, that the improbability of such a crime adds to the disgust which it inspires."

In general, this author deals but little in the sentimental. He seldom takes his heroes or heroines from romance. He portrays them with all their defects, and does his utmost to raise a laugh at their expense; labouring to shew how often their generosity is debased by egotism, their friendship by self-interest, their admiration by envy; thus endeavouring, on all occasions, to exhibit human nature in an unfavourable point of view.

Goldoni's ignorance of the manners of foreign countries frequently betrayed him into the most ludicrous mistakes; witness his *Pamela Maritata*—of which the scene is laid in London—where a cabinet minister is made to wait on Lord Bonfil, on the part of the king, to prohibit him from divorcing his wife. This sort of ignorance, however, is common to him with the rest of his fellow dramatists, "who," as Sismondi observes, "are but too fond of attempting to describe what they are unacquainted with—camps which they never entered—courts which they never saw—countries in which they

never once set foot. Happily for them, they met with spectators even more ignorant than themselves, who always took their pictures for resemblances; for this very reason, that they were totally unlike any thing they had ever witnessed before."

By furnishing his company with finished pieces, and prohibiting them from adding any thing of their own, Goldoni had effected a change in the Italian theatre, which proved fatal to the *Commedie dell' arte.* It happened that a company, known by the name of the *Compagnia Sacchi,* composed of the most distinguished performers, every one of whom possessed in an eminent degree that sort of extemporary wit adapted to his part, found themselves, by the desertion of the different authors, reduced to the most abject poverty. These Pantaloons, Harlequins, and Brighellas, hitherto so much admired, had now no longer an opportunity of availing themselves of their talents: they still strove to maintain their ground against Goldoni's company, which had far less drollery and originality to boast of; but the contest was too unequal. Their exasperation against Goldoni and the Abbé Chiari—who was still in some vogue, and who, with his bloated *Martellian** verses, still disputed the possession of the stage with the Venetian advocate—was extreme. Gozzi at length resolved to vindicate the claims of this national comedy, this popular drollery, which he regretted to see

* The *Martellian* verse is an imitation of the Alexandrine, and was first introduced into Italian poetry by Martelli, from whom it derived its name.

going out of fashion. His delicate ear was wearied with those Alexandrines which, in contempt of the genius and prosody of the Italian tongue, had occupied the stage for more than twenty years: his taste was shocked by the perplexed and bloated style of Chiari, that genuine disciple of the *Seicentisti:* his national pride made him rebel against that authority which the French sought to arrogate over literary works; he detested their mock philosophy, and eagerly seized the first opportunity of turning it into ridicule. It was in the year 1761 that he composed, for the Sacchi Company, his skeleton, intitled *The Three Oranges;* trusting for its success to the imagination and ingenuity of those witty actors, who, being moreover stimulated by their enmity towards those whom they parodied, on this occasion outdid all their previous efforts.

"The scene of *The Three Oranges* is laid at the court of the King of Diamonds, who, being the exact counterpart of the grotesque images we see on playing-cards, treads the stage with all the majesty and gravity of a buffoon. Tartaglia, the hereditary Prince of Diamonds, is just at the point of death; his disorder is a settled melancholy, induced by the spells of a malicious enchanter (the Abbé Chiari), who is in the act of poisoning him, as it were drop by drop, with *Martellian* verse. This enchanter is seconding the ambition of the Knave of Diamonds and his mistress Clarissa, Queen of Spades, who hope to succeed to the crown. Tartaglia cannot be restored to health except he can be made to laugh; and with this view another enchanter (Goldoni)

has despatched to the court a black mask, Truffaldino, who does his utmost to provoke the laughter of the Prince. Thus far the piece was an undisguised satire on Goldoni and Chiari. When it was brought out, the actors took care to mimic their language and turn of thought; parodying the bloated and affected style of Chiari, and the low phrases of Goldoni. The other personages were all of them caricatures borrowed from the works of the same authors, while the actors took a malicious pleasure in exaggerating pictures which the spectators took an equally malicious pleasure in applying.

" This parody, however, involving in its principle the supposition of charms, the author naturally sought to turn to account the stories current on the subject. Accordingly he made choice of a fairy tale well known at Venice —The Love of the Three Oranges. Tartaglia, being at length cured of his melancholy by a violent fit of laughter, becomes inflamed with a desire of carrying off the Three Oranges, guarded in the castle of the fairy Creonta, whose history had already been related to him during his illness. His journey in order to discover them, his success, and all the wonderful events that follow, were meant as the vehicle of a succession of satirical allusions to the various pieces of Goldoni and Chiari. Gozzi, while present at the performance, was astonished to see how much the whole house was delighted with the marvellous part of the shew, to which he himself had paid but little attention, and which consisted of nothing more than a scenic representation of the story, exactly as the old women and nurses of the day retailed it to children.

The fairy Creonta cries out to her dog:—Tear in pieces the plunderer of my oranges! and the dog replies:—Why should I tear to pieces one who has given me something to eat, while you have suffered me to pine with hunger for so many months and years? The fairy cries to the rope at the well:—Bind the plunderer of my oranges! and the rope lifts itself up and replies:—Why should I bind one who has laid me out in the sun to dry, while for so many months and years you left me to rot in a corner? Again, the fairy calls out to the iron gate of the castle:—Close, and crush the plunderer of my oranges! and the gate replies:—Why should I crush one who has oiled me, while for so many months and years you suffered me to be devoured by rust? During the whole of this dialogue, the audience, mute with attention and delight, devoured with eyes and ears a marvellous fiction with which every one present was acquainted, and at length broke out into thunders of applause. Their delight was redoubled at sight of the wonders that followed, when Truffaldino, cutting asunder two of the oranges, out came two lovely girls, who soon died of thirst; and when Tartaglia, cutting asunder a third beside a fountain, out came a beautiful princess, to whom he forthwith gave a draught of the water, and who was destined to be his wife;—not, however, without incurring fresh dangers; for, while still in sight of the spectators, she is transformed into a dove, nor is it till a considerable time afterwards that she recovers her natural form.

"Thus did Gozzi learn, by mere chance, the vast advantage to be derived from the love of the people for the

marvellous, from the wonderment excited in the spectators by transformations and sleight-of-hand on a large scale; in a word, from that interest always excited by the tales to which we have been accustomed in infancy. While the *Compagnia Sacchi* was enriching itself by successive representations of the *Three Oranges*, Gozzi entered in good earnest on the path thus indicated to him. He brought out, one after another, those fairy tales that appeared to him the most showy, while the public appeared more and more delighted by the splendour of the decorations, the skilful contrivance of the machinery, the sprightliness of the actors, and more especially the wit, and not unfrequently the interest, which the author knew how to infuse into old stories, which became under his hands tragi-comedies, alternately ludicrous and affecting*."

Comedy had now made considerable progress in Italy, while tragedy had remained almost stationary. With the single exception of Maffei's Merope†, the Italian language had not, previous to Alfieri, a tragedy that would now draw an audience. A new play scarcely survived

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* Sismondi. Goldoni was so deeply mortified at the success of Gozzi's parodies, that, abandoning both his country and his native tongue, he retired to Paris, where he employed himself in the composition of French plays.

† The Merope was brought out at Modena in 1713, and met with unparalleled success, having gone through no less than sixty editions. The author's own manuscript is still preserved as a sacred relic. The Merope may be said to be the work of a tasteful scholar rather than of an inspired poet; exempt, indeed, from striking defects, but exhibiting few passages of peculiar beauty.

the year of its birth, and hence the players were obliged to have recourse to Metastasio's operas, which they recited, omitting the airs. "But," as Forsyth justly observes, "verses composed for a composer of music are not the language of men speaking to men; nor can much passion be excited by speeches so antithetical, so balanced, and so measured as those of Metastasio." From that unvarying similarity of manners, that exaggeration of character, and that happy winding up of the catastrophe, which distinguish Metastasio's works, there results a most wearisome monotony. After reading one opera of his we may form a tolerable notion of all the rest, and, when once acquainted with his manner, may almost always foresee, from the very commencement of the piece, both the nature of the plot and the denouement. The tragic opera of Italy may be said to be conceived almost upon the plan of the *Commedie dell' arte.* Both of them exhibit but a given number of masks; each of which is the prototype of one unvarying character—the tyrant, or the virtuous prince—the impetuous hero, or the timid lover—the traitor, or the faithful friend. These unchangeable personages Metastasio invests, at random, with the name and dress of Greek or Roman, Persian or Scythian: this, however, is all he gives them of the people whose name he makes them bear, and, without any other change than that of costume, the same opera would apply just as well to their antipodes*.

* Métastase, says de Staël, que l'on vante comme le poète de l'amour, donne à cette passion, dans tous les pays, dans toutes les

" Metastasio is the poet of love, Alfieri the poet of liberty. All his plays (says Sismondi) have a political end; all owe their eloquence, their warmth, and movement to this sentiment, which was ever uppermost in his mind. From the beginning to the end of his pieces, we have continually before our eyes the enemy of tyrants, the enemy of every abuse, nay the enemy of every recognised authority; while, owing to the constant inflation and affected brevity of his style, the expression of these sentiments betrays often as much sameness as the sentiments themselves. Alfieri was destitute of that liveliness and versatility of fancy, which can alone enable an author to identify himself with his hero, and enter completely into his feelings. Hence he is sadly wanting in variety, and often falls into the monotonous.

" Alfieri was a rigorous observer of the unities; not merely as regards time and place, but action also. His plan was, in each piece, to bring into view one single action, to confine himself to the developement of one single passion; to place these distinctly before his audience at the very outset of the piece, and never to lose sight of them till its close; not to permit a moment's distraction, and to reject, as subversive of the interest, every personage, every event, every discourse not essentially con-

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situations, la même couleur.—(*Corinne*, i. 249). His principal merit is the art with which he combines simplicity of expression with all the elevation and richness of lyric poetry. Il sut trouver dans les mots, dans la langue, une harmonie ravissante, que les plus sublimes accords de Pergolèse devaient se contenter de conserver fidèlement.—*Sismondi.*

nected with the action, or conducive to the progress of the scene. In this way, dispensing with confidants, and other subordinate characters, he contrived to reduce almost all his tragedies to four principal personages; and in like manner, by suppressing every line that was foreign to the action, he rendered them shorter than those of any other poet; and seldom extended them beyond fourteen hundred lines."

"Alfieri is," according to Forsyth, "the Italian poet most difficult to Italians themselves. His tragedies are too patriotic and austere for the Tuscan stage. Their construction is simple, perhaps too simple—too sparing of action and of agents. Hence his heroes must often soliloquize*; he must often describe what a Shakspeare would represent, and this to a nation immoderately fond of picture. Every thought, indeed, is warm, proper, energetic; every word is necessary and precise; yet this very strength and compression, being new to the language and foreign to its genius, have rendered his style inverted, broken, and obscure; full of ellipses and eli-

* Alfieri, though fond of soliloquies, studiously abstained from *asides;* and, in the opinion of Sismondi, not without reason. Le soliloque, says he, laisse pénétrer nos regards dans le cœur des personnages, comme la toile qu'on lève les laisse pénétrer dans des appartemens qui, cependant, sont supposés fermés à tous les yeux. Les soliloques, sous ce rapport, sont beaucoup moins choquans que les *àpartes,* dans lesquels la réflexion intime est dévoilée au spectateur, en opposition le plus souvent avec la parole, sans qu'aucune passion puisse excuser cette voix involontaire; et lorsque celui qui parle ainsi à demi-voix expose son existence même pour instruire le spectateur.—ii. 450.

sions; speckled even to affectation with *Dantesque* terms; without pliancy, or flow, or variety, or ease."

Alfieri's mode of composing, such as he himself describes it, will serve to account for his merits and his defects. "He never seems," says Rose, "to have known what it was

> To feed on thoughts which, voluntary, move
> Harmonious numbers.

Casting and recasting, copying and recopying, condensating and cutting down, may not his operations, both in the process and result, be compared to those of the distiller, who reduces the wine on which he works to a concentrated and ardent spirit, which, however, remains without colour, flavour, or perfume?"

Alfieri found many imitators; but among them all the most celebrated are Monti and Niccolini. The Aristodemus of the former, and the Polyxenes of the latter, are justly reckoned among the most affecting tragedies in the Italian language*.

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* For a more detailed notice of these pieces, the reader is referred to Sismondi's Literary History. To the same work also he is referred for a particular account of the comedies of Federici, Rossi, and Giraud: all that can be given here is a general character of their works. Of Federici, Sismondi remarks:—C'est rarement par la gaieté de l'esprit ou la sensibilité du cœur qu'il excite le rire ou l'intérêt, mais plutôt par le piquant des situations. Son dialogue est lourd, monotone, et peu naturel; ses plaisanteries sont amères: lorsqu'il veut être sentimental, il est le plus souvent pédantesque ou affecté; mais, en général, il noue son intrigue d'une manière originale; il conduit bien son petit roman, il soutient l'intérêt par la

"The players," observes Forsyth, "seem to keep pace with the poets in improvement. As if ashamed of their descent from the 'maschere dell' arte,' they have renounced the rant and buffoonery of the old stage, and affect a temperance bordering upon tameness. Yet still degraded in society, and everywhere rated below the warbling wethers of the opera, they claim no respect for an art which denies them the rank and emolument of liberal artists; they style it only recitation; they expose, like showmen in the streets, their scenes 'painted upon a pole and underwrit;' and they close each performance with a long imploring invitation to the next."

The theatrical year is divided into four or five seasons. Each season brings a different company of performers to each theatre. The heterogeneous composition of these

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curiosité plus encore que par le sentiment, et il sait trouver la surprise qui fait rire. Of Rossi he says:—Quand on raconte ses pièces, elles paraissent parfaitement plaisantes; chaque caractère est original; leur rencontre, leur opposition, les developpent réciproquement; les evenemens sont inattendus et cependant naturels, et le dénouement met la dernière main à la satire. Quand on a fini, on trouve qu'on aurait du rire; mais nul part l'auteur n'a su trouver de ces mots heureux qui donnent en quelque sorte le signal de l'éclat de rire, et qui entraînent le parterre. La gaieté de Gherardo de' Rossi est toute réfléchie; elle n'est point assez spontanée pour se communiquer. Of Giraud, a gentleman of French extraction, he observes:—On trouve dans ses pièces la bonhommie Italienne et la finesse Française: ses intrigues ont un mouvement et une gaieté qui semblent propres aux peuples du Midi; mais ses personnages, même dans les situations les plus bouffonnes, conservent un mélange de dignité, dont le goût Français ne permet jamais l'abandon absolu. —Vol. ii. 408, &c.

various corps may be reckoned among the many second causes which have impeded the growth and progress of the Italian drama.

Almost every town in Italy boasts its theatre, the management of which is undertaken by individuals, who recruit, how they can, and often at very small bounties, from almost every province. "The effect of this system,' says Rose, "is, in some degree, the same as would be produced by a dramatic conscription from the different counties of England. Let an Englishman, therefore, conceive a Hamlet soliloquizing in broad Yorkshire, and he may guess at the feelings of a Florentine on hearing the lyrical effusions of a David from Bergamo. The Italians are very indulgent with regard to accent; but I have heard as strong disgust expressed in Florence at the barbarous pronunciation of Milan, as a well-educated Londoner would feel at the *whine* of Devonshire, or the *burr* of Northumberland."

The scene is so often laid in England*, that one would expect to see some attempt at propriety of costume. "I have seen in one and the same evening," says Forsyth, "a Venetian senator with a foreign order, a pale-faced Othello habited as a Turk, our prince Hal in a Spanish dress, and Poins in a round hat, blue coat, and silk stockings. Their scenery often corresponds with their dress. Ill painted, ill set, inappropriate, rumpled,

* Il y a sur le théâtre Italien un Tom Jones, une Clarice, et un grand nombre d'autres pièces où les noms prètendus Anglais, et les mœurs prétendues Anglaises, conviennent à la Chine comme au Japon.—*Sismondi, Hist. Lit.* ii. 407.

ragged and slit, it presents its strolling poverty in the face of the noblest architecture. No illusion can be attempted on a stage where the prompter rises in the front, and reads the whole play as audibly as his strutting echoes, who, from their incessant change of parts, can be perfect in none.

"Benefits are allowed only to the chief performers. A *prima donna* is bound to call on all the gentry of the place to solicit their attendance, and on the evening allotted to her she sits greedily at the receipt of custom, bowing for every crown that is thrown on her tea-tray. The price of a ticket to the pit is but three or four pauls; nor will this appear so low, when you consider the short roll of actors, their small salaries, their mean wardrobe, and the cheap composition of an orchestra, where noblemen volunteer their fiddles with the punctuality of hirelings."

Italians seem to look upon the theatre chiefly as a pleasant place of resort, where, as de Staël phrases it, nothing but "the ballet is listened to," for then only it is that the pit is silent. The post of honour in a box is not that which commands the best view of the stage, but that from which the occupant can be best seen by the audience: here visits are made, and here, too, occasionally, little entertainments are given.

## VALLOMBROSA—CAMALDOLI—LA VERNA.

Presentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem.—GRAY.

AMONG the objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Florence, the three sanctuaries, Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and La Verna, must not be forgotten. The first of these,

Once called "Sweet Waters," now the "Shady Vale,"

seated in a sequestered spot about twenty miles from Florence, derived its former name of Acqua Bella from the beauty of its stream, as it derives its present one from the wooded valley which leads up to it. Ariosto lauds it for its wealth, and the courteous reception it was wont to afford to strangers*; while Milton, in a passage, of which the beauties are familiar to every reader, celebrates it for the charms of its scenery. Eustace, however, seems to doubt whether Pope has not furnished us with a truer

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* . . . . . Vallombrosa
Così fu nominata una badìa
*Ricca* e bella, non men religiosa,
E *cortese* à chiunque vi venia.

description of it in the following passage of his epistle from Eloisa to Abelard:—

> The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined
> Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
> The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
> The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
> The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
> The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze
> . . . . . .
> But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
> Long-sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
> Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
> A death-like silence, and a dead repose:
> Her gloomy presence saddens every scene,
> Shades every flower, and darkens every green;
> Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
> And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods.

On the other hand, Forsyth will have it that the amphitheatre of hills in which the abbey stands is so accurately described by Milton, that the picture in his mind could only be a recollection of Vallombrosa, which

> . . . . . Crowns with her enclosure green,
> As with a rural mound, the champaign head
> Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
> With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
> Access denied; and overhead upgrew
> Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
> Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm;
> A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
> Shade above shade, a woody theatre
> Of stateliest view.

On comparing these two passages, it would be difficult to say in what Pope's has the advantage, unless it be in its length. In neither case ought we to look for an accurate description of all the various elements of the landscape—the dell—the waterfall—the convent—the lawn —the woods—and the mountains. Yet Milton's lines convey by far the most definite idea to the mind; nor is there any thing in them, as Williams justly observes, "so unlike the original, as

'The *lakes* that quiver to the curling breeze,'

not even the '*cedar* and the branching *palm*.' *Lakes* there are none, and *palms* there are none; but I can more easily conceive a palm than a lake among the sylvan scenes of Vallombrosa. Then, again, the winding streams that *shine* between the hills, though they glitter very prettily in the poet's page, have no reference to the deep ravines, hiding the fretful brooks in gloomy shade. In short, our imaginations were so raised by the various descriptions of Vallombrosa, both in verse and prose, that we felt a little disappointed with the general view of the place itself.

"The poet and the painter," he continues, "in their descriptions, seem to view natural scenery in a different manner. Both, however, must be charmed with the magnificence and splendour of the wooded mountains of Vallombrosa. But the poet, in his description, selects detached parts which may not be seen together, combining them so as to give what he conceives to be a general idea of the whole. The painter, on the other hand, though he may also select, must make his representation

a faithful portrait, strictly referable to his subject. He, therefore, is more particular in his examination of the component parts, in order to judge whether they may be favourable for picture; whether the details, and the great characteristic features, are in unison with each other. In this respect, the painter may not be altogether satisfied with the general appearance of Vallombrosa. The uniform curved lines of the hills, the formal building*, the regular pavement, are all against the sentiment inspired by the poet, or the florid describer, and certainly not compatible with the ideal beauty in the painter's mind; yet the latter, in his representation of the scene, has to contend with these, and I doubt whether there be any point of view in which the sanctuary, with 'the darksome pines that o'er its rocks recline,' can be taken so as to answer the expectations excited by the poet. But what painter, on seeing Vallombrosa, would not confess that *parts* of the scenery are fully equal to the finest description, and that he could select such as might enable him to produce a composition which would be striking and sublime? But

* Poets and painters are not the only persons who view the same objects through a different medium. The Abbey of Vallombrosa, that "formal building," as Williams calls it, is described by Forsyth as "a large, *loose* pile, of various construction, and regular only in one front. Why (continues he) is no convent to be found absolutely regular? Surely one quadrangle might be made sufficient for all the wants of a few monks. Allot three sides to their cells, the fourth to the general offices, refectory, library, &c., and insulate the church in the middle of the court; then would the result be cloistera', connected, uniform; Religion surrounded with her votaries; the tabernacle in the bosom of the camp!"

would it be Vallombrosa? Yet it is by similar means that the poet makes his beguiling pictures."

In the museum are preserved, among other curiosities connected with the place, all the pastoral staves that the abbots have borne since Gualberti founded the order. The oldest of these is a plain black stick, with a head formed like a T; the head of the next resembles an adze; that of the next an adze without its pole; the rest in succession bend gradually into a crosier.

On one of the cliffs is a small building, consisting of a chapel and a few rooms, called the Paradisino. It is a monastery in miniature, and derives its name from its situation, commanding a distant view of Florence, the Valdarno, and the sea. On the edge of a precipice, close to the path leading from the abbey to the Paradisino, is a rock, the history of which is as follows:—Gualberti, while at his devotions, was once attacked by the devil, and compelled to fly; but being closely followed by his adversary, who was now just at his heels, and about to hurl him over the precipice, he took refuge under a rock, which, yielding to his pressure, retained him as it were in a mould, and screened him from his cloven-footed foe, who in his haste fell headlong over him into the abyss.

CAMALDOLI.—From Vallombrosa, the region of the fir and the larch, the road gradually winds down through a forest of oak and beech, till it once more reaches the country of the olive and fig-tree, traversing the rich and verdant vale of Prato Vecchio. At a short distance from Prato Vecchio commences the ascent of the barren moun-

tains leading to Camaldoli, whose water-worn and channelled sides "suggest the idea of their having been skinned, the bones and muscles being exposed to view." In the midst of this desolate region, in a deep and wooded dell, is seated Camaldoli, like an oasis in the desert. The monastery itself, a large, irregular building, erected at different periods, is looked upon as a sort of privileged retreat, being appropriated to the sick or the superannuated, the dignitary or the steward, the apothecary or the bead-turner.

Higher up the mountain, about two miles distant from the monastery, is the Santo Eremo*—a city of hermits—walled round, and divided into streets of low detached cells, with a garden appropriated to each—where, in the eleventh century, St. Romuald himself passed a portion of his life, and established

> . . . . . De' tacenti cenobiti il coro,
> L' arcane penitenze, ed i digiuni
> Al Camaldoli suo.

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* Each cell consists of two or three naked rooms, built exactly on the plan of the Saint's own tenement, which remains just as Romualdo left it 800 years ago, now too sacred and too damp for a mortal tenant . . . . The unfeeling Saint has here established a rule which anticipates the pains of purgatory. No stranger can behold without emotion a number of noble, interesting young men bound to stand erect chaunting at choir for eight hours a day—their faces pale, their heads shaven, their beards shaggy, their backs raw, their legs swollen, and their feet bare. With this horrible institute the climate conspires in severity, and selects from society the best constitutions. The sickly novice is cut off in one or two winters, the rest are subject to dropsy, and few arrive at old age.—*Forsyth*, Vol. i.

Above the Santo Eremo tower the heights of Falterona, one of which, styled by the peasant the Giant of the Apennines, is said by Ariosto to command a view of both seas.

La Verna.—About fourteen miles from Camaldoli is the third sanctuary, La Verna, founded by St. Francis himself, amidst the fantastic cliffs and pinnacles of one of the most aspiring Apennines, on the very spot where, as Dante sings,

> . . . . . Infra Tever ed Arno,
> Da Christo prese l'ultimo sigillo;
> Che le sue membra due anni portarno,

the Saint received the *stigmata* or five wounds of Christ. Dante might well apply the epithet "crudo sasso" to this rugged spot. "Here," observes Forsyth, "reigns all the terrible of nature—a rocky mountain, a ruin of the elements, broken, sawn, and piled in sublime confusion—precipices crowned with old, gloomy, visionary woods—black chasms in the rock, where curiosity shudders to look down—haunted caverns, sanctified by miraculous crosses—long excavated stairs that restore you to daylight." The wildness and sublimity of the scenery seem, indeed, to vindicate the choice of the Saint, for nothing can be imagined better fitted to dispose the mind to religious meditation.

The precise spot where St. Francis received the stigmata—guarded from profanation by a railing—is still shewn in the chapel of that name. "The whole hill, indeed, is legendary ground. Here the seraphic father

was saluted by two crows, which still haunt the convent; there the devil hurled him down a precipice, yet was not permitted to bruise a bone of him*."

> . . . . . Pulchra Laverna,
> Da mihi fallere, da justum sanctumque videri!

But enough of the three sanctuaries; in each of which we may observe something to censure, and something to commend. While we admit the hospitality of the richly endowed anchorites of Vallombrosa and Camaldoli, we may well question the utility of that kind of hospitality which "feeds poor men, but keeps them poor." While we acknowledge, that, wherever there is misery, the poor Franciscans are found endeavouring to allay it—mixing intimately with the peasantry as counsellors, comforters, and friends—we cannot but reprobate a system of mendicity, which, authorizing those to beg who ought rather to work, sends forth its holy vagrants at stated periods to levy contributions for the support of the fraternity. Among the former, we are offended by useless and unmeaning austerities; among the latter, we are frequently disgusted by mummery and grimace. Still, whatever may be the merits or demerits of these monastic establishments, there is, it must be confessed, something very striking in their duration. "Kingdoms and empires rise and fall around them—governments change—dynasties flourish and fade—manners and dress undergo continual alterations, and languages themselves die away and give

* Forsyth.

place to new modes of speech. Enter the gates of Camaldoli or La Verna—the torrent of time stands still—you are carried back to the sixth or tenth century—you see the manners and habits, and hear the language of those distant periods—you converse with another race of beings, unalterable in themselves though placed among mortals—as if appointed to observe and record the vicissitudes from which they are exempt*:"—

> From their retreats, calmly contemplating
> The changes of the earth, themselves unchanged.—Rogers.

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* Eustace.

## GENERAL ASPECT AND AGRICULTURE OF TUSCANY.

Hic segetes, illic veniunt feliciùs uvæ;
Arborei fœtus alibi.—Virg.

That distinction which Nature has everywhere made between plain, hill, and mountain, is perhaps more marked in Tuscany than in any other country, as well from the difference in the condition of the peasantry as from the difference in the culture and produce of the soil.

Plain.—Many of the plains of Tuscany are perfectly level, and look as though they had once formed the bottom of a lake, whose waters at length found vent and disappeared, leaving no other vestige of their existence than the rich mould which they had been for ages depositing. In some instances the mould thus deposited is from seven to eight feet in depth. Such levels are, for the most part, remarkable for their fertility; but there are exceptions, owing to this circumstance, that they are in general lower than the beds of the rivers by which they are watered—the latter being confined to their channels by dikes of considerable height. The level of the Tuscan sea being too high to receive the waters of the different rivers that flow into it, especially during the prevalence of a south wind, it has been found necessary to inclose the rivers between lofty dikes, to prevent them from inundating the plains. These dikes,

too, require to be raised continually higher and higher, either because the beds of the rivers become more and more elevated by successive deposites, or because the Mediterranean itself becomes so. Notwithstanding these precautions, when the rains have been unusually heavy, or when a strong south wind has continued to blow for any great length of time, disastrous floods still occur. Nor are such floods the only mischief occasioned by these streams. Their waters being always above the level of the adjacent plains, they not unfrequently soak through the dikes, and thus convert the most fertile tract into a barren swamp. In soils which are rendered cold by this kind of soakage, the vine and the mulberry, after having for a few years yielded fruit of an acrid taste, rot and die away. Wheat, too, is found to rot away in the same manner: the very herbage becomes too sour for the cattle to eat; and the farmer is at length compelled to abandon the unprofitable task of cultivation.

The method employed to reclaim a swamp is called a *colmata*. The rains, which fall with great violence in Italy, usually carry along with them a vast quantity of earth from the sides of the mountains. Streams, which at other times seem almost lost in a wide tract of sand and gravel, suddenly expand into broad torrents loaded with mud; covering a bed which nobody would have dreamed had been intended for them, and rushing furiously against dikes, which a superficial observer would have deemed useless. The mud thus held in solution is carried down to the mouths of the rivers, where it forms sand-banks which impede their exit into the sea.

It was a happy idea, therefore, to cause these torrents to repair the mischief which they had themselves occasioned, by penning their waters, and forcing them to deposite upon the plains the mud which obstructed their course. The plan adopted is this—to inclose the low grounds by a dike, similar to those by which the rivers themselves are confined to their channels; and then to make a breach in the banks of the stream somewhat higher up, in order that when charged with mud it may pour its waters into the inclosure prepared for them. Here the waters are suffered to remain till they become clear, and an opportunity is then taken to sluice them off into the lower part of the river when its bed happens to be nearly dry. This operation is repeated as often as convenient during the year, and, as three or four inches of mud are frequently deposited at a time, at the end of three or four years the plain becomes sufficiently elevated to be out of the reach of ordinary floods; and, what was before a mere morass, is thus converted into a tract of indescribable fertility.—The most extensive *colmate* in Tuscany are—those of the plain of Pisa, the work of a fraternity of Carthusians—those of the Val di Nievole, the work of the Marquis Ferroni—and that of the Val di Chiana, conducted under the auspices of the Knights of St. Stephen; who have thus rendered that marshy district one of the most productive in the whole Duchy.

Generally speaking, the Tuscan farmers—more especially those of the hills—are *metayers*, the conditions on which they hold their farms being the following:—to cultivate the lands at their own cost, and to furnish the

wood necessary to prop the vines—to find half the seed and half the manure—to reserve one half of all the produce for the landlord, or to sell it on his account—to divide with him the profit arising from the cattle, and to supply him with a given quantity of poultry and eggs*. The landlord, on his part, has to provide the other half of the seed and manure—to be at the sole expense of improvements and repairs—and to supply props for such vines as are fresh planted. The only *peculium* of the farmer is the produce of his hives.

The farmers of the plain of Pescia are for the most part proprietors of *livelli* or life-leases. On consideration of a fixed annual rent, sometimes paid in money, sometimes in kind, they hold these leases for four successive generations. At the expiration of the term, they who hold under the Grand Duke, or under a religious fraternity, are allowed to renew for four generations more, by paying fifteen per cent. on the value of the land, without any increase of rent. They who hold under private individuals are generally permitted to renew on pretty much the same terms. Like other property, these leases are alienable; indeed, owing to their requiring a smaller outlay, they are oftener in the market than property of any other kind. Hence this tenantry, having every possible inducement to augment the value of their farms,

* The younger Pliny pursued the same plan, and sets it in its true light: Non nummo sed partibus locem, ac deinde ex meis aliquos ceteris exactores fructibus ponam. Est alioquin nullum justiùs genus reditus quàm quod terra, cœlum, annus refert; at hoc magnam fidem, acres oculos, numerosas manus poscit.

are generally the most industrious and the wealthiest of their class.

In the plain of Pescia there are some farmers who hold their lands only for a term of years: there are also some few *metayers*. These latter are always the poorest and least industrious among the farmers*; and, as they form the largest number in all the other plains of Tuscany, there is none so well cultivated as the Val di Nievole.

The farmers on the plain being the largest holders are almost the only ones who call in the aid of servants†. Even in these cases, however, the farms may, in great measure, be said to be tilled in the patriarchal style by the brothers, sisters, and children of the farmer. "Nothing is more natural," says Sismondi, "than that the children should submit to paternal authority, and, by their labour, endeavour to make some return for the care

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* Il y a un fort grand inconvénient attaché à la culture par métayers et à leur misère; c'est que ceux-ci, trop pauvres pour prendre des ouvriers, cherchent à faire eux seuls tous les ouvrages de la campagne, d'où il résulte qu'il n'y en a aucun de fait à tems.—*Sismondi, Agriculture Toscane.*

† Les fermiers de la plaine, quelques riches qu'ils soient, se nourrissent, ainsi que leurs ouvriers et domestiques, avec la plus stricte économie. Jusqu'au mois de Mai, leur boisson n'est que de la piquette: à cette époque seulement, ils entament leurs vins, qui ne valent guère mieux. Ils n'ont de viande sur leur table que les dimanches. Des trois repas qu'ils font les autres jours, l'un est presque toujours composé de la bouillie de blé de Turquie; un autre de pain et de haricots assaisonné avec de l'huile; et le troisième de soupe.—*Sismondi.* "Negligent of their own dress, they take a pride in the flaring silks and broad ear-rings of their wives and daughters." —*Forsyth.*

and expense bestowed in bringing them up; but what may well excite our surprise is, to find that, on the death of the father, the eldest son becomes master of the family, takes charge of all monies without rendering any account to his brothers, and disposes of their labour, as well as of the produce of the farm, without consulting them; finding them food and raiment, but no money;—and yet these brothers seem to agree perfectly well together, without ever murmuring at this whimsical arrangement, and without envying the lot of the first-born."

The fields are usually laid out in the form of a parallelogram, about a hundred feet wide and four or five hundred feet long: these are surrounded by a ditch, on the borders of which are planted poplars for the support of the vine: in general also two rows of mulberry trees traverse each field longitudinally. As the oxen are always shut up in the stalls, and never go out but to labour, inclosures are scarcely necessary in Tuscany, except as a defence against thieves. Hence, though one field is seldom separated from another by a hedge, whether the two fields belong to the same farmer or not; yet the highways are carefully bordered by fences of all sorts, to prevent the passengers from trespassing. The large ditches which serve to drain off the superfluous waters from the plains, as well as the canals for irrigating them, form in general a sufficient barrier against trespassers. When, however, the grapes begin to ripen, as a further precaution, the ditches are bordered with a dead fence, and the grapes themselves besmeared with mud. Where the ditches are neither wide enough nor deep enough for

the purpose, or where there happens to be no ditch at all, the fields are surrounded by a strong hedge.

The plains of Tuscany yield in general two harvests a year*, "the first of wheat, the second of some green crop; which last is sometimes ploughed up, and left to rot on the field as manure for the next. This course is interrupted every third or fourth year by a crop of Turkey wheat, sometimes of beans or rye, and more rarely of oats†."

HILL.—On approaching the skirts of the different plains, a change of agriculture is observable; the vine and the olive gradually prevailing over corn. The plains of Tuscany possess, in an eminent degree, the beauty peculiar to plains—that which arises from abundance and fertility But the adjacent hills combine the charms of picturesque scenery with the advantage of fertility. The fields rising in terraces one above another, look as though they were inclosed in a trellis of vines. The thick-matted herbage of the turf-embankments is everywhere seen bordering upon the corn, the former mingling its soft verdure with the golden hue of the latter: the olive-trees which shade most of the hills, also serve to soften the picture by the roundness which they communicate to the steepest and boldest acclivities. If their pale willow-like leaves have a somewhat melancholy look, yet they give variety to the landscape; while the picturesque form and light elegance

* Le cours de récolte y dure en general trois ans, et l'on sème cinq fois la terre; ou quatre ans, et alors on la sème sept fois, sans jamais la laisser en jachère.—*Sismondi, Agriculture Toscane.*

† Forsyth.

of the tree itself compensate for the paleness of its foliage. The chestnut woods, which crown the summits of the hills, and sometimes skirt the torrents which channel their sides, form a pleasing contrast with the olive, by the richness of their verdure, the wide spread of their branches, and their majestic form. In a word, the frequent villages, perched like eagle-nests amidst the rocks, or hanging on the steep slopes of the different hills, give animation to the picture, and produce a most imposing effect.

Owing to the steepness of most of these hills, it would have been impossible to cultivate them without danger of having the soil carried away by the heavy rains so frequent in every part of Italy, had not the farmers hit upon the plan of cutting them into a gradation of terraces which are always more narrow in proportion as the ascent is more precipitous. The most pleasing, as well as the most profitable, and least expensive method of supporting these terraces, is to face them with turf-embankments. On the hills in the neighbourhood of Florence, where the soil is of a more stony nature, the terraces are faced with loose stone walls instead of turf. The disadvantage attendant upon this method—the loss of the hay produced by the turf-facings—is said to be compensated in some measure by the greater warmth imparted to the soil, and the quicker ripening of the grapes.

The different objects of culture on the hills are—the olive, on the steeper and more exposed slopes—the vine, on such as have a more favourable aspect, as well as generally on the brink of the different facings—the mulberry and other fruit trees—the various kinds of grain—and the

hay produced by the turf embankments. "Thus," as Forsyth observes, "in addition to our objects of husbandry, the Tuscan has to learn all the complicate processes which produce wine, oil, and silk, the principal exports of the state." The vine and the olive, whose roots penetrate deep into the ground, are proof against the effects of drought, and flourish most upon the hills: corn, on the contrary, suffers from the lightness and poverty of the soil; and its growth is the more stunted, because the natural dryness of the soil precludes the more favourable tilths. On the hills the spade generally supersedes the plough: indeed, even in the plains, though the plough saves labour, it "is considered less calculated for produce than the triangular spade, with which the tenant is bound by his landlord to dig or rather to shovel one third of his farm*."

MOUNTAIN.—One half of the Tuscan territory consists of mountain†. Not only do the Apennines surround it, but their various branches intersect it in every direction.

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* Forsyth. Les paysans de la Toscane, observes Sismondi, ont l'excellente méthode de labourer tous les ans un tiers de leurs champs à la béche, pour ramener à la surface un terrain nouveau, que les labours à la charrue n'effluraient pas, et pour l'ameublir toujours davantage.

† One-half of Tuscany is mountains, which produce nothing but timber; one-sixth part consists of hills, which are covered with vineyards or olive-gardens; the remaining third is plain: the whole is divided into 80,000 fattorie, or stewardships. Each fattoria includes on an average seven farms. This property is divided among 40,000 families or corporations.—*Forsyth.*

The higher chains are flanked by hills which serve them as so many buttresses, some of which are both lofty enough and steep enough to merit the name of mountains. The farmer, however, easily distinguishes them from the primitive chains, of which the produce and the appearance are wholly different.

The inhabitants of this region are collected together in large villages, a circumstance which makes them appear more numerous than they really are, as well as causes them to pass their time far more agreeably than if their dwellings were scattered over the mountains; for the roads, instead of following the windings of the valleys, run up the face of the mountain, and are altogether impracticable for vehicles of any kind. Most of these villages are situated upon the banks of some stream, about midway up the mountain, generally with a south, never at least with a north, aspect: they are also usually embellished with a fountain, and surrounded with a belt of vineyards and olive-groves. Beyond are interminable chestnut-woods, covering the distant heights.

These chestnut-woods, which spread over so large a portion of the Apennines, form the sole revenue of the inhabitants. They were doubtless planted many ages since, and are still kept up; for, in fact, they require but little care. Wherever the earth happens to be carried away by the descending waters, a low stone wall is raised to support it: where an old chestnut-tree happens to have decayed, or where there appears room to plant another, the peasant begins by forming a little terrace similar to those on the hills; taking care to face it with a turf-embankment, lest the new tree should be uprooted by the

violence of the rains. The frequent repetition of this plan gives a chestnut-wood a sort of rude resemblance to an olive-garden. In both, instead of an uniform slope, we see the surface of the ground cut into terraces; the terraces on the mountain, however, do not exhibit the same regularity as those on the hills; nor is such regularity required. In these woods, the soil, being left entirely to itself, is usually covered with herbage, which not only prevents the earth from being carried away, but also affords pasturage for cattle.

As the chestnut blows in the month of May, it suffers much from the rains and frosts which sometimes occur at that early season. If it escape these it has no other danger to encounter except from the hail-storms, which are not unfrequent among the mountains; or from excessive drought. The chestnuts, which, either whole or reduced to meal, form the chief support of the mountaineers, are harvested in November. As the husks open the fruit falls to the ground of itself, and the only trouble is that of picking it up.

The appearance of the mountaineers proves that this diet is as wholesome as it is agreeable; for though the active life they lead may account for their robust health, yet their beauty proceeds in great measure from their simple fare. The valley of Pontito and Schiappa is famed throughout Tuscany for the beauty of its women, who are remarkable for the clearness of their complexions and the regularity of their features*.

* Comme les femmes de cette vallée portent un habillement qui leur était particulier, et qui, consistant en une juppe attachée aux

In some of the more favoured spots among the mountains, and especially around the villages, the same system is adopted as on the hills—the vine, the olive, and the mulberry being substituted for the chestnut, and wheat and beans being sown alternately beneath them. But this plan is seldom found to answer, in consequence of the havoc occasioned by the hail-storms—a calamity which every farmer must expect to undergo once in three years.

While some of those spots which have a favourable aspect are considered as too good to be devoted to the growth of the chestnut, others which have a bad one are often left to nature, and covered with forest trees of a less profitable kind. In spite of Leopold's pecuniary grants to encourage the planting of the chestnut, we are far from finding that tree on all the heights that seem adapted to it. It is probable, however, that the higher Apennines would, from their elevation, be too cold for it. On these lofty mountains we rarely meet with the Alpine fir; the pine (pin. pinea) and the wild pine occupying its place. The former of these, which produces an agreeable fruit in much request, cannot, to judge by the high price it fetches, be very common anywhere; but the wild

épaules, leur donne la tournure Grecque, ou plutôt celle des femmes à la mode du jour, cet habillement avait contribué à les faire remarquer. Il n'y avait pas une masquerade où l'on ne vit des Schiappines avec une pièce d'écarlate autour des bras. Les dames de la ville aimaient à faire présumer que l'on trouverait un joli visage sous le masque, en prenant un habit qui était reconnu pour l'uniforme de la beauté.—*Sismondi, Agriculture Toscane.*

pine, which differs but little from it, except in the smallness of its fruit, forms magnificent forests in the centre of the Apennines, and furnishes an excellent wood for building—an advantage which, owing to the vileness of the roads, is turned to little account.

Where the climate is less severe, such heights as are not clothed with chestnuts are covered with forests of different kinds of oak—a remark equally applicable to the mountains in the neighbourhood of Siena, Volterra, and the Maremma.

So much for the general aspect of Tuscany. With regard to the immediate environs of Florence, the most prominent feature in the scene is Fiesole, perched on a hill precipitously steep. Its narrow terraces, however, faced with stone walls instead of turf, give, as Forsyth justly observes, "a hard, dry effect to the immediate picture, which, viewed from Florence, is the most beautiful object in this region of beauty. The top of the hill is conical, and its summit usurped by a convent of Franciscans, whose leave you must ask to view the variegated map of country below you. Their corridors command a multiplicity of landscape: every window presents a different scene, and every minute before sunset changes the whole colouring.

"It would be ungrateful," continues the same writer, "to leave the environs of Florence without mentioning the pleasure which I once enjoyed 'at evening from the top of Fesolé.' The weather was then Elysian, the spring in its most beautiful point, and all the world, just released

from the privations of Lent, were fresh in their festivity. I sat down on the brow of the hill, and measured with my enraptured eye half the Val d'Arno. Palaces, villas, convents, towns, and farms, were seated on the hills, or diffused through the vale, in the very points and combinations where a Claude would have placed them:"—

Monti superbi, la cui fronte Alpina
Fa di se contro i venti argine e sponda!
Valli beate, per cui d'onda in onda
L'Arno con passo signoril cammina!

The splendour of an Italian sunset has been remarked upon by many travellers; and Mathews has given us the following vivid description of one which he witnessed from the top of Fesolé. "The sun had just gone down, leaving the whole sky dyed with the richest tints of crimson —while the virgin snows of the distant mountains were suffused with blushes of 'celestial rosy red;' when, from an opposite quarter of the heavens, there seemed to rise another sun, as large, as bright, and as glowing as that which had just departed. It was the moon at full: and so complete was the illusion, that it required a few moments to convince me that I was not in Fairy Land.

"An evening, or night, in an Italian villa, at this season of nightingales and moonlight (the month of May) is a most delicious treat*. How could Shakspeare write

* According to Sismondi, an evening in autumn is scarcely less attractive. C'est dans une soirée d'automne, lorsque les lumières qui

as he has done without having been in Italy? Some of his garden scenes breathe the very life of reality. And yet if he had been here, he would hardly have omitted all allusion to the fire-fly, a little flitting insect that adds greatly to the charm of the scene, and is sprinkled about with as much profusion as spangles on a lady's gown:"—

> . . . . An insect that, when evening comes,
> Small tho' he be, and scarce distinguishable,
> Like Evening clad in soberest livery,
> Unsheaths his wings*, and thro' the woods and glades
> Scatters a marvellous splendour, . . . . . .
> . . . . . from dusk till dawn
> Soaring, descending . . . .—ROGERS.

These *lucciole*, as the Italians call them, are in greatest abundance in the month of June. Their flitting motion, and the momentary light which they emit and conceal by turns, almost dazzle the eye. The hills are illuminated with myriads of them; and the valleys, to use the strong expression of Sismondi, "look like so many lakes

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brillent de toutes parts, décèlent les maisons modestes des cultivateurs, cachées sous des treilles, ou des groupes d'arbres fruitiers et d'oliviers; lorsque des flambeaux de paille errans sur tous les sentiers, font rémarquer les paysans qui vont gaiment se réunir chez leur voisins, et passer les veillées ensemble, lorsque les croupes arrondies des montagnes, que les oliviers semblent velouter, se dessinent dans le ciel le plus pur, que le spectacle des collines rappelle les idées les plus romanesques.—*Agriculture Toscane.*

* The fire-fly is of the beetle tribe.

of fire." Indeed, the whole country seems as if it were covered with electric sparks*.

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* From the following lines, taken from a short poem in Heber's Indian Journals, intitled "An Evening Walk in Bengal," these insects appear to be equally abundant in the eastern hemisphere:—

Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring.

## SIENA.

. . . . . Empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones.—SHAKSPEARE.

THE road from Florence to Siena is hilly and tedious. The views between the former place and Poggibonsi are agreeably diversified, but they are hardly fine enough to account for the fame of Tuscan scenery. The vales and lower declivities of the hills are covered with corn-fields and vineyards; the upper slopes, with olive-groves. But this country, abounding with corn, wine, and oil, may be said to be pretty rather than picturesque. If the orange-tree is thought to be too round and formal in its appearance to constitute a picturesque object, what shall we say of the olive, the mulberry, the poplar, and the elm?—the first of these being, from the paleness and scantiness of its foliage, scarcely more beautiful than the common willow; and the others, to which the vine is here invariably married, being on that account pruned after the fashion of an English filbert. Such, however—with the exception of a few cypresses scattered here and there—are the only trees that cover the somewhat arid hills of this part of Tuscany; for here the Englishman will look in vain for the thick-matted herbage, and umbrageous masses of wood, that distinguish the landscapes of Britain. Between Poggibonsi and Siena, the country wears a less pleasing aspect, but it does not degenerate into down-

right deformity: in fact, the scenery between Florence and Poggibonsi seems to have been too much eulogized; between Poggibonsi and Siena, to have been too unsparingly condemned.

Siena, which once reckoned a hundred-and-fifty thousand inhabitants, now scarcely contains an eighth of the number. It stands on the summit of a bleak hill. On entering by the Florentine gate, you pass through a long irregular street, which nearly bisects this depopulated town; but you must strike off among the less frequented streets, before you meet with the objects of principal interest—the Lizza, the Citadel, the Cathedral, and the Piazza del Campo. It is only here that you meet with tiles laid in that fish-bone manner, supposed to be the "spicata testacea" of Pliny. In the "master-line," and some others of the principal streets, the pavement, though formed of smaller stones, may compare with that of Florence.

The term palace is everywhere prostituted in Italy, but nowhere more so than at Siena, where every gentleman's house—though few of them include courts, the distinctive feature of a palace—is dignified with that high-sounding name. Some of these old mansions are in a mixed, demi-gothic style—a style which characterizes all the public works of their two most distinguished architects, Agostino and Agnolo.

The Piazza del Campo is sloped, like an ancient theatre, for public games; and, like that, forms the segment of a circle, in the chord of which stands the Palazzo Pubblico—a work of different dates and designs, and

parcelled out into different objects—such as the public offices, the courts of law, the theatre, and the prisons. The Sala del Consistorio is embellished by some frescos of Mecherino's, remarkable for their difficult foreshortenings: among them is a figure of Justice, of which Vasari says, that "it is impossible to conceive a more beautiful one among all that were ever painted with a view to appear foreshortened when seen from below." In other respects, however, these works are thought to be on too large a scale to exhibit a very favourable specimen of Mecherino's style—that style being, according to Lanzi, "somewhat like a spirit which retains all its strength so long as it is pent up in a phial, but which, when poured out into a larger vessel, evaporates and is lost." In the same Sala is a Judgment of Solomon, by Giordano; and in other apartments may be seen various works by Salimbeni, Casolani, &c. All these works, however, sustained considerable injury from the earthquakes of 1797, which damaged this as well as many other palaces at Siena.

In the Cathedral—considered one of the finest in Italy—we see the same piebald architecture which we have already had occasion to notice more than once: "we find marble walls polished on both sides, and built in alternate courses of black and white—a front overcharged with ornament on the outside, and plain within—a belfry annexed, but not incorporated with the pile—a cupola bearing plumb on its four supports—circular arches resting on round pillars—doors in double architraves—columns based upon lions tearing lambs. All these are

peculiar to the Tuscan churches built in the Lombard style; but here, too, are indisputable marks of the Gothic, particularly on the front, the vaults, and the windows*."

The labour bestowed on this edifice must have been almost endless. The very spouts are loaded with ornament; the windows are formed like so many scenes of perspective, with a multitude of puny pillars retiring one behind another; the larger columns are carved with fruits and foliage, which run twisting about them from top to bottom; the whole front is covered with such a variety of figures, and such a profusion of decoration, that nothing can be better suited to the taste of those who prefer false beauties and meretricious ornaments to a noble and majestic simplicity.

On contemplating the architecture of this cathedral, we can hardly help falling into the reflections which the sight of it excited in Addison. "When," says he, "a man sees the prodigious pains and expense that our forefathers have been at in these barbarous buildings, one cannot but fancy what miracles of architecture they would have left us, had they only been instructed in the right way; for, when the devotion of those ages was much warmer than it is at present, and the riches of the people much more at the disposal of the priests, there was as much consumed on these Gothic cathedrals, as would have finished a greater variety of noble buildings than have been raised either before or since that time."

The pavement of this cathedral—a sort of engraved

* Forsyth.

inlay, which, though there is no tesselation, produces the effect of the richest mosaic, merely by the insertion of grey marble into white, and the hatching of them both with black mastic—is the work of a succession of artists from Duccio down to Mecherino. It consists, for the most part*, of scriptural subjects, among the best of which may be reckoned a figure of Abraham on the point of sacrificing his son. Most of the heads, however, have a rude appearance, and the work is interesting chiefly as a monument of early art.

This pavement, which is now protected by a covering of boards, is said to have lain for more than a hundred years exposed to the general tread, and, to judge from one female figure which had never been trodden, and looks harsher than the rest, seems to have been improved rather than injured by the attrition.

A barbarous taste for the emblematic pervades this structure. On the pavement are represented the symbols of cities once in alliance with Siena—the elephant of Rome—the lions of Florence and Massa—the dragon of Pistoia, &c. In like manner the front is covered with animals, all of them symbols of cities. The pillars of the aisles, too, like the external walls, are crossed with alternate stripes of black and white marble, and this, merely because black and white happen to be the colours of the city banner.

* On this pavement there are figured no less than ten different Sibyls, as if the Catholic clergy were vain of any connexion between classical subjects and Christianity.

The vault of the nave—intended to represent the firmament—is of a deep azure colour, studded with stars. The cornice is surmounted with busts, genuine or forged, of the different Popes, down to Alexander III.

To the left of the grand altar is a marble pulpit, supported by pillars based on lions tearing lambs, and decorated with relievos representing the principal events of our Saviour's life. "Instead of this fixed and established dignitary," says Forsyth, "I would call occasionally into use a poor old itinerant, the wooden preaching bench of St. Bernardine, which stands mouldering here in all the simplicity of holiness."

"The Chigi Chapel," continues the same writer, "glares with rich marble, silver, gilt, bronze, and lapis lazuli; where the sweeping beard and cadaverous flanks of a St. Jerome are set in contrast with the soft beauty of a Magdalene, which Bernini had transformed from an Andromeda, and thus exchanged the affliction of innocence for that of guilt." This, it must be admitted, is well written; but the description is, in point of fact, a little overwrought; for neither is the chapel itself so rich, the Magdalene so beautiful, nor the St. Jerome so cadaverous, as this representation would lead one to imagine.

The Sacristy, or Library, may now be called a library without books, for all that it contains are a few volumes of church music; though these are well worth notice on account of the illuminations with which they are embellished. In the centre of the library is a group of the Graces, found under the church: they are of a somewhat diminutive stature, and sadly mutilated. The walls

are decorated with a variety of frescos representing the principal events of the life of Pius II., most of them painted by Pinturicchio from Raphael's designs. These gaudy, gilt pictures, some of which it seems were not only designed but executed by Raphael, are thought to do that artist no great credit; and hence some have gone so far as to assert, that they are called Raphael's merely from a few accidental touches lent by the immortalizing master. Let it, however, be remembered that Raphael was at the period in question no more than twenty years of age; that painting had till then attempted but little; that, in the works of those days, the larger figures usually stood detached from each other, no attempt being made to give them the interest of an historic scene; that even when such an attempt was made, the subjects were always borrowed from Scripture, where the very frequency of repetition had paved the way for plagiarism; let it, moreover, be borne in mind, that, in the transition from the old to the modern style, no work of equal magnitude and variety had hitherto been conceived by any individual painter—and the admirers of Raphael will have no cause to blush at this juvenile performance of their favourite.

The Dominican Church sustained so much injury from the earthquake of 1797, that it no longer contains the celebrated Madonna of Guido da Siena—the first Italian painter who set the example of dating his works. From the date (1221) affixed to this venerable picture—in which, as Lanzi observes, "the countenance is of a very pleasing cast, exhibiting nothing of that grim appearance which forms the distinguishing character of the

Greek artists"—the Sanesi contend that their school was the earliest in modern art.

" At present they can boast neither school nor artist, and were, some few years back, obliged to call in Adimollo, who has painted some of their palaces, and is too much admired here for the fire, the diversity, the *estetico* of his compositions. It is easier to delineate violent passion than the tranquil emotions of a great soul; to set a crowd of figures on the stretch of expression, than to animate but one hero by an action which shall leave him the serenity of a hero. What a distance from the bloated hyperboles of Lucan, to the unrestrained majesty of Virgil! from the attitudes of a player, to the natural dignity of a prince! from the vivacity and exertion of Adimollo, to the grace and silent pathos of Raphael!" Madame de Staël, in her Corinna, has a passage which betrays much the same train of thought, and shews that she was as much alive as Forsyth to the unaffected gracefulness and pathos of Raphael's manner. She contends, that " there is a species of rhetoric in painting as well as in poetry, and that all who cannot arrive at expression seek to atone for the defect by the beauty of the accessories, endeavouring to set off an attractive subject by richness of drapery and vivacity of attitude;—whereas, the mere representation of a Virgin, holding her infant in her arms—of an attentive old man, in the picture of the Miracle of the Mass at Bolsena—of another resting on his staff, in that of the School of Athens—or of a St. Cecilia, lifting up her eyes towards Heaven—produce, by the mere expression of the countenance, a sensation of a

far deeper kind. These natural beauties develope themselves daily more and more; while, on the contrary, pictures painted for effect are always most striking at the first glance."

At Fonte Giusta is Peruzzi's celebrated Sibyl, in the act of foretelling the birth of Christ to Augustus, and generally considered as one of the finest frescos in Siena. "This figure," observes Lanzi, "Peruzzi has contrived to invest with such an air of inspiration, that even Raphael himself, when treating similar subjects, can, perhaps, hardly be said to have surpassed him; and yet less can Guido or Guercino." Forsyth admits the sublimity of the figure, but thinks it too sedate for the act of prophecy. "She does not, as in Virgil, pant, labour, rage with the god; nor, like the Pythia, does she reel and stare and foam with the poison of the Delphic mofeta: she rather displays the 'folgorar di bellezze altere e sante' of a Sophronia*."

The cities of Italy, like those of ancient Greece, are remarkable for nothing so much as for their mutual hatred of each other. And, as if they could not find vent enough for this passion abroad, they are most of them split into little sections at home. "The strongest bond

* Might I point out the pictures which gave me most pleasure at Siena, the first should be Vanni's Descent from the Cross—a jewel concealed in the obscure church of San Quirico. Here the horror inherent in the subject is softened by that amiable artist, who has finely diversified the affliction of the three Maries, and made the mother's something both human and heavenly. Casolani's Flight into Egypt, in the same church, is full of the tranquil graces, and beautifully mellow;—but should the child be old enough to travel on foot?—*Forsyth.*

of union among Italians is only a coincidence of hatred. Never were the Tuscans so unanimous as in hating the other states of Italy; the Sanesi agreed best in hating all the other Tuscans; the citizens of Siena in hating the rest of the Sanesi; and in the city itself the same amiable passion was subdivided among the different wards.

"This last ramification of hatred," continues Forsyth, "had formerly exposed the town to very fatal conflicts, till at length, in the year 1200, St. Bernardine instituted boxing as a more innocent vent to their hot blood, and laid the bruisers under certain laws, which are sacredly observed to this day. As they improved in prowess and skill, the pugilists came forward on every point of national honour; they were sung by poets, and recorded in inscriptions*. The elegant Savini ranks boxing among the holiday pleasures of Siena:"—

Tazze, vivande, compagnie d'amici,
Maschere, *pugni*, ed il bollor lascivo,
D'un teatro foltissimo di Belle.

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* One of these may be selected as a burlesque on the Latin inscriptions so common in Italy:—

Rosso,
Senensium Bajulorum facilè principi,
Quod tres agathones Florentinos
In hâc cauponâ combibentes,
Dum invido morsu
Senarum urbi obloquerentur,
Pugnis liberaliter exceptos,
Egregiè mulctaverit,
Bajuli Senenses patriæ vindices
M. P.

Boxing, however, is not confined to Siena; it is common all over Tuscany, even in Florence itself, where, to say the truth, it puts on a very unscientific character. "There," says Rose, "to recur to poetry for assistance,-

Dalle lor man cazzotto non discende
Che l'inimico non colpisca appieno;
Gli occhi, la bocca, o le narici offende;
Ma non per questo il rio furor vien meno;
Serransi corpo à corpo, e con la destra
Si stringono il canal della minestra.

Their hands fair knocks or foul in fury rain,
And in this tempest of bye-blows and bruises,
Not a stray fisty-cuff descends in vain;
But blood from eyes and mouth and nostrils oozes.
Nor stop they there, but in their phrenzy pull at
Whatever comes to hand, hair, nose, or gullet.—Rose.

"If a man finds himself overmatched at this foul play, he usually shouts 'in soccorso!' and, by the aid of the first comer, turns the tables upon his antagonist. The latter also finds his abettors, and the combat thickens, till the street wears the appearance of the stage at the conclusion of Tom Thumb.

"At Siena the art puts on a more scientific form. In this city are regular academies for pugilistic exercise, and a code for the regulation of boxing matches; a certain time for resurrection is accorded to the person knocked down, and the strife assumes all the features of a courteous combat.

"The Sienese and Florentine boxers contend with what may be called *courteous* weapons—the unarmed fist; but

those of Pisa and Leghorn clench a cylindrical piece of stick, which projects at each end of the doubled fist, and inflicts a cruel wound when they strike obliquely. In some antique statues, the clenched hand may be seen armed in the same manner, and the stick secured to the fist by thongs."

## JOURNEY FROM SIENA TO ROME.

> None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
> Savage alike.—ROGERS.

To the south and south west of Siena is the Maremma*, a tract which, whether it was formerly salubrious or not, seems at least to have been both fertile and well peopled. Most of the twelve cities which composed the Etruscan league were situated in this district. The ruins of Populonia and Vetulonia are still visible in the most pestilential part of it; nor was the situation of Luna much more favourable. Pisa and Volterra were at that time rich and flourishing towns, though they sunk into insignificance under the empire. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries they revived again, insomuch that the former boasted no less than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and even the latter reckoned as many as fifty thousand. While these republics retained their liberty, Massa and Grosseto, in the neighbourhood of Populonia and Vetulonia, contained, each of them, from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants: at present, they are almost

* The Maremma, in its largest extent, stretches along the shore of the Mediterranean from Leghorn to Terracina, reaching inland as far as the first chain of the Apennines. Its length is about 200 miles; its breadth varies, and, in the Agro Romano, where it is greatest, is from thirty to forty miles.

deserted: during the winter months the population of Massa may amount to two or three thousand, while in the summer it scarcely exceeds as many hundreds. In the country the depopulation is even greater still. In each district the possessions of such families as became extinct devolved upon the community; hence it came to pass, that some few families which had escaped the general devastation inherited the property of all the rest. In process of time, however, these families also became extinct; and the whole district, under the name of a *bandita*, devolved upon one of the neighbouring villages. There are villages to be found in the Maremma which possess as many as seven or eight of these bandite, and yet cannot muster inhabitants enough to cultivate a fourth part of their domains. The population itself, therefore, being too insignificant for the culture of the soil*, the inhabitants of the Casentine and other high and healthy

* The country thus depopulated, nothing remained but to take advantage of the spontaneous production of the soil, to let the land run to grass, and to introduce a sort of wandering tribes, who should dwell here only in winter. During that season, men, as well as cattle, may roam through the wilderness with comparative impunity. It did not, however, suit the metayer of the upland districts to leave his home, and take up his abode in the Maremma. There came, therefore, necessarily to be interposed between the proprietors of the lands in the interior, and those on the sea coast, a race of wandering shepherds, possessing nothing but their cattle, and migrating with them, according to the seasons, from the hilly to the level country. Under the conduct of these men, 400,000 sheep, 30,000 horses, with a vast number of cows and goats, are annually reared for the supply of the Valdarno, and the other vales of Tuscany, where no cattle are bred.—*See Chateauvieux.*

tracts migrate hither to feed their cattle, to sow corn, make charcoal, saw wood, cut hoops, and peel cork. The most usual season of descent is the winter; but a portion of the mountain peasantry also assist in getting in the harvest. Most of the summer workmen imbibe the diseases of the place, and some even of those who are employed in winter operations decamp too late, leaving their corpses on the road, or crawling away, "like poisoned rats to die at home."

Leaving Siena, we traversed a dreary country, where, instead of valleys, we met with wide yawning ravines, separated by irregular hillocks of bare brown earth. For many miles round Siena the country is hill or mountain. The more rugged hills are planted with olive-trees; the rest are arable, interspersed with vineyards, some of which are in high repute. Those of Montepulciano, for example, produce a wine celebrated by Redi as the "king of wines;"

Montepulcian che d' ogni vino è il re;

while those of Chianti yield from their "canine grape a 'vino scelto,' which many prefer to his majesty."

We passed through Buon Convento, a wretched village, where the Emperor Henry VII. was poisoned by receiving the sacrament from a Dominican friar—an event from which this "good convent" received its name. We next passed the miserable hovels of San Quirico, and the solitary post-house of La Scala, not far from which are the Baths of St. Philip, where the calcareous water, being made to fall in spray upon moulds, hardens into exquisite

cameos and intaglios. The spring, which is a very copious one of hot transparent water, issues from Monte Amiato, about four miles from Radicofani, and about half a mile from the road side. Of this petrifying water, which holds in solution a considerable portion of sulphur and carbonate of lime, advantage has been taken to form casts, somewhat in the following manner:—An impression of the medal is first taken in sulphur, or on glass. A series of three or four pits, communicating by means of tubes, are sunk in the ground at a short distance from each other. In these pits, deposition to a certain extent is allowed to take place till the water is charged only with the requisite portion of earth. It is then made to fall through a tube on two pieces of board, two or three inches broad, placed crosswise, the effect of which is to break the stream, and throw off the water in all directions. Beneath this crossed piece is another similar one, and a third still lower; but all of them crossing in different directions, the more completely to break and disperse the column of water. These crossed pieces are surrounded by a frame work of wood, of a pyramidal form, within which are arranged the moulds previously touched with a solution of soap to facilitate the separation of the cast. They are disposed all round the pyramidal case, and inclined a little forward, opposite the several series of crossed sticks, and at the distance of about a foot from their extremities. In this position they receive a constant and equable dash of the water, which deposits its earthy matter on the mould. The cast, thus obtained, may be made of any thickness; but in small figures,

it is commonly from an eighth to a fourth of an inch. The time employed in its formation is ten or twelve days*.

Soon after quitting La Scala we began the ascent of the volcanic Radicofani, where all is utter sterility and nakedness; nor did we wonder that this savage prospect should have reminded Addison of the Italian proverb, which says, that "the Pope has the flesh, and the Grand Duke the bones, of Italy."

At the foot of the mountain flows the Ricorsi, a torrent which, in the winter season, frequently overflows its banks, and is sometimes impassable for several days. That there is no little danger in attempting to cross it at such a time may be inferred from the guide-book, which quaintly observes, that you will have to pass it four times—if you are not swallowed up in either of the first three.

Confused masses of rock and stone, heaped together in shapeless desolation at the summit of Radicofani, are supposed to mark its ancient crater. Near it may still be seen the ruins of a fort which often made a figure in the history of Italy, and which was subsequently destroyed —though not till the course of events had stripped it of its importance—by the blowing up of the powder magazine.

This frontier was formerly scarce less notorious for banditti than Terracina itself has been in later times. Ghino di Tacco—an outlaw whom Dante and Boccacio did not disdain to celebrate; and, what is still more singular, one on whom the Pope himself thought fit to

* See Williams's Travels in Italy, &c. Vol. i.

confer the honour of knighthood, on account of the gentlemanly manner in which he carried on his operations—made this wild region the scene of his predatory exploits.

On the acclivities of Radicofani, and, indeed, in many other parts of Italy, shepherds may frequently be seen clad in goat skins, to protect themselves against the weather. The caprices of fashion have little influence on the peasantry of any country save our own; and this dress, rude as it is, may plead classic antiquity in its defence; for it dates from Imperial Rome. Juvenal speaks of it as being used in the same manner, and for the same purpose, by the shepherd of his days:—

> . . . . . Qui summovet Euros
> Pellibus inversis.—xiv. 186.
>
> The poor, who with inverted skins defy
> The lowering tempest, and the freezing sky.—GIFFORD.

At Ponte Centino we entered the Papal State, and soon afterwards "Acquapendente broke fresh upon us, surrounded with ancient oaks, and terraces clad in the vivid greens of spring, and hanging vineyards, and cascades, and cliffs, and grottos, screened with pensile foliage. Then the Lake of Bolsena expanding at San Lorenzo displayed its islands, and castellated cliffs, and banks crowned with inviolate woods, and ruins built upon ruins—Bolsena mouldering on Volsinii*!" Hence we passed through Montefiascone and Viterbo—their environs

* Forsyth.

bold and beautiful, combining every element of the picturesque—hill and dale—wood and water;—while, to complete the interest of the scene, old Soracte's long black ridge, sacred to Apollo, and sung by two of his most favoured sons, rose in the distance on our left.

On the hill above Baccano we caught the first glimpse of Rome, and at Monte Rosi entered on the forsaken Campagna.

It was well said, that "the first entrance into the patrimony of St. Peter is not calculated to convey a very favourable idea of the richness of that inheritance." A great part of the Papal territory west of the Apennines presents a most forlorn appearance, harmonizing well enough with the state of decrepitude of the capital itself. During the whole journey from Siena to Rome, the country is thinly peopled, and generally open; sometimes, indeed, covered with small patches of underwood, or relieved by the stone-pine and evergreen oak, but rarely intersected by a hedge or fence. But the nearer you approach to Rome the greater becomes the depopulation of the country. Around the Eternal City stretches in every direction the bleak and desolate Campagna;—not a dead flat as it has often been described, but a tract of country broken into gentle hills and undulations; and, though presenting here and there an unprotected patch of corn, covered, for the most part, with a stunted herbage, just sufficient to afford a scanty subsistence to a few flocks of ragged sheep. Within three or four miles of the capital itself, where the downs of the Campagna sink into green shrubby dells, you meet neither with country

houses, nor carriages, nor any thing else that would indicate the neighbourhood of a large city:—

All sad, all silent! o'er the ear
No sound of cheerful toil is swelling;
Earth has no quickening spirit here,
Nature no charm, and man no dwelling!

LETTERS TO JULIA.

It is not till you have reached the Ponte Molle, within two miles of Rome, and crossed the Tiber—which, as Hobhouse justly remarks, is not the "muddy insignificant stream which the disappointments of overheated expectations have described it, but one of the finest rivers in Europe, now rolling through a vale of gardens, and now sweeping the base of swelling acclivities clothed with wood, and crowned with villas and their evergreen shrubberies"—that the indications of a large city begin to manifest themselves.

The Campagna is said to contain about three millions of English acres, and "is covered in many places to a great depth with substances evidently volcanic; such as puzzolana and coarse granulated ashes of a yellow colour mixed with fragments of pumice-stone, and vitrified minerals alternating with strata of water-formation. Sulphur appears on the surface of the ground in various places, called *solfatare*, filling the air with noxious vapours. The surrounding belt of mountains, generally calcareous, exhibits in many parts lava and basalt; and most of the hillocks scattered over the plain itself are conical, hollow at top, and entirely composed of volcanic substances. The hol-

lows, which were no doubt the craters of volcanos, are now found generally full of water, and the largest of them forms the Lake of Bracciano, fifteen miles in circumference*."

The forlorn appearance of the Campagna is greatly increased by the total absence of inclosures; a peculiarity, for which there is reason to suppose that ancient Italy was equally remarkable. Virgil would hardly have described Tityrus and Menalcas as sitting under a beech-tree, blowing their rustic reeds, had not the openness of the country rendered their services necessary to prevent the goats from straying.

When the same poet speaks of the necessity of keeping the bulls apart from the rest of the herd, he makes no mention of a fence as the means of effecting this object; but trusts either to distance, or to the nature of the country, or, where these were not available, to the alternative of shutting them up in the stalls:—

Atque ideo tauros *procul* atque in sola relegant
Pascua, post montem oppositam, et trans flumina lata:
Aut intus clausos satura ad præsepia servant.—Georg. iii. 212.

The youthful bull must wander in the wood,
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood:
Or in the stall at home his fodder find,
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.—Dryden.

So again, when the poet proceeds to enumerate the marks of spirit in a colt, he does not so much as hint at

* Simond.

that of his leaping the hedges which oppose his course. He represents him as leader in every enterprise, as braving the torrent, and trusting the untried bridge,—

Primus et ire viam, et fluvios tentare minaces
Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponti.

The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood,
To pass the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood:—

but never once thinks of describing him as

. . . . . at one slight bound
High o'erleaping all bound;

though this would, we may imagine, but for the unenclosed state of the country, have been the picture most naturally presented to the poet's mind.

"By the laws of the twelve tables," observes Blunt, "a person, arrived at years of discretion, who pastured his herds at night in his neighbour's corn, was subject to capital punishment; which, though not a proof, is a presumption that there were no inclosures."

"Indeed, the simple fact of Terminus being exalted into a deity, and his festival annually observed with great circumspection—to say nothing of that distinguished honour which was paid him, when, to make room for the temple of Jupiter Olympius in the Capitol, the seat of every god except Terminus was removed—is in itself strong ground for supposing that the boundaries of property were only known from memory, assisted by terminal statues, and observances renewed at stated points of time."

Whether the Campagna anciently wore the same

appearance, in other respects, as it does at present; or whether it was formerly much more populous, or much more salubrious than now, are points that have given rise to much discussion. From the known fact, however, that Rome drew its chief supplies of corn from foreign sources, as well as from the frequent mention of the existence of malaria by ancient writers, it would seem that the general aspect of this part of Italy has not undergone any very violent change.

For if the existence of malaria may be taken as a sign of defective cultivation, then it follows, that if this evil should appear to have been as prevalent in ancient as in modern Italy, there is reason to conclude that the agriculture of the country was at as low an ebb formerly as it is now.

From a passage in Pliny, then, where it is his object to lay down certain rules for the purchase of lands, we may fairly infer that there were many districts infected with mephitism. "Attilius Regulus," says he, "used to declare, that the most fertile soils with a bad atmosphere, or most barren with a good one, are equally objectionable; that the healthiness of a district cannot always be ascertained by the appearance of the inhabitants; inasmuch as the most pestilential situations may be endured by those who are habituated to them. That some districts may be free from mephitic air during one part of the year, which are not so during another; but that those only deserve to be called really healthy which continue uninfected the whole year through."—(Plin. xxviii. 5).

In another passage (iii. 5) the same author not only

gives us to understand that the neighbourhood of Rome was unhealthy, but also points out the supposed cause. "Many persons," he observes, "attributed the noxious influence of the Syrophœnician wind at Rome to this circumstance, that it carried with it the putrid exhalations of the Pontine marshes." And yet these marshes had been partially drained by Appius Claudius, and subsequently by Augustus.

Eustace cites various authorities in support of the same argument. From Strabo (Lib. v.) there is reason to conclude that the coasts of Latium were rendered insalubrious by the marshes that bordered them. From the following remark of Pliny the younger, we learn that this was the case in some parts of Etruria:—"The borders of Tuscany, which extend along the sea shore, are unwholesome and infectious."—(Lib. v. Ep. 6). Indeed, Columella seems to look upon the neighbourhood of the sea as in general unhealthy; for he tells us, "it is better to be at a great distance from the sea than at a short one, because the air of the intermediate space is unwholesome."—(Lib. v.) From another passage of the same author, we may, perhaps, not unfairly infer the unhealthiness of the immediate neighbourhoood of Rome. Speaking of Regulus, he says:—"History informs us, that he was a cultivator of land in the Papinian district" —a district only seven miles south of Rome—"which is at once infectious and barren." And, in like manner, we learn from Tacitus, that the exhalations in the neighbourhood of the Vatican Hill actually proved fatal to

persons who exposed themselves to their influence.—(Tacit. Hist. ii. 93.)

Other arguments, indeed, may be urged in favour of the opinion that the general aspect of this part of Italy is pretty much the same as it was formerly. Livy expressly mentions the deserted condition of the country once occupied by the Æqui and Volsci, and has much difficulty in reconciling it with the armies sent forth by those tribes in the days of their contests with Rome.—(vi. 169.) And yet this district was not more than fifty miles from Rome. Pliny also (Lib. v.) speaks of no less than "fifty-three separate tribes as having vanished so completely from ancient Latium, as scarcely to have left a trace behind them." The celebrated prophecy in Lucan, therefore, descriptive of the desolation which he himself witnessed, can hardly be considered as an hyperbole:—

> . . . . . Tunc omne Latinum
> Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque
> Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ;
> Albanosque Lares, Laurentinosque penates,
> Rus vacuum, quod non habites nisi nocte coacta
> Invitus—Lib. vii. 389.

With regard to the Campagna itself, it might be argued that a considerable portion of it was formerly, as it is at the present day, entirely given up to pasturage; for Pliny the younger, describing his villa near Laurentum, tells us that the adjacent country was pastured by "many flocks of sheep, many droves of horses, many herds of oxen."—(Ep. 17). In another part of the same epistle,

speaking of the road which led to his villa, he represents it as being "here confined and straitened between contiguous woods, there expanding and stretching away across meadows of very great extent"—an alternation of woodland and pasture corresponding exactly with what we still observe along the whole line of coast from Ostia to the Circean promontory.

It was with a view to raise agriculture from the low estimation into which it had fallen, that Augustus imposed upon Virgil the task of writing the Georgics; and hence we hear the poet lamenting the forlorn appearance of the country, in consequence of the peasantry having forsaken the fields for the camp—"Squalent abductis arva colonis."

We know, too, that Italy, notwithstanding the natural fertility of its soil, did not grow corn enough for the supply of its inhabitants. A great portion of the corn consumed in the capital was imported from Sardinia, Africa, and Sicily, especially the latter, upon which, according to Cicero, the Roman people placed their chief dependence. Suetonius tells us, that, in the reign of Augustus, Egypt was considered as the granary of Rome. That emperor employed his troops in repairing the canals that border on the Nile, in order to facilitate the transport of grain from thence to Ostia. Under such circumstances, considering the rude state of navigation at the time, we cannot wonder that a stormy winter, or the prevalence of contrary winds, should have raised the most lively apprehensions, and sometimes have incited the populace to acts of violence. It was upon an occasion such as this,

that the emperor Claudius was assaulted in the Forum. "It appeared," says Tacitus, who indignantly notices the circumstance, "that there remained no more food than was sufficient to supply the city for fifteen days; and it was only through the mildness of the winter, and the great mercy of the gods, that it was preserved from extremities. Yet, by Hercules, time was when Italy exported corn to the most remote of her provinces. Nor is she sterile even now; but we chose rather to bestow our labour upon Africa and Egypt, and trust the existence of the Roman people to accident and a ship."—(Annal. vii. 43).

"The barrenness of the Campagna has been attributed," says Mathews, "to the national indolence, which will not be at the pains to cultivate it. But, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, not that the Campagna is barren, because it is not cultivated, but that it is not cultivated because it is barren. The Roman soldiers, before the time of Hannibal, in comparing their own country with that of the Capuans, argued thus:—'An æquum esse dedititios suos illâ fertilitate atque amœnitate perfrui; se, militando fessos, in *pestilenti* atque *arido* circa urbem solo luctari.'"

Such are the arguments advanced by those who contend that the Campagna is now what it ever was. Something, however, may be said on the other side of the question, but this I reserve for the next chapter.

# MALARIA.

. . . . . Nec sævior ullâ
Pestis et ira Deûm Stygiis sese extulit undis.—VIRG.

IT is contended by many, that, whatever may have been the state of the Campagna in Hannibal's time, it appears, during the empire, to have been salubrious compared with what it is at present, and to have owed this advantage to population and tillage. During that period, the public ways, according to their account, were lined with houses from the city to Aricia, to Tibur, to Ocriculum, to the sea. This opinion receives some confirmation from Dionysius and Pliny. "Whoever," says the former, (Lib. iv.) "would ascertain the size of Rome, would be led into error, from having no certain mark to decide how far the city reaches, or where it begins not to be city; the country being so interwoven with the town, that the latter wears the appearance of a city indefinitely extended." Pliny also says, (Lib. iii. c. 5), "so thickly are the houses scattered around that they have added many cities;" meaning, probably, that with little or no intermission there were houses lining the roads leading from Rome to various neighbouring towns. Florus expressly calls Tibur a suburb of Rome (Lib. i. c. ii.); and Nero projected a third circuit of walls, which was to take in half the Campagna. At this period, when,

as we have seen, the town and country were so interwoven that it was hard to say where the one ended or the other began, "the bad air infected but a small part between Antium and Lanuvium, nor did it desolate these; for Antium grew into magnificence under different emperors, and Lanuvium was surrounded with the villas of the great.

"At length," continues Forsyth, "when a dreadful succession of Lombards, Franks, and Saracens, destroyed the houses, pavements, drains, crops, plantations, and cattle, which had protected the Campagna from mephitism, it then returned to its own vicious propensity; for both the form of its surface and the order of its soils promote the stagnation of water. Some lakes, lodged in ancient craters, can never be discharged; but they might be deepened and circumscribed, marshes might be drained into some, and aquatic vegetation extirpated or shorn. Here, too, in the variety of earths peculiar to volcanic ground, some subterranean pools have found a hard stratum for their bed, and a loose one for their cover. Thus retired from his reach, those invisible enemies attack man with exhalations which he cannot resist."

These circumstances, added to the clearing of the woods of Nettuno—which acted as a screen against the sea-vapours, and were therefore held sacred by the ancients—and the tyrannous operation of the annona laws, have been deemed amply sufficient to account for the present unhealthiness of the Campagna.

After all, however, it must be admitted, that there are

other unascertained causes of malaria. For, however truly we may impute the unhealthiness of the country around Rome to its own annona*, yet we cannot attribute that of the Tuscan Maremma to the same cause, for there the law against the exportation of corn exists no longer. And yet, besides the intermittent fever, the usual concomitant of malaria, the Maremma is so notorious for producing liver complaints, that they who frequent it are proverbially big-bellied:—"Ci si va," say the Tuscan peasants, in allusion at once to the want which drives them thither, and the disease which they bring back, "Ci si va con la pancia vuota, e si torna con la pancia piena."

No doubt the fatal effects of the Maremma are greatly

* The Roman Maremma—a tract about thirty leagues long by ten or twelve broad—is in the hands of not more than twenty-four farmers, called *Mercanti di Tenuti*, traders in land: in fact, they are rather merchants than farmers. They all live in Rome, take their measures in concert, and manage the land by *Fattori* who live on the spot. Chateauvieux, who visited one of these farms, styled the Campo Morto, tells us it contained about 6000 arpents of arable land, or land that was occasionally in tillage—the arpent being to the English acre as 5 to 4. The uncultivated part was of about the same extent; and was stocked with cows and swine. The 6000 arpents, which are arable, are divided into nine nearly equal portions, of which one is fallow, another wheat, and the remaining seven pasture. On these seven were fed 4000 sheep, 400 horses, and 200 oxen; a portion of it being also cut for hay. In the uncultivated part were 700 cows, and sometimes 2,000 swine; and the general rent, yielded by the whole, might be estimated at 18 francs the arpent, or 15*s.* the acre. The whole rent of the farm is accordingly calculated at 5000 piastres, besides an interest of 5*l.* per cent. on the gross capital employed in the farm.

aggravated by the habits of the people, who, in defiance of the well-known proverb—fuge somnum meridianum —usually sleep on the ground for two or three hours during the heat of the day. Indeed, they almost invariably sleep on the ground-floor, though it is well known, from the familiar example of the Grotta del Cane at Naples, that the mephitic air is always heavy and low. Were the labourers provided with sleeping rooms above the ground-floor, and supplied with good water—for the water of this district is execrable—were they a little more cautious in sleeping on the ground during the day, and, above all, in exposing themselves to the chilling breezes from the mountains during the evening, much of the mischief of the Maremma might, it is thought, be avoided.

As a further instance of the difficulty of ascertaining the causes of malaria, it may be observed, that, in the south of Italy, the neighbourhood of the lakes is notorious for mephitism, while that of the lakes in Lombardy is free from infection. Nor is it to low situations only that this scourge is confined, though doubtless in such situations its influence is more severely felt. It both creeps and soars:—

Ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit.

Volterra, for example, though it stands high, and exposed to every wind that blows, is by no means exempt from its withering effects. We might, perhaps, ascribe its baneful influence in these more elevated situations, in some measure at least, to the filthy habits of the

people; but this we cannot do without overthrowing Brocchi's ingenious hypothesis. It is his opinion, that the disease is introduced through the pores of the skin, and not through the lungs; and to the general use of woollen next the skin he attributes the comparative safety of the ancients from its attacks—not that even this woollen panoply would of itself have rendered them invulnerable had they not found an additional protection in the counter-poison of their own dirt, which, stopping up the pores of the skin, prevented the malaria from finding its way in! "If," says the Edinburgh Reviewer, "as Signor Brocchi thinks, they really knew not how to wash this eternal blanket, to which the name of Toga gives in our ears such an imposing sound; and if, as Varro says, it was the universal dress of both men and women by day and night alike, we are not sure that we should not, for ourselves at least, prefer a clean shirt and an ague."

In some few cases we may trace the causes of malaria with sufficient certainty; as, in marshy tracts, for instance; in the swampy shores of a tideless sea, which occasionally deposits back-waters in stormy weather, and which back-waters—onda dal mar divisa—remain till slowly drunk up by the soil, or absorbed by evaporation; or in damp woods situated on low grounds, such being always reckoned unwholesome in hot countries. Of the prevalence of the opinion with regard to the unwholesomeness of woods, Rose mentions a curious instance. "I recollect," says he, "that going with an Italian gentleman, in an open carriage, through the

*Cascine*, near Florence, the coachman, who was a foreigner, having driven through an open grove—the ordinary resort of those who take the air on foot or in carriages—was proceeding into a closer part of the wood, when my friend exclaimed—'Non andar più in là, caro, chè si può dire che costì la febbre sta di casa.' And yet Florence is one of the healthiest places in Italy."

However difficult it may be to assign the causes of this pestilential air, we may determine with tolerable precision the time of its continuance. Commencing, in general, about the latter end of June, it continues till the earth is cooled again by the heavy rains which fall towards the close of September and the beginning of October. We learn from Horace, that July and September were considered unhealthy in his time. Of the former month he says, "Adducit febres et testamenta resignat;" and with regard to the latter he prays that he may be preserved "incolumem Septembribus horis."

## ROME.

. . . . Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near—BYRON.

THE great northern entrance of Rome is by what is called the Porta del Popolo, nearly on the site of the ancient Flaminian gate. This modern entrance, designed by M. Angelo, leads at once into the Piazza del Popolo, from whence diverge the three principal streets, laying open to the first view the interior of the Eternal City;

. . . . . The city that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world;
The mighty vision that the prophets saw,
And trembled; that from nothing, from the least,
The lowliest village (what but here and there
A reed-roofed cabin by a river-side?)
Grew into every thing; and year by year,
Patiently, fearlessly, working her way,
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,
Not like the merchant with his merchandize,
Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,
But hand to hand and foot to foot, thro' hosts,
Thro' nations numberless in battle array,
Each behind each, each, when the other fell,
Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.—ROGERS.

So multifarious are the objects of interest at Rome,

that, for a few days after his arrival, the traveller is bewildered and scarcely knows to which he shall turn his attention first*. Some sort of classification, however, is absolutely necessary, and the simplest, perhaps, is that which divides the curiosities into the antiquities, the churches, and the palaces. These latter, together with a multitude of columns, obelisks, and fountains, are to be met with in the inhabited quarters; "but you must cross the Capitol, or strike off among the mounts, before the genius of ancient Rome meets you amid its ruins†."

So much has the modern city been raised above its original level by the rubbish accumulated during the lapse of centuries, that a man may well wonder to find the shape and situation of the ancient hills still so distinguishable. Where the ground happens to have been excavated, the pavement of old Rome has not unfrequently been discovered at the depth of forty feet‡. Yet the Seven Hills—though, from the accumulation of soil in the valleys, their limits are not so accurately defined as formerly—are still distinctly discernible; and on each of them, except the Viminal—the most difficult of all—will be found some leading object; as the Villa Me-

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* "Il faut, says Dupaty, with his usual love of point, que je commence par errer de côté et d'autre, pour user cette première impatience de voir qui m'empêcheroit toujours de regarder."

† Forsyth.

‡ Rome moderne est elevée de quarante pieds au dessus de Rome ancienne. Les vallées qui separaient les collines se sont presque comblées par le temps, et par les ruines des edifices.—*Corinne.*

dici on the Pincian, the Papal Palace on the Quirinal, and the three Basilicas on the Esquiline, Cœlian, and Vatican Hills. But the most interesting relics of ancient grandeur will be found in the neighbourhood of the Palatine and Capitoline Hills, the cradle of infant Rome; for the first establishments of Romulus extended not beyond the Palatine Hill:—

. . . . . Porta est, ait, ista Palati;
Hic Stator, hoc primùm condita Roma loco est.—TRIST. Lib. iii.

None of its ancient works remain on the Capitol, except a corner of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, and a foundation wall behind the Senator's Palace, forming a portion of the ancient Tabularium or Record-office. These remains, which consist of enormous uncemented blocks of Peperine stone, are of great antiquity, having been laid down as a basement for the Capitol in the year of Rome 367. Livy, who notices the work, speaks of it as being considered a remarkable performance even in the magnificence of his day.

The two summits of the Capitoline Hill, formerly distinguished by the names Arx and Capitolium, are still sufficiently well marked. That which was termed Arx —the loftier of the two—was on the south side of the hill, looking towards the river, the Theatre of Marcellus, and the Aventine Hill. This summit, to which the modern Romans have given the name of Monte Caprino, is supposed to have been the site of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. The other, facing the north—to which the epithet Capitolium was more peculiarly appropriated,

and which is now occupied by the church of Araceli—is thought to have been the site of the Temple of Jupiter Feretrius. But the respective situations of these temples have been much disputed.

It is no easy task to determine the exact site of the Tarpeian Rock, of that part of it at least from whence criminals were thrown down; and when the spot is ascertained, as nearly as may be, there is scarcely any thing in Rome more likely to create disappointment. Seneca speaks of it as "a lofty and precipitous mass, whose projecting crags either bruised the body to death, or hurried it down with still greater violence. These crags, jutting out from its sides—added to its formidable height—rendered it truly terrific."—(Controv. Lib. i. 3). In vain shall we look for any traces of this description: time has divested the rock of all its horrors; for the only precipice that remains is one of about thirty feet, from the point of a wall, from which, as has been justly observed, a man might leap down on the dung-hill in the yard below, without much risk of broken bones.

That the great wreck of old Rome should have so defaced the features of this part of the Capitoline Hill, can be matter of surprise to no one who considers how greatly the modern city has been raised above the ancient level by the rubbish which has been accumulating for so many ages. The character of the ground below is completely changed; and the Campus Martius, which was at the foot of the Tarpeian Rock—into which the mangled bodies fell—is now, like the rock itself, covered with the modern town.

On the opposite side of the hill is the Forum. "It is difficult to conceive," says Mathews, "and impossible to describe, the effect produced by the 'admonitus locorum' of this memorable scene—reduced as it now is again to something like the state which Virgil describes in the days of Evander:"—

> . . . . . Passimque armenta videbant,
> Romanoque Foro et lautis mugire Carinis.—Æn. viii. 361.
>
> They viewed the ground of Rome's litigious hall:
> Once oxen lowed, where now the lawyers bawl.—Dryden.

The Roman Forum, though no longer the Papal Smithfield, still bears and merits the name of Campo Vaccino. "Yet," continues Mathews, "it is even now the finest walk in the world, and would hardly, perhaps, in the proudest days of its magnificence, have interested a spectator more than it does at present, fallen as it is from its high estate. Nothing can be more striking or more affecting than the contrast between what it was, and what it is. There is enough in the tottering ruins which yet remain to recall the history of its ancient grandeur; while its present misery and degradation are obtruded upon you at every step. Here Horace lounged; here Cicero harangued; and here now the modern Romans count their beads, cleanse their heads, and violate the sanctity of the place by every species of abomination.

"The walk from the Capitol to the Coliseum comprises the history of ages. The broken pillars that remain of the Temple of Concord, the Temple of Jupi-

ter Tonans, and the Comitium, tell the tale of former times, in language at once the most pathetic and intelligible: it is a mute eloquence, surpassing all the powers of description. It would seem as if the destroying angel had a taste for the picturesque; for the ruins are left just as the painter would most wish to have them."

The arches of the emperors have been thought scarcely to harmonize with the rest of the scene; but such is the accumulation of soil around them, that it would be unfair to judge of their former effect from their present appearance. From the arch of Septimius Severus, a quadruple row of trees, crossing the Forum in an oblique direction, and leaving the Temples of Antoninus and Peace on the left, leads to that of Titus. This walk, the boasted work of the French, however convenient, is but ill-suited to the scene: it is a remnant of that perverted taste which formerly raised the "Orti Farnesi" among the ruins of the Palatine Hill, and introduced modern decoration into a spot where every thing that is modern appears profane.

This, the most populous part of ancient Rome, is now almost wholly abandoned. Mount Palatine, which originally contained all the Romans, and was afterwards found insufficient to accommodate one tyrant,

> . . . . . That proud eminence,
> Long while the seat of Rome, hereafter found
> Less than enough—so monstrous was the brood
> Engendered there, so Titan-like—to lodge
> One in his madness,

is at present inhabited only by a few friars; and it has

been observed, not unaptly, that what Virgil says of the Capitoline Hill would, were we but to reverse the expression, be equally applicable to the modern state of the Palatine:—

Aurea nunc, olim silvestribus horrida dumis.—Æn. viii. 348.

You may now traverse the whole hill, and scarcely meet a human being, and that, too, on a spot once crowded with the assembled orders of Rome and Italy*:—

> . . . On the road where once we might have met
> Cæsar, and Cato, and men more than kings,
> We meet, none else, the pilgrim and the beggar!

Raphael's villa, the Farnese summer-house, M. Angelo's aviaries, are all of them falling into the same desolation as the imperial palace itself, which fringes the mount with its broken arches.

"Would you push inquiry beyond these ruins, from the Palatium of Augustus back to the Palanteum of Evander, you find the mount surrounded with sacred names—the altar of Hercules—the Ruminal fig-tree—the Lupercal—the Germalus—the Velia; but would you fondly affix to each name its local habitation on the hill, contradiction and doubt will thicken as you remount†."

In travelling round the antiquities of Rome, there is,

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* Totum Palatium senatu, equitibus Romanis, civitate omni, Italiâ cunctâ refertum.—*Cicero.*

† Forsyth.

indeed, much room for scepticism with respect to the propriety of the names that have been applied to many of them. The Temple of Vesta, for example, at no great distance from the Palatine Hill, must be referred to this doubtful order. Its situation on the banks of the river seems to accord well enough with Horace's "monumenta Vestæ*"; and its position will agree with the "ventum erat ad Vestæ" of the ninth satire, where it is represented as lying beyond the Tiber, in the way from the Via Sacra to the gardens of Cæsar. Yet, observes Forsyth, "if you fix Vesta in this round temple on the Tiber, others will contend there for Hercules, or Portumnus, or Volupia. If, again, you assign the three magnificent columns in the Forum to Jupiter Stator, others will force them into a senate-house, or a portico, or a comitium, or a bridge. All round the Palatine, the Forum, the Velabrum, and the Sacred Way, is the favourite field of antiquarian polemics. On this field you may fight most learnedly at an easy rate: every inch of it has been disputed; every opinion may gain some plausibility, and whichever you adopt will find proofs ready marshalled in its defence:"

Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?—Byron.

* It is objected, however, with some appearance of reason, that when Horace alludes to a flood of the Tiber, reaching even to the temple of Vesta, as a memorable occurrence, he can hardly mean this temple, which is on the very banks of the river.

## WORKS OF THE REPUBLIC.

Reliquias veterumque vides monumenta virorum.—Virg.

But few works of the kings have escaped the ravages of time, and those built in the Etruscan style; consisting of a few layers of peperine stone, observable in the remains of the Tullian walls, the Tullian prison, and the triple arch of the Cloaca Maxima. Yet these remains, composed of large uncemented but regular blocks, though confessedly insufficient to enable us to retrace the architectural designs of the first Romans, may serve as a specimen of their public masonry; and, in the opinion of some, afford a plain indication of their early ambition, "which thus projected from its very infancy 'an eternal city,' the capital of the world."

Tullian Prison.—The remains of the Tullian prison stand at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, beneath the church of S. Pietro in Carcere. This prison was built by Ancus Martius, as we learn from Livy, who tells us that that king, "to repress the growing licentiousness, caused a prison to be constructed in the middle of the city, overlooking the Forum."—(Lib. i. c. 33). The subterranean part was added by Servius Tullius, and was thence called Tullianum. It was also denominated *Robur;* and if this is what Livy (Lib. xxxii. c. 26) means by the Carcer Lautumiarum—the prison of the stone

quarries—we may perhaps safely conclude that the excavation was originally made for the purpose of procuring stone, and that the quarry was afterwards converted into a prison. The steps, known by the name of the Scalæ Gemoniæ, by which criminals were dragged to prison or led out to execution, were near the entrance. The prison itself consists of two cells, one above the other, to which the only entrance was by a small aperture in the roof of the upper cell; while a similar aperture in its floor led to the cell below. The upper cell is seven-and-twenty feet in length, by twenty in width; the lower, which is of an oval form, is twenty by ten. The height of the former is fourteen feet, that of the latter only seven. Sallust (De Bello Cat. c. 55) gives us the following description of it:—"In the prison, known by the name of the Tullian prison, on descending a little, you come to a dungeon on the left, sunk to the depth of about twelve feet. Dead walls on all sides of it render escape impossible: above it is a cell vaulted with stone. Its uncleanliness, its darkness, and its noisome smell, make it a truly disgusting and horrible abode."

These dungeons, it seems, served as the state prisons, being appropriated to persons of distinction. It was here, as we learn from Sallust, that the Catiline conspirators were confined and executed; it was here that Jugurtha perished of hunger; here, too, it was that Sejanus, that sport of fortune, met the punishment due to his crimes; and that Perseus, the last of the Macedonian kings, dragged on a miserable existence, till, towards the close of life, he was removed, at the intercession of

his conqueror, Paulus Emilius, to a less frightful abode. Here, too, St. Peter and St. Paul were immured—so at least the guide would have you believe—and how can you refuse to give credit to his statement, when, in attestation of it, he produces two standing miracles? St. Peter, it seems, struck his head violently against the side of the prison, and instead of fracturing his skull, as an ordinary man might have done, he indented the wall; and in the solid rock the eyes of the faithful still discern a tolerable impression of his features! Again; it happened that, during his imprisonment, many converts came to be baptized by him, and, as there was no water in the place, Peter caused a fountain to spring up in the centre of the dungeon—which fountain still remains!

The limited size of the Tullian prison, compared with that of the numberless jails now scattered over every part of Europe, has been adduced as an instance of the remarkable difference between the ancient and modern systems of government; for, if we may believe Juvenal, this was the only prison in old Rome:—

> . . . . . Sub Regibus atque Tribunis
> Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.—iii. 313.
>
> They saw, beneath their Kings', their Tribunes' reign,
> One cell the nation's criminals contain.—GIFFORD.

CLOACA MAXIMA.—Not far from the little Temple of Vesta may be seen the embouchure of the Cloaca Maxima*, which, though almost choked up by the artificial

* A portion of it may also be seen near the Arch of Janus.

elevation of modern Rome, still serves as the common sewer of the city, after a lapse of near three thousand years. The stones employed in the construction of the arch—which is a triple one, consisting of three concentric rows, one above the other—are of great size, and placed together without cement. The height is the same as the width—about thirteen feet, though Marlianus makes the height and width three feet more. It seems, therefore, to have been no exaggeration to say, that the Cloaca was sufficiently large to admit a waggon loaded with hay.

According to Livy's account, this work was commenced by Tarquinius Priscus, who "drained the low grounds of the city about the Forum and the valleys lying between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills, by carrying sewers from a higher level into the Tiber."—(Lib. i. c. 38). But the drain was imperfect, and the work, according to the same authority, was completed by Tarquinius Superbus. "Tarquin the Proud made the great subterranean cloaca to carry off the filth of the city—a work so vast, that even the magnificence of the present age has not been able to equal it."—(Lib. i. c. 56).

This celebrated work, however, has been referred to a much later period; and no wonder, when there are those who contend that the arch was unknown even in Greece till within a hundred years of the Christian era. Among other hypotheses, it has been assigned to Augustus; but this conjecture seems loaded with insuperable difficulties; for how are we to reconcile such a supposition with the silence of Suetonius, or with Livy's statement—that it was constructed by Tarquin? Pliny also,

who records the repair of the cloaca in the age of Augustus, expressly states, (Lib. xxxviii. c. 15), that, after the lapse of seven hundred years, this "greatest of all works"—this opus omnium maximum—continued as strong as when first built by Tarquin. On the other hand, though Livy tells us that "Tarquin sent for artists from all parts of Etruria" to superintend this and other public works, yet, when we consider the immensity of the undertaking, and the rudeness of the age in which it is said to have been carried into effect, we may well be pardoned for indulging in a little scepticism. At any rate, Ferguson, in his Roman Republic, has started some historic doubts that are well worth attending to. "The common sewers," says he, "were executed at great expense. It was proposed that they should be of sufficient dimensions to admit a waggon loaded with hay.—(Plin. Lib. xxxviii. c. 15). When these sewers came to be obstructed, under the republic, the censors contracted to pay a thousand talents, or about 193,000*l.* for clearing and repairing them.—(Dion. Halicarn. Lib. iii. c. 67). They were again inspected at the accession of Augustus; and clearing their passages is mentioned among the great works of Agrippa. He is said to have turned the course of seven streams into these subterranean canals, to have made them navigable, and to have actually passed in barges under the streets and buildings of Rome. These works are still supposed to remain; but, as they exceed the power and resources of the present city to keep them in repair, they are concealed from view except in one or two places. They were in the midst of the Roman

greatness, and still are reckoned among the wonders of the world; and yet they are said to have been the works of the elder Tarquin*, a prince whose territory did not, in any direction, extend above sixteen miles; and on this supposition they must have been made to accommodate a city, that was calculated chiefly for the reception of cattle, herdsmen, and banditti.

"Rude nations sometimes execute works of great magnificence, as fortresses or temples, for the purposes of superstition or war; but seldom palaces, and, still more seldom, works of mere convenience and cleanliness, in which, for the most part, they are long defective. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to question the authority of tradition, in respect of this singular monument of antiquity, which exceeds what many well accommodated cities of modern Europe have undertaken for their own conveniency. And as those works are still entire, and may continue so for thousands of years, it may be suspected that they existed even prior to the settlement of Romulus, and may have been the remains of a more ancient city, on the ruins of which the followers of Romulus settled, as Arabs now hut or encamp on the ruins of Palmyra and Balbec. Livy owns that the common sewers were not accommodated to the plan of Rome, as it was laid out in his time: they were carried in directions across the streets, and passed under the buildings of the greatest antiquity. This derangement, indeed, he imputes to the hasty rebuilding of the city after its destruc-

* We have seen that they were *completed* by Tarquinius Superbus.

tion by the Gauls; but haste, it is probable, would have determined the people to build on their old foundations, or at least not to change them so much as to cross the direction of former streets. When the only remaining accounts of an ancient monument are absurd or incredible, it follows, of course, that the real account of the times in which it was erected is not known."

Such is Ferguson's note, which well merits attention; "though," as Mathews observes, "it is difficult to reconcile the existence of a more ancient city*, on the site of the city of Romulus, with the entire silence of history and tradition; unless, indeed, we carry it up to a period so remote, as would throw an awful mystery over the first origin of the Eternal City—connecting it with times of which there are no more traces than of the mammoth or mastodon."

We have already seen that there are but few works of the kings remaining; we shall now see that there are no great number that we can refer even to the republic.

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* Perhaps Virgil may be quoted as countenancing the opinion that there was a city here before the time of Romulus. Evander, while shewing his city to Æneas, is made to say:—

> Hæc duo præterea disjectis oppida muris
> Reliquias veterumque vides monumenta virorum:
> Hanc Janus pater, hanc Saturnus condidit urbem,
> Janiculum huic, illi fuerat Saturnia nomen.—*Æn.* viii. 355.

And yet, so vague and contradictory was tradition upon this subject, that, according to Ovid, when Evander first set foot in Italy, there were only a few huts on the spot where Rome afterwards stood.—*Fast.* Lib. v. 93.

The earliest—as might, indeed, have been expected among men whose thoughts were principally bent on conquest—are military ways. "For a while," observes Forsyth, "the republicans emulated the kings in the solidity of their constructions. Appius Claudius founded his great way, built it like a mole, and paved it with dressed basaltic stones. In the next century the roads of Flaccus and Albinus were only covered with gravel. Their successors, improving in economy, took advantage of hard soils, and in some parts omitted the ruderation, in others the statumen, in others both. The pavement of these ways is generally hidden under a modern coat of gravel. Where it is uncovered, as on the road to Tivoli, at Capo di Bove, at Fondi, &c., the stones, though irregular, are large and even flat; but their edges being worn into hollows, they jolt a carriage unmercifully." It is difficult to believe that Procopius could really have found those stones so compactly even as he represents them; or that any stones could, for nine hundred years, sustain the action of wheels without injury; —yet he tells us, "though they have been travelled over for such a length of time by so many carriages and animals, yet we do not perceive that they have become disunited or broken, or that they have lost any thing of their polish."—(Lib. iii.)

AQUEDUCTS, the only luxury of the republic, as Mad. de Staël calls them, immediately followed. But of the various structures of this kind that still remain, none are supposed to be referable to the republic, except the ar-

cades which conveyed the Aqua Martia; and the grandest even of these are thought to be due to the repairs of Augustus.

These magnificent works, which form the most prominent feature in the landscape to the south-east of Rome—for there you meet, at every turn,

> . . . . . Aqueducts
> Among the groves and glades rolling along
> Rivers, on many an arch high over-head—

"have," as Burton observes, "been cited as a proof that the Romans were ignorant of that principle in hydrostatics, that water will always rise to the level of its source; and their patient industry has been ridiculed, in taking so much trouble to convey, upon arches of brick or stone, what might have been brought in pipes underground . . . . Perhaps, when they first erected arches for this purpose, they were not aware that the labour might have been spared; but it is difficult to deny that many Roman aqueducts were constructed in this manner after the principle was known. The Meta Sudans, a fragment of which still exists near the Coliseum, is said to have been a fountain; and it is evident that the water which supplied it was not raised by mere mechanical means. Pliny mentions one hundred and five fountains* (salientes) in Rome; and, from the Latin term for a fountain, it appears certain that they resembled those of modern times,

* Agrippa . . . . lacus septingentos fecit, præterea salientes centum quinque, castella centum triginta.—(Lib. xxxvi. c. 24).

and that the water was thrown up merely by its own pressure. But another passage of Pliny is more decisive, and ought to set the question at rest as to the science of his days. He says, (Lib. xxxi. c. 31), 'The water, which is wanted to rise to any height, should come out of lead. It rises to the height of its source.' In another place he observes, 'The ancients carried their streams in a lower course, either because they were unacquainted with the exact principle of keeping a level, or because they purposely sunk them underground, that they might not easily be interrupted by the enemy.' We may add a passage from Frontinus, (Lib. i.), 'There are five different levels to the streams, two of which are raised to every part of the city; but, of the rest, some are forced by greater, some by less pressure.' "

PANTHEON.—"The city of Rome," observes Spence, in his Polymetis, "like its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and unadorned. Those old rough soldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts as things fit only for an effeminate people: as too apt to soften and unnerve men; and to take from that martial temper and ferocity, which they encouraged so much and so universally in the infancy of their state. Their houses were (what the name they gave them signified) only a covering* for them, and a defence against bad weather. These sheds of theirs were more like the caves of wild beasts than

* Tecta.—In the same manner perhaps the word culmina, for the roofs of their houses, shews their old method of covering them with straw.—*Spence.*

the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular streets and openings. Their walls were half mud; and their roofs, pieces of board stuck together: nay, even this was an after-improvement; for, in Romulus's time, their houses were only covered with straw*. If they had any thing that was finer than ordinary, that was chiefly taken up in setting off the temples of their gods: and when these began to be furnished with statues (for they had none till long after Numa's time) they were probably more fit to give terror than delight; and seemed rather formed so as to be horrible enough to strike awe into those who worshipped them, than handsome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleasure. Their design, I suppose, was answerable to the materials they were made of; and, if their gods were of earthen-ware†, they were

* One may guess a little at their other buildings, from the palace of their kings. It was a little thatched house; and very ill furnished:—

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.—*Æn.* viii. 654.

Quæ fuerit nostri si quæris regia nati,
Aspice de cannâ straminibusque domum:
In stipulâ placidi carpebat munera somni.—*Ovid. Fast.* iii. 185.

† Fictilibus crevere deis hæc aurea templa;
Nec fuit opprobrio facta sine arte casa.—*Propert.* iv. El. i. 6.

Jupiter antiquâ vix totus stabat in æde;
Inque Jovis dextrâ fictile fulmen erat.—*Ovid. Fast.* L. i. 202.

Fictilis et nullo violatus Jupiter auro.—*Juv. Sat.* ii. 116.

Lignea aut fictilia deorum simulacra in delubris dicata usque ad devictam Asiam.—*Plin. N. H.* xxxiv. 7. *Spence's Polymetis.*

reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chopped out of wood."

"Conquest, which was ever dearer to the Roman republic than its own liberty, spread at last to Greece, and brought home the fine arts in objects of plunder. Their captive gods, too beautiful or sublime for the rude old structures of Italy, obliged the Romans to raise for them temples in imitation of the Greek*."

Some of these temples, and among them the Pantheon, had the good luck to be preserved as churches. The donation, however, of the Pantheon for a Christian church, by the Emperor Phocas, and its consecration by Boniface IV., seem to have afforded it little protection against the subsequent spoliations both of emperors and popes. The plates of gilded bronze that covered the roof, the bronze relievos of the pediment, and the silver that adorned the interior of the dome, were carried off by Constans II., who destined them for his palace at Constantinople; but being assassinated at Syracuse on his way back, his booty was conveyed to Alexandria;—and thus the spoils of the Pantheon, formed out of the plunder of Egypt after the battle of Actium, reverted to their original source. Urban VIII. carried off all that was left—the bronze beams of the Portico—and melted it down into the Baldacchino of St. Peter's, and the useless cannon of the castle of St. Angelo. It was under his auspices, too, that Bernini erected the two brick belfries that now deform the front of the building.

It is the prevailing fashion with antiquaries to call

* Forsyth.

every round edifice the "exhedra" or the "caldarium" of ancient baths. Such is the temple of Minerva Medica; and, according to the Abate Lazeri*, such originally was the Pantheon. "The Pantheon a bath! Could that glorious combination of beauty and magnificence have been raised for so sordid an office? Yet, (continues Forsyth), consider it historically, detach the known additions, such as the portals, the columns, the altars; strip the immense cylinder and its niches of their present ornaments, and you will then arrive at the exact form of the caldaria now existing in Rome."

Whoever comes to the Pantheon with expectations excited by engravings will probably be disappointed;—and yet it is a noble portico; too grand, perhaps, for the temple to which it leads. "The cell and the portal, indeed," as Forsyth observes, "are two beauties independent of their union†. 'The portal shines inimitable on

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* Discorso del Pietro Lazeri della consecrazione del Panteone fatta da Bonifazio IV. Roma, 1749.

† The most inexperienced eye would observe a want of agreement between the portico and the body of the building. The cornice of the one does not accord with that of the other; and a singular effect is produced by there being a pediment on the temple, which rises above that of the portico; so that, in fact, there are two pediments. This has caused some controversy among the antiquaries. But it is now generally supposed that Agrippa built the whole, though perhaps at different times, and the portico may have been an after-thought. The inscription, which ascribes the building to Agrippa, stands over the portico:—

M. Agrippa. L. F. Cos. Tertium. Fecit.—*Burton.*

earth.' Viewed alone it is faultless. If the pediment should appear too high, from the present vacancy of its tympan, that tympan was originally full of the richest sculpture. If the columns are not all mathematically equal, yet inequalities, which nothing but measurement can detect, are not faults to the eye, which is sole judge. But the portal is more than faultless; it is *positively* the most sublime result ever produced by so little architecture*. Its general design is best seen diagonally from the Giustiniani Palace. In the obscene hole where it stands, you run more into the analysis of parts, the details of ornament, the composition of the entablature, the swell and proportions of the columns."

You enter the Pantheon by doors, cased in bronze, not unworthy of the temple itself; though it has been said that the original doors were carried away by Genseric, and that these were supplied from some other edifice. "I do not believe," says Woods, "that there is any person so insensible to the effect of architecture as not to

* The portico is one hundred and ten feet long by forty-four deep, supported by sixteen columns of the Corinthian order. Each consists of a single piece of oriental granite, forty-four feet in height, independent of the bases and capitals, which are of white marble: the circumference of the pillars is about fifteen feet. The space between the two middle pillars is somewhat greater than that between the others. Vitruvius leads us to expect this; for he tells us, that each intercolumniation in a portico should equal two diameters and a fourth; but that the central intercolumniation should equal three diameters. A temple so constructed he denominates *Eustylos*.—(Lib. iii. c. 2.)

feel the surpassing beauty of this building internally. The simplicity and gracefulness of its form, the beautiful colour of its marbles, (principally of the *giallo antico*), and the delightful effect of its single central light, force themselves upon our admiration." Forsyth seems to think that the elevation is beautiful where it should be grand; and that its Corinthian, though exquisite, made the Attic here a necessary evil. "Had Hadrian caught the full majesty of the naked dome, and embellished its walls with one grand order that rose to the origin of the vault; so full a support would have balanced the vast *lacunaria* of that vault, which now overpower us, and the whole temple would have been 'more simply, more severely great.' Vast as they appear, those deep coffers are really not disproportioned to the hemisphere, and, diminishing as they ascend, they stop just at the point where they would cease to be noble or entire.

"Though plundered of all its brass, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fire; though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotunda. It passed with little alteration from the Pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that M. Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church*."

* Forsyth.

Formerly the temple of all the gods, for such at least is the popular notion of this edifice*, it is now consecrated to all the saints; "and the great and invisible Spirit, the source of all things, is perhaps as little in the contemplation of the modern, as of the ancient worshippers of the Pantheon. The open skylight, communicating at once with the glorious firmament, and letting in a portion of the vault of the heavens, produces a sublime

* "The name, the form, tradition, or some other cause," says the author of *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, "has given rise to the belief that it was dedicated to Jupiter and all the gods: but of this there is no proof; and it is contrary to the principles of the Pagan religion, which forbade a temple to be dedicated to more than one divinity; and enjoined that, even when vowed to two, as in the case of Virtue and Honour, Venus and Rome, Isis and Serapis, a double temple should be raised." Plutarch, in his life of Marcellus, says, that when that general wished to erect a temple to Glory and Valour conjointly, he was prevented by the priests, who objected to put two gods into one temple. Yet sometimes we find them less scrupulous: for, "though a temple could only be dedicated to one god, it might contain small ædicolæ, or chapels, for the worship of others; as the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, though dedicated to himself alone, contained the ædicolæ of Juno and Minerva, and the altar of Terminus;—just as Catholic churches are dedicated to the Virgin, or some particular saint, but have small chapels appropriated to others. The recesses of the Pantheon—of which there are twelve, four large and eight smaller ones—seem to indicate that they were formerly the ædicolæ of Pagan gods."—(*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*).

Referring to the origin of the term Pantheon, Dio observes: "It is perhaps called so, because in the statues of Mars and Venus, it received the images of several deities. But, as it appears to me, it derives its name from the convex form of its roof, which gives, as it were, a representation of the heavens."—(Lib. iii.)

effect. It is, as it were, the eye of the Divinity—imparting light and life—and penetrating the most secret thoughts of those that repair to his altar*."

The Pantheon is no longer made the receptacle of the busts of distinguished men. "The ill-assorted modern contemporary heads," as Hobhouse calls them, "which glared in all the niches of the rotonda; the little white Hermæan busts ranged on ledges side by side, and giving this temple of immortality the air of a sculptor's study," have all been removed, and even the sacred image of the divine Raphael has not escaped the general proscription. His epitaph, however, by Cardinal Bembo, of which Pope has given us an imitation in the conclusion of his epitaph on Kneller, still remains:—

Ille hic est Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci,
Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori.

Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.—Pope.

This epitaph on Raphael, though generally admired

* Mathews, from whom this remark is taken, may perhaps, in this instance, be accused of indulging a little in the fanciful. He may, however, plead prescription in his excuse. "I know," says Addison, "that such as are professed admirers of the ancients will find abundance of chimerical beauties, the architects themselves never thought of; as one of the most famous of the moderns in that art tells us, the hole in the roof of the Rotonda is so admirably contrived, that it makes those who are in the temple look like angels, by diffusing the light equally on all sides of them!"

for its terseness and brevity, was not, it seems, to the taste of the *profound* Dupaty; who objects to it, that it betrays wit rather than sorrow. "Le Cardinal," says he, "a mis de l'esprit dans ces vers: il n'auroit dû y mettre que de la douleur. Que ne se bornoit-il à dire: Hîc est Raphael — Raphael est ici!"

TOMBS.—As if these mementos of mortality were less productive of melancholy sensations among Pagans than among Christians, the tombs of the ancients were spread abroad in the most conspicuous places, and by the sides of the public ways; with the double view, perhaps, of thus diminishing the gloomy horrors of eternal separation, and of exciting youth to emulation and the love of glory*. Juvenal and Horace have censured the pomp and splendour of the tombs, especially of those on the Appian Way. On that "Queen of Ways" were crowded the proud sepulchres of the most distinguished Romans; and their mouldering remains still attest their ancient grandeur.

Addison has noticed the absurdity of beginning our modern epitaphs, which are to be met with only in churches or churchyards, with a "Siste, Viator;" "Viator pre-

* Loin que chez les anciens l'aspect des tombeaux decourageât les vivants, on croyoit inspirer une emulation nouvelle en plaçant ces tombeaux sur les routes publiques, afinque, retraçant aux jeunes gens le souvenir des hommes illustres, ils invitassent silencieusement à les imiter.—*Corinne.*

care salutem," &c., probably in imitation of the old Roman inscriptions, which, properly enough, addressed themselves to travellers; since it was impossible that the latter could either enter the city, or depart from it, without passing along one of those melancholy roads, which, for a considerable distance, was little else than a street of tombs:—

> . . . . . : An avenue
> Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
> Their doors sealed up and silent as the night,
> The dwellings of the illustrious dead!—Rogers.

Tomb of the Scipios.—It was not till towards the close of the last century, that the tomb of the Scipios was discovered. Cicero speaks of this tomb as standing without the Capena gate*; hence antiquaries concluded that it must also be without its present substitute, the gate of St. Sebastian;—forgetting that, as the extension of the walls by Aurelian had removed this gate more than a mile beyond the former, a structure that was previously without the city might now very well be comprised within it. Hence, though a sepulchral inscription to one of the Scipios was found above two hundred years ago, on the very spot where their tomb has since been discovered, Maffei and his brother antiquaries, instead of

* An tu egressus Portâ Capenâ, cùm Catilini, Scipionum, Serviliorum, Metellorum sepulcra vides, miseros putas illos? (Tuscul. Quest. Lib. i.)

causing the ground to be examined—which would have settled the matter at once—did their utmost to prove that the inscription was a forgery, because it was not worded according to their preconceived notions, and was found where they least of all expected it.

Another inscription, to another of the Scipios, was found in the very same place about fifty years afterwards; though still without inducing an examination of the ground; and, but for a mere accident—the sinking of a cellar on the spot—the tomb of the Scipios might have remained undiscovered to the present day.

The tomb is in a garden, not far from the gate of St. Sebastian, to the left of the Appian Way. A dark winding path leads to the interior of the vault; at present, however, little remains to be seen, except a series of dark, damp chambers; the inscriptions and monuments having been removed to the Vatican, and copies substituted in their stead. The tomb is cut out of that soft porous stone called *tufa*, so common in the south of Italy; and in the walls are the recesses where the sarcophagi were placed. The most interesting monument found here, and now deposited in the Vatican, is the sarcophagus of L. Scipio Barbatus, great-grandfather of Scipio Africanus, who was consul in the year of Rome 456. That part of the inscription which still remains is very perfect, but before the commencement of it a line-and-a-half seems to have been erased. It is said to be in the old Saturnian iambic metre, and is deservedly admired for its conciseness and simplicity.

CORNELIVS. LVCIVS. SCIPIO. BARBATVS. GNAIVOD. PATRE.
PROGNATVS. FORTIS. VIR. SAPIENSQVE—QVOIVS. FORMA. VIRTVTEI.
PARISVMA.
FVIT—CONSOL. CENSOR. AIDILIS. QVEI. FVIT. APVD. VOS—TAVRASIA.
CISAVNA.
SAMNIO. CEPIT—SVBIGIT. OMNE. LOVCANA. OBSIDESQVE. ABDOVCIT*.

In the year 1615, a stone was dug up near the same place, with an inscription to L. Scipio, son of Scipio Barbatus. This inscription is curious, as exhibiting a specimen of the Latin language in the age immediately subsequent to that of Scipio Barbatus.

HONC. OINO. PLOIRVME. CONSENTIONT. R
DVONORO. OPTVMO. FVISSE. VIRO.
LVCIOM. SCIPIONE. FILIOS. BARBATI
CONSOL. CENSOR. AIDILIS. HEC. FVET. A
HEC. CEPIT. CORSICA. ALERIAQVE. VRBE
DEDET. TEMPESTATIBVS. AIDE. MERETO.

This, in the Latin of the Augustan age, would read as follows:—

HVNC VNVM PLVRIMI CONSENTIVNT ROMÆ
BONORVM OPTIMVM FVISSE VIRVM
LVCIVM SCIPIONEM. FILIVS BARBATI
CONSVL CENSOR ÆDILIS HIC FVIT
HIC CEPIT CORSICAM ALERIAMQVE VRBEM
DEDIT TEMPESTATIBVS ÆDEM MERITO.

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* In this inscription to Scipio Barbatus, we have, Gnaivod for Cneio, qvoivs for cujus, forma virtutei parisuma fuit for forma virtuti par fuit, and, abdoucit for abduxit.

" The taking of Corsica, here mentioned, happened," says Burton, " in the year of Rome 494, when this Scipio was consul. The Fasti Capitolini call him son of Lucius Scipio; and Livy gives to Barbatus the prænomen Publius; but the inscription must be believed in preference to the Fasti, or the existing copies of Livy. The mention of a temple built to the winds may illustrate a distich in Ovid:—

> Te quoque, Tempestas, meritam delubra fatemur,
> Cùm pœne est Corsis obruta classis aquis.
>
> Fast. Lib. vi. 193.

The commentators upon Ovid, not being aware of this epitaph, have referred the building of the temple to Claudius Nero, who was consul in the year of Rome 551, to Marcellus, and to Metellus."

The bust of peperine stone, crowned with a chaplet of laurel, which now stands on the sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus in the Vatican, was found in this tomb, and has been assigned to the poet Ennius, the friend and companion of Scipio Africanus; but Livy says nothing of a *bust* of Ennius: he tells us expressly, that there were three *statues* within the tomb, which were said to be those of P. and L. Scipio, and the poet Ennius.

No memorial of Scipio Asiaticus has been met with in this tomb; and, considering the small number of inscriptions that have come to light, it is probable that many were destroyed before the sepulchre was discovered. With regard to Scipio Africanus, it seems most probable that he was buried at Liternum.

The custom of erecting a monument to the memory of the dead was more general among the Romans than the Greeks. The former generally added the name of the deceased, which the Greeks, with their characteristic simplicity, frequently omitted. In Greece, where the bodies were usually burnt, the ashes were deposited in an urn. " But in Rome, the custom of burning was not of primitive institution. Dead bodies were generally laid in the earth; though there is evidence that the funeral pile was not unknown even in the reign of Numa.—(Plin. Lib. xiv. c. 14, et Plutarch. in Numa). War, and the multitude of deaths caused by it, gradually made the system of burning more general. Still, many families adhered to the ancient mode; and in the Cornelian family, the custom of burning was first introduced by Sylla, who, fearful that his body might be ill-treated after his death, directed it to be committed to the flames. After his time the funeral pile was only partially used, many still adhering to the ancient manner of laying out the dead body at full length in a hollow tomb.

" In those sepulchres which have been opened, the skeleton is always found regularly disposed, with the arms parallel to the sides: a vase with a narrow neck was placed upon the breast; another on each side of the head, one at the extremity of each hand, and one between the legs. That which was laid upon the breast is generally found to have fallen off, as the body decayed. There is also a dish containing eatables, such as eggs, bread, birds, &c., and a coin in the mouth to discharge the demand of Charon. All these particulars might have been

collected from ancient authors; but in the Royal Museum at Naples, the actual reliques may be seen; and the different modes of interment, as pursued by the Greeks and Romans, are well illustrated by models. Some skeletons have been found with a cuirass on, and other armour by their side.

" Both nations, however, agreed in prohibiting burial within the walls. Cicero quotes a law of the Twelve Tables to this effect, ' Hominem mortuum in urbe ne sepelito neve urito.' As to the exceptions to this law, he supposes that they were made in favour of families, who had merited such distinction by their conduct. Publicola and Tubertus, he says, (Epist. iv. 12) had this honour, and their descendants still claimed it. Others, as C. Fabricius, had special leave given them, after the law was made, and his family had the privilege of burying in the Forum. They, however, only exercised it so far as to shew their right; and after carrying the body into the Forum, and applying a torch to it, they carried it without the walls. The latter fact we learn from Plutarch, (Probl. Rom. Quæst. 79), who states it as a general rule that all who had triumphed might be buried within the city. The emperors* and vestals, as persons who were not bound by the laws, might be buried within the city; and the vestals

* The ashes of Trajan were deposited in some part of his column, but, according to Eutropius, he was the only emperor buried within the walls. Many ancient tombs—as the mausoleums of Augustus and Hadrian—the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and the tomb of the Scipios—though now within the city, were without the walls previous to the extension of their limits by Aurelian.

who had violated their vow of chastity, were buried alive in the *Campus Sceleratus*, which was also within the walls.

"A tomb also exists at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, to the memory of C. Poblicius Bibulus. The inscription states, that it was given by the senate; but for what particular merit of Bibulus the ancient law was violated in his favour, history does not inform us. Piranesi indeed asserts, that till Trajan extended the circuit of the walls in this quarter, to take in his own forum, the tomb of Bibulus was not within the city: and this is the opinion of Nardini. The inscription is as follows:—

C. POBLICIO. L. F. BIBVLO. AED. PL. HONORIS
VIRTVTISQVE. CAVSSA. SENATVS
CONSVLTO. POPVLIQVE. JVSSV. LOCVS
MONVMENTO. QVO. IPSE. POSTERIQVE
EJVS. INFERRENTVR. PVBLICE. DATVS. EST.

We have no means of ascertaining the time at which he lived, except from his being called Plebeian Ædile in the inscription. But in the Capitoline marbles the names of those officers cease to be given from the year 611, U. C., to the end, with but few exceptions. Up to that period, the two plebeian ædiles are always named, and Bibulus is not among the number*." We may safely

* Burton.—The remains of Bibulus's tomb, unless we suppose a portion of it to be concealed by the accumulation of the soil, are very inconsiderable. A modern dwelling has been erected on its site.

conclude, therefore, that this monument cannot be of an earlier date than the year of Rome 611.

The general form of the tombs on the Appian Way has been correctly described as that of a cylinder or a truncated cone, with a cubic base, and a convex top. "This combination," says Forsyth, "conveys the idea of a funeral pyre, and has some tendency to the pyramid*, the figure most appropriate to a tomb, as representing the earth heaped on a grave, or the stones piled on a military barrow."

TOMB OF CÆCILIA METELLA.—The Roman tombs usually consisted of a vault, in which the urns and sarcophagi were deposited, with a chamber above, in which the statues or effigies of the dead were placed, and the libations and obsequies performed. Some were places of family interment, others solitary tombs, like that of

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* Though the tombs on the Appian Way have a tendency to the pyramidal form, yet the only actual instance of a pyramid at Rome is the tomb of Caius Cestius, close to the Porta S. Paolo; where it forms a part of the wall itself—Aurelian having drawn his new line of walls so as to cross it. The height of it is 121 feet; the width at the base 96. It is built of brick cased over with white marble, now blackened by age. In the interior are some paintings on the walls, consisting of five female figures, in tolerable preservation.

Nothing is known of this Caius Cestius except from the inscription on the monument itself, which informs us that he was one of the *Epulones*, whose business it was to prepare the *Lectisternia*, or banquets for the gods, on occasion of any public calamity or rejoicing.

Cæcilia Metella. This latter consists of a round tower, resting on a square basement. The circular part is still cased with stone. The original entrance is buried under the soil; but an opening has been made above, by which the interior may be examined. Though the top of the roof has been broken in, enough remains to prove it to have been of a conical shape, the walls converging internally. The sepulchral vault was below the present level of the soil; nor was it till the time of Paul III. that it was opened, when the sarcophagus, now in the Farnese Palace, was found in it. A golden urn, containing the ashes, is said to have been discovered at the same time; but this has disappeared.

The square base of this beautiful tower has long since been stripped of its stone covering. The wall of the tower itself, the interior of which is of brick, is twenty feet thick. The cornice is decorated with festoons and rams' heads alternating with each other. The modern name of the tomb, "Capo di Bove," is by some supposed to be derived from an ox's head—the arms of the Gaëtani family, by whom it was converted into a fortress—which was affixed several centuries ago to the side of the tower next the Appian Way, and still remains.

Nothing more is known of Cæcilia Metella than from the following inscription on the interior of the tomb:—

CÆCILIÆ.
Q. CRETICI. F.
METELLÆ CRASSI.

"Q. C. Metellus," says Burton, "got the name of Cre-

ticus from his conquest of Crete, U. C. 687; and we may fairly conclude that this inscription relates to his daughter, who married into the family of Crassus. It has been conjectured, that her husband was the Crassus who fell in the Parthian war, U. C. 700. He is known to have married Tertulla, daughter of M. Lucullus, but the lady in question may have been his second wife."

The rude battlements on the top of the tower, and all the old walls and fortifications near it, are the works of the Gaëtani. Their ruined church bears a striking resemblance to the village churches of England, but the ruins of their castle are not worthy to be compared with the picturesque remains of our own feudal barons.

TEMPLE OF REDICULUS.—Near the Appian Way is a little building, gaily decorated with Corinthian pilasters of red and yellow brick, also assigned to the time of the republic, under the name of the god Rediculus, though by some supposed to be a tomb. Festus and Pliny tell us that a temple was raised to the god Rediculus, in gratitude for his having caused Hannibal to retire without laying siege to Rome; and that this temple was near the Appian Way, two miles from the Porta Capena, and on the very spot from which the affrighted general commenced his retreat. We learn, however, from the same authority, that the temple of Rediculus stood on the right of the road, whereas this structure stands on the left. Its windows prove, in the opinion of Fea, that it could not have been a temple, though it may have been the *Sacrarium* of some tomb placed beneath it. But

whether a temple or a tomb, the profusion of ornament which it betrays, and the rich chiselling lavished on so poor a design, seem incompatible with Hannibal's time; and hence Forsyth would refer it to the age of Septimius Severus.

THE TEMPLE OF HONOUR AND VIRTUE, which stands on a rising ground at no great distance from the temple of Rediculus, is also a doubtful work. The real temple, which was built during the time of the republic, is extolled by Vitruvius for the scientific symmetry of its order; whereas, in the structure in question, the cornice is still more decorated than that of the temple of Rediculus—the space which represents the frieze is higher than the pediment—and within is another enormous frieze, or rather belt of defaced stuccos. This, therefore, can hardly have been the work which extorted the encomiums of Vitruvius.

FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.—It seems at least probable that the long dell in which this fountain is situated is the Egerian valley of Juvenal, and the pausing-place of Umbritius, notwithstanding most of his commentators have supposed the descent of the satirist and his friend to have been into the Arician grove, where the nymph met Hippolytus, and where she was more peculiarly worshipped. But the step from the Porta Capena to the Alban Hill—a distance of fifteen miles—would be too considerable; and nothing can be collected from Juvenal but that some-

where near the Porta Capena was a spot in which it was supposed Numa held nightly consultations with the nymph*, and where there was a grove and a sacred fountain, and fanes once consecrated to the Muses; and that from this spot there was a descent into the valley of Egeria, where were several artificial caves†. It is clear that the statues of the Muses made no part of the decoration which the satirist thought misplaced in these caves; for he expressly assigns other fanes (delubra) to these divinities above the valley, and moreover tells us that they had been ejected to make room for the Jews.

It is probable that the cave now shewn may be one of these artificial caverns, of which, indeed, there is another a little higher up the valley, under a tuft of alder bushes: but a *single* grotto of Egeria is a mere modern invention, grafted upon the application of the epithet Egerian to

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* Lucus erat, says Livy, quem medium ex opaco specu fons perenni rigabat aquâ, quò quia se persæpe Numa sine arbitris, velut ad congressum deæ, inferebat, Camœnis eum lucum sacravit; quòd earum ibi consilia cum conjuge suâ Egeriâ essent.—I. 21.

† Substitit ad veteres arcus, madidamque Capenam;
Hîc ubi nocturnæ Numa constituebat amicæ.
Nunc sacri fontis nemus, et delubra locantur
Judæis, quorum cophinus fœnumque supellex.
Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere jussa est
Arbor, et ejectis mendicat silva Camœnis.
In vallem Egeriæ descendimus, et speluncas
Dissimiles veris. Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.—*Sat.* iii. 10.

these *nymphæa* in general*. Our English Juvenal carefully preserves the plural of the original†:—

> In vallem Egeriæ descendimus, et speluncas
> Dissimiles veris.—Sat. iii. 17.
>
> Thence down the vale we slowly wind, and view
> The Egerian *grots*—oh, how unlike the true!—Gifford.

The fountain which now goes by the name of Egeria, whether correctly named or not, is, as Mathews observes, "a pretty fountain in a pretty valley; and if really that of which Juvenal speaks, time has realized his wish, and the water is now again inclosed—viridi margine—with 'a border of living green;' and the only marble that now profanes the native stone is a headless statue—but not of the nymph Egeria; for it is evidently of the male sex."

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* The valley abounds with springs, and over these springs, which the Muses might haunt from their neighbouring groves, Egeria presided: hence she was said to supply them with water; and she was the nymph of the grottos through which the fountains were taught to flow:—

> Egeria est quæ præbet aquas, Dea grata Camœnis.—*Ovid. Fast.* iii.

† See Notes to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.

## WORKS OF THE EMPIRE.

Oblectat me, Roma, tuas spectare ruinas,
Ex cujus lapsu gloria prisca patet.—PICCOLOMINI.

"AMONG the remains of old Rome," says Addison, "the grandeur of the commonwealth shews itself chiefly in works that were either necessary or convenient, such as temples, highways, aqueducts, walls, and bridges of the city. On the contrary, the magnificence of Rome under the emperors, was rather for ostentation or luxury, than any real usefulness or necessity, as in baths, amphitheatres, circuses, obelisks, triumphant pillars, arches, and mausoleums; for what they added to the aqueducts was rather to supply their baths and naumachias, and to embellish the city with fountains, than out of any real necessity there was for them." Architecture was thus made to exhaust all her powers on palaces, triumphal arches, historical columns, and tombs.

The Imperial Palace took root in the modest mansion of Hortensius. Suetonius tells us that Augustus "lived at first near the Roman Forum, in a house which had belonged to Calvus the orator; and subsequently on the Palatine Hill, but still in an unpretending house of Hortensius's, remarkable neither for extent nor ornament: its short porticos consisted of pillars of Alban stone, and the rooms had neither marble nor ornamental pavement to boast of. He continued to occupy the same bed-

chamber, winter and summer, for more than forty years." —(Vit. Aug. c. 72). It was burnt down during the reign of Augustus, by whom also it was rebuilt. Some additions were afterwards made to it by Tiberius; and Caligula carried it on as far as the Forum, by means of a bridge. The temple of Castor and Pollux was now converted into a sort of vestibule to the palace, and porticos of great extent were annexed to it. This structure, too, was destroyed by fire, and its magnificence was afterwards completely eclipsed by Nero's Golden House, which occupied the whole of the Palatine, and extended as far as the Esquiline Hill, covering all the intermediate space where the Coliseum now stands. When it was finished, the emperor is said to have exclaimed, "that now at last he had begun to live like a man!"—(Suet. Vit. Ner. c. 31). Thus, from Augustus to Nero is the period of its increase; from Nero down to Valentinian III. its history is but a succession of fires, devastations, and repairs.

In one quarter of these ruins are three chambers, discovered towards the close of the last century. In these chambers—which, being on the ground floor, and therefore less exposed to casualties than the upper stories, may perhaps be the work of the Julian family—we have a favourable specimen of the taste of the old Romans in the construction and proportion of their apartments. Like the Pantheon, they appear, in this instance, to have received light from above; and, instead of resembling the formal square and oblong of modern times, they are bent on each of the four sides into a circular recess

or bow—a flowing outline which produces a far more pleasing effect than the stiff straight-sided parallelogram. That accumulation of soil which we have more than once had occasion to notice as existing in other quarters of the city is also observable here; for these chambers, though they must have been originally on the surface, are now thirty feet below it.

Such is the present chaos of broken walls and arcades, that any attempt to retrace the general design of the palace, as it existed in any one reign, must of course be merely conjectural. Notwithstanding the efforts of Bianchini and other antiquaries, we come at last to the conclusion, that, upon this subject, nothing certain can now be known:—

> Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown
> Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
> On what were chambers, arch crushed, column strown
> In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos steeped
> In subterranean damps: . . . . . .
> . . . . . Temples, baths, or halls?
> Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reaped
> From her research, hath been—that these are walls.—
> Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls!—Byron.

This complete demolition of the Imperial palace was the joint work of foreign and domestic plunderers. The Goths sacked it in the beginning of the fifth century, and Genseric in less than fifty years afterwards: the troops of Belisarius, as well as those of Totila, were quartered in it; nor is there, says Hobhouse, "any certain trace of the palace of the Cæsars having survived

the irruption of Totila." Mention, indeed, is made of it by Anastasius; and hence some portion of it is supposed to have been standing, though probably in a very ruinous condition, as late as the beginning of the eighth century. During the subsequent feuds of the Roman barons, its remains, whatever they were, served for some time as the strong-hold of the Frangipane family. At length, even these remains were demolished by the Farnese popes and princes, who reared their palaces and villas with materials from this mine. The destruction of the Imperial palace may, therefore, in some degree, be attributed to domestic plunderers; but—though the contrary opinion has been strenuously maintained by Italians themselves—still must we chiefly impute its ruin to those barbarians—Goths, Huns, and Vandals—who, during the decline of the Roman power, overran Italy in such rapid succession, and in such countless hordes, that they might almost seem to have been called into being for the express purpose of annihilating that power:—

> . . . . . From the depth
> Of forests, from what none had dared explore,
> Regions of thrilling ice, as tho' in ice
> Engendered, multiplied, they pour along,
> Shaggy and huge! Host after host, they come;
> The Goth, the Vandal; and again the Goth!—Rogers.

Temples.—On the declivity of the Capitoline Hill, where it slopes towards the Forum, are the three columns said to be the remains of the *Temple of Jupiter Tonans*. We learn from Suetonius, that Augustus erected a temple of that name at the foot of the Capitoline

Hill, in gratitude for his escape from lightning, while on a march by night during his expedition against the Cantabri; on which occasion his litter was struck, and a slave, who bore a torch before it, killed on the spot.—(Vit. Aug. c. 29). That structure was repaired by S. Severus and Caracalla; and as the word *estituer* is still legible on the frieze of the ruin in question, it may perhaps be a part of the very temple erected by Augustus. The pillars, which are of white marble, are fluted, of the Corinthian order, and four feet four inches in diameter. On the lateral frieze are carved several of the instruments of pagan sacrifice*, all of them used in the rites of Jupiter—another reason for referring these remains to the Temple of the Thundering Jove. Near this ruin stands a single marble column of the Corinthian order, erected by the Exarch Smaragdus to the Emperor Phocas, which, from the beauty of the workmanship, is supposed to have been taken from some ancient edifice.

Temple of Concord.—At a short distance from the Temple of Jupiter Tonans stands the portico, which, as long since as the fifteenth century, passed for the remains of the Temple of Concord. Under that designation, too, it occurs in Middleton's celebrated Letter from Rome. "For my own part," says he, "as oft as I have

* Such as the *albogalerus*, or cap, which the Flamen Dialis wore; the *secespita*, or ivory-handled iron knife, used by the same priest; the *capedunculus*, or dish; an axe, a hammer, the *aquaminarium*, or jug; the *aspersorium*, or instrument for sprinkling the lustral water.

been rambling about in the very rostra of old Rome, or in that Temple of Concord where Tully assembled the senate in Catiline's conspiracy; I could not help fancying myself much more sensible of the force of his eloquence, whilst the impression of the place served to warm my imagination to a degree almost equal to that of his old audience." The portico consists of eight granite columns* of the Ionic order—six in front and one on each side—with bases and capitals of white marble. The architrave bears the following inscription:—

SENATVS. POPVLVSQVE. ROMANVS
INCENDIO. CONSVMPTVM. RESTITVIT.

This temple was nearly perfect as late as the commencement of the fifteenth century, and its destruction is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as it seems to have been an act of wantonness. If we may believe Poggio, the greater part of the structure was, at that period, burnt to make lime—a circumstance which may, perhaps, serve to account for the total disappearance of so many other noble buildings. When the temple was restored after the fire alluded to in the inscription, it was probably done in haste, for not only do the existing columns all vary in diameter—a sufficient indication that this edifice was repaired with materials from other sources—but the intercolumniations also are unequal. One of the columns has evidently been made up of the fragments of two others, the diameter of the shaft

* The shaft of each pillar is 43 feet 3 inches in length.

being greater at the top than it is in the middle. The two columns at the angles alone have plinths, and the bases are a medley of the Doric and Ionic orders.

"Now that it is so much the fashion with the Roman antiquaries to dispute the names which have been given to ancient buildings, the Temple of Concord has been obliged to change its title, and it is conjectured to have been a Temple of Fortune. This goddess was certainly worshipped near this spot, as appears from some verses at Præneste, in the Palazzo Baronale:—

> Tu quæ Tarpeio coleris vicina Tonanti,
> Votorum vindex semper Fortuna meorum.

We know also from Zosimus, (Lib. ii. c. 13), that the Temple of Fortune was burnt in the time of Maxentius; and any repair made afterwards would be likely to be in bad taste, as this certainly was. So that it is by no means improbable that we should be justified in altering the appellation of these remains: though there certainly was a Temple of Concord not far from this spot, erected first by Camillus, and restored or rebuilt by Tiberius (Ovid. Fast. i. 637; Sueton. Tib. c. 20); and an excavation, made in 1817, has clearly proved it to have stood more to the north, very near to the modern ascent to the Capitol. The *cella* was discovered, and some inscriptions with the word CONCORDIA.*"

TEMPLE OF JUPITER STATOR.—The three pillars at

* Burton.

the foot of the Palatine Hill are usually assigned to the Temple of Jupiter Stator; though some assign them to that of Vulcan, and others again to the Comitium. They who contend for the first of these hypotheses may quote Ovid in support of their opinion, for he speaks of the Temple of Jupiter Stator as being situated in front of the Palatine Hill; "Ante Palatini ora jugi."—(Fast. Lib. vi.; Trist. Lib. iii.) Though no more than three columns, with a small portion of the frieze and cornice now remain, there is, perhaps, scarcely any thing in Rome better calculated to inspire us with an idea of the magnificence of the ancient city. These three columns, which are supposed to have stood on the south side of the building, are of white marble, of the Corinthian order, and the largest fluted columns in Rome*. It would seem as if great force had been employed in the destruction of this temple; unless, indeed, we suppose an earthquake to have caused the singular appearance of the present remains; for the continuity of the fluting is destroyed—some of the blocks of which the shafts are composed, having, to all appearance, sustained so violent a wrench, as to be actually forced out of their places. A flight of steps, leading up to the portico, has been discovered facing the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina.

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* Desgodetz gives their height as forty-five feet three inches and seven lines, French measure. The width of the flutings is 8¼ inches English.

THE TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS AND FAUSTINA, which formed the north-east angle of the Forum, is, owing perhaps to its conversion into a Christian church*, in better preservation than most of the neighbouring remains. The following inscription may still be seen upon the frieze:—

DIVO. ANTONINO. ET
DIVÆ. FAVSTINÆ. EX. S. C.

but whether Antoninus Pius, or Marcus Antoninus—for each of them had a Faustina to wife—be the person here referred to, is matter of dispute. Though much of the ancient structure still exists, the principal part is a portico of ten columns—six in front, and two, exclusive of the angular ones, on each side—of the Corinthian order, and of that kind of marble which the Italians, owing to some fancied resemblance between its laminæ and the flakes of an onion, denominate *Cipollino.* The height of the columns, including the bases and capitals, which are of white marble, is forty-six feet. The cornice of the front, as well as the shafts of the pilasters on the sides, have disappeared; but part of the decoration of the frieze, consisting of griffins and candelabra, still remains. The approach to the temple from the Via Sacra was by a flight of one-and-twenty steps.

TEMPLE OF PEACE.—Not far from the Temple of Antoninus† and Faustina are, what, till within these few

* The Church of S. Lorenzo in Miranda.

† Between the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina and that of

years, were supposed to be the remains of the Temple of Peace—a vast edifice, which, as we learn from Suetonius and Josephus, was erected by Vespasian after the termination of the Jewish war. There seems, however, some reason to believe that this name has been improperly applied. Herodian records that the temple built by Vespasian was totally destroyed by fire in the reign of Commodus; and this record of the destruction of the temple, added to the degenerate nature of the architecture, has led antiquaries to conclude that the remains in question may more properly be referred to the basilica built by Maxentius near the Coliseum, and, after his death, denominated the Basilica of Constantine. If Maxentius, as is not improbable, erected his basilica on the site of the Temple of Peace, availing himself of whatever remained of the old edifice, that would account for the present designation of the ruin. All that exists of this once splendid structure, whether temple or basilica, are three arches, each seventy-five feet in span. At the present day they would be considered as forming a side aisle, or as three lateral chapels. The building, as far as its plan may yet be distinguished, seems to have consisted of a nave and two side aisles, divided from each other by eight Corinthian columns of white marble. One of these columns—a fluted shaft, sixteen feet and

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Peace is the Church of SS. Cosmo and Damian, the round vestibule of which is generally said to have belonged to a Temple of Remus, though others have called it a Temple of Quirinus.

a half in circumference, and, exclusive of base or capital, forty-eight feet in height—may still be seen in front of S. Maria Maggiore, and may serve to give us some idea of the grandeur of the structure to which it belonged. Recents excavations shew that the entrance must have been on the side facing the Aventine Mount.

Temple of Venus and Rome.—The ruins of this temple—which have sometimes been assigned to the Temple of the Sun and Moon, or of Isis and Serapis—consist of two cellas, annexed by their semicircular tribunes; together with a flight of steps between the church of S. Maria Francesca Romana and the Arch of Titus. The temple was built after a design of the Emperor Hadrian. Dio tells us, (Lib. lxix.), that the design was submitted to Apollodorus, who had distinguished himself, in the reign of Trajan, by the Forum which goes by that emperor's name, as well as by a bridge over the Danube; and that Apollodorus, being too little of a courtier to commend what he could not approve, and being already in disgrace for a similar offence, was condemned to die. The temple, which was surrounded by a colonnade, was about three hundred and thirty feet in length, and a hundred and sixty in width.

Temple of Vesta.—This elegant little structure, though said by some to be of a date prior to the age of Augustus, has no great evidence to produce in support of its pretensions to such antiquity. It is of a circular

form, and was surrounded originally with a colonnade of twenty fluted pillars of the Corinthian order and of Parian marble, one of which has since perished: the cornice also, and the ancient roof, have shared the same fate. In Ovid's time—if this is really the building referred to by Ovid*—it was covered with a brazen or bronze roof. The walls of the temple are composed of blocks of Parian marble, so neatly fitted together as to look like one continuous mass. The columns are five-and-thirty feet in height; the circumference of the colonnade is one hundred and seventy feet, the diameter of the cella twenty-eight. The date of the building is still a matter of dispute. "We know," says Burton, "that Numa dedicated a temple to Vesta, and that it was round. Horace also mentions one; and it might be thought vain to search for Numa's building after the catastrophe which he describes. But his words do not absolutely imply that it was thrown down: it may only have been endangered:—

> Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
> Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
> Ire dejectum monumenta Regis
> Templaque Vestæ.—Od. Lib. i. 2.

The present edifice is, however, far too elegant for the age of Numa; and Ovid expressly tells us, that the former temple was burnt about the year of Rome 512†. In another place, he describes the building as it was in

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* Fast. Lib. vi. 261, 281, 296.

† Compare Fast. Lib. vi. 437, 461.

his own days; and the same passage also gives us some idea of Numa's temple:—

> Quæ nunc ære vides, stipulâ tunc tecta videres;
> Et paries lento vimine textus erat.
> Hic locus exiguus, qui sustinet atria Vestæ,
> Tunc erat intonsi regia magna Numæ.
> Forma tamen templi, quæ nunc manet, ante fuisse
> Dicitur, &c.—Fast. Lib. vi. 261.

It was burnt in Nero's fire*, and repaired by Vespasian or Domitian. It was burnt again in 191, under Commodus; and Julia Pia, wife of Septimius Severus, restored it. This is probably the building still in existence; and the proportion of the columns seems to shew, that it must have been erected in an age when architecture was on the decline; for though the height of the Corinthian column ought to equal nine diameters, these contain eleven. It was consecrated, as a Christian church, to St. Stephen, and goes by the name of S. Stefano delle Carozze, or La Madonna del Sole."

Temple of Fortuna Virilis.—This temple—now the church of Santa Maria Egiziaca—is said by some to have been built by Servius Tullius, in gratitude for his exaltation to the rank of a monarch, though originally a slave. But though this building may, perhaps, claim nearly equal antiquity with the one erected by Servius Tullius, it cannot be the very same structure; for Dionysius of Halicarnassus tells us, that, shortly after Servius's

* Tacitus, Annal. Lib. xv. c. 41.

death, the Temple of Fortuna Virilis was burnt down, and that his statue, carved out of wood, and gilt, was the only thing saved from the flames. From the same authority we learn, that, soon after the accident, the temple was rebuilt in its original form. The front is decorated with four elegant fluted columns of the Ionic order, supposed to be of later date than the body of the edifice itself: on the back are four half pillars to correspond. Of the decorations on the sides, consisting of two pillars (including the angular ones) and five half-pillars, six are still visible on the side towards the river: the other side is blocked up by contiguous buildings. The ornaments of the entablature, though defaced, are still distinguishable.

Triumphal Arches.—Those that remain are too much interred for the eye to judge of their general proportions or their distant effect. "If the earth were removed, the columns would, perhaps, lose all their importance between a *stylobata* and an attic so immoderately high. What business or what meaning have columns on any arch? The statues of captive kings are but a poor apology for so idle a support. Ambitious to display their hero too often, the multiplicity of relievos fritters their fronts into compartments which lessen what they would enrich. In their spandrels are four Victories, which, in representing the ancient automatons dropping crowns on the conqueror, seem necessary to those mixed triangles so admirably filled by their wings. The platform above is well adapted to the curule statue. Here

the triumphal car formed an historical record: on a modern arch it is only a metaphor.*"

ARCH OF TITUS.—This structure, consisting of one large arch, was erected by the senate and people of Rome to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem. On the attic, facing the Coliseum, is the following inscription:—

SENATVS.
POPVLVSQVE. ROMANVS.
DIVO. TITO. DIVI. VESPASIANI. F.
VESPASIANO. AVGVSTO.

From the epithet Divus here given to Titus—an epithet never applied to a living emperor—it is evident that this arch was not erected till after his death; a fact which might also be inferred from the apotheosis of the emperor, on the crown of the interior of the arch, represented by the figure of a man seated upon an eagle. Under the arch may still be seen various relievos, representing—on one side, the emperor, seated in a car, conducted by the Genius of Rome, and attended by Victory, who is in the act of crowning him with a wreath of laurel—on the other, the Table of the Shew-bread, the Seven-branched Golden Candlestick, the Incense Vessel, and the Jubilee Trumpets, copied, in all probability, from the originals. On the interior the four Victories, so light and so elegant, being in lower relief, are better preserved than the more prominent sculptures.

* Forsyth.

This arch, built of white marble, and of the Composite order, is esteemed one of the most beautiful models of architecture that remain. Being in a very mutilated state, it was, a few years since, completely repaired; the parts which were destroyed having been supplied in Travertine stone.

Arch of Septimius Severus.—This arch, situated at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, at the north-west angle of the ancient Forum, was erected by the senate and people of Rome, in honour of Septimius Severus and his sons, Caracalla and Geta. It is built of white marble, of the Composite order, and consists of one large arch, with a smaller one on each side, and a lateral communi cation from one to the other. The relievos commemorate the victories of Septimius Severus and his sons over the Parthians*. The inscription betrays evident marks of alteration, in the scaling off of the marble; Caracalla, after the murder of Geta, having effaced his brother's name wherever it appeared, and substituted other words in its stead.

The Arch raised to Septimius Severus in the Velabrum, as the inscription states, by the tradesmen and usurers of the Forum Boarium, is little in its design, rich only with chiselling, overcrowded with objects of

* This arch betrays a precipitate decline in art; figures rising in rows, heads over heads, and all equally protuberant. Indeed, the marble has been so burnt, washed, and scaled, that we cannot judge of the original execution, nor catch all the peculiarities of the Parthian cavalry.—*Forsyth.*

sacrifice: "the offering of tradesmen, made to a tradesman's taste."

CONSTANTINE'S ARCH, situated near the Coliseum, between the Palatine and Cælian Hills, was erected to that emperor, by the senate and people of Rome, in honour of his victory over Maxentius, at the Ponte Molle. It is the largest and noblest of the triumphal arches. But its columns and statues, as well as its relievos—except those in the narrow bands, and over the lateral arches, which have justly been characterized as carved in the style of a village tomb-stone—were evidently torn from a triumphal arch of Trajan, whose victories they record. There, as Gibbon sarcastically observes, "the Parthian captives appear prostrate at the feet of a prince who never carried his arms beyond the Euphrates; and curious antiquaries can still discover the head of Trajan on the trophies of Constantine." It is even thought that the whole composition is stolen, and the arch itself but a transformed arch of Trajan. The medallions on the arch serve to illustrate some imperial functions and some religious rites.

GALLIENUS'S ARCH might pass for a mere gateway, and that of Drusus for part of an aqueduct; yet, coarse as they are, each has its Corinthian columns and pediments stuck upon a fraction of the fronts.

THE JANUS QUADRIFRONS is rather a *compitum* than an arch, and though the general proportions are good,

the details—consisting of "rows of pigmy columns divided by imposts, and enormous cubes of marble scooped and scolloped into niches"—betray a decline of art; and no antiquary, according to Fea, would think of assigning it a date anterior to the age of Septimius Severus.

THE HISTORICAL COLUMNS are represented by Forsyth as true to no order of architecture. "Trajan's," says he, "has a Tuscan base and capital, a Doric shaft, and a pedestal with Corinthian mouldings. That of M. Aurelius repeats the same mixture; but its pedestal is restored, and though higher, both in proportions and place, than Trajan's, does not associate so well with its shaft.*"

The relievos with which these two columns are covered describe a spiral round their shafts—a plan which gives to the story a continuity which horizontal rings would have interrupted. This story, in the Trajan, is a representation of the Emperor's exploits in his two Dacian expeditions. The figures are said to amount to upwards of five-and-twenty hundred; and that of Trajan himself appears more than fifty times, as sovereign, or general,

* These are said to be the only regular pedestals in Roman antiquity. The pedestal, indeed, appears but a modern invention, though probably derived from the ancient *stylobatæ*, which projected sometimes under every column; but those projections, though found in admirable works, are not themselves to be admired: still less is the insulated pedestal, which in architecture acts as a stilt to the shaft; and is beautiful, because necessary, only under monumental columns like this.—*Forsyth.*

or priest*. For the purpose of being the more distinguishable, the figures lengthen as they rise. On the lower part of the column they are about two feet long, on the upper, nearly four.

Trajan's column is an immense field of antiquities, where—contrary to the practice of the ancient sculptors, of representing the figure in a state of nudity, or of suppressing parts of the dresses in vogue, or introducing dresses that never were in vogue at all—the Roman dress and tactics are exhibited without alteration or embellishment. We find the soldiers constantly carrying their swords on the right side. On a march they are generally bare-headed: some have no helmets, others wear them suspended from the right shoulder. Some of them have lions' heads for caps, with the mane hanging down behind. Each of them carries a stick over the left shoulder, which seems to have been for the purpose of conveying his provisions. We may observe a wallet, a vessel for wine, and an apparatus for dressing their provisions. We learn, from other sources, that they sometimes carried sixty pounds' weight, and food for seventeen days,

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* His dignity he derives from himself or his duties; not from the trappings of power, for he is dressed like any of his officers; not from the debasement of others, for the Romans, all save one kissing his hand, stand bold and erect before him. The younger Pliny remarks this popular habit of Trajan: he anticipates the column, and probably suggested the very idea to the artist. "Nihil a cæteris nisi robore et præstantia differens—non tu civium amplexus ad pedes tuos deprimis—tu tamen major omnibus quidem eras, sed sine ullius diminutione major."—*Forsyth.*

and never less than enough for three days. Their shields are oblong, bearing different devices. The standards are of various kinds; such as a hand within a wreath of laurel, which was considered a sign of concord. Pictures also were used; as the portraits of gods or heroes. The soldiers wear a sort of tight pantaloon, reaching a little below the knee, and not buttoned. The Dacians wear loose pantaloons reaching down to the ankles, and shoes; they are also armed with a sabre. The Sarmatian cavalry are clad in plate-armour, covering both men and horses. The description given by Ammianus exactly corresponds with the representation on the column:—"Their armour was a covering of thin circular plates, adapted to the movements of the body, and drawn over all the limbs; so that, in whatever direction they wished to move, their armour allowed them free play by the close fitting of its joints."—(Lib. xvi. c. 10). Some of the Roman archers are also clad in plate-armour. The horses have saddles, or rather cloths, fastened by cords round the breast and under the tail. The Dacian horses are without armour; and those of the Germans, or some other allies, have neither saddle nor bridle. Here, too, we have an instance of the *Testudo*, formed by the soldiers adjusting their shields in such a manner as to form a compact mass over their backs; and here also we may observe a bridge of boats over a river, where the boats, being without rudders, are steered by an oar lashed to one side of the stern*.

* See Burton, Vol. I. 196.

M. Aurelius's column is more generally known by the name of Antonine's Pillar; but an inscription found near it proves it to belong to M. Aurelius, and the relievos are exclusively appropriated to his exploits. They are more defaced than those of Trajan's Pillar; the figures, too, are more prominent, more confused, and inferior in sculpture, in story, and instruction. "The most remarkable piece in Antonine's Pillar," says Addison, "is the figure of Jupiter Pluvius sending down rain on the fainting army of M. Aurelius and thunderbolts on his enemies, which is the greatest confirmation possible of the story of the Christian Legion*, and will be a standing evidence for it, when any passage in an old author may be supposed to be forged. The figure that Jupiter here makes among the clouds, puts me in mind of a passage in the Æneid, which gives just such another image of him. Virgil's interpreters are certainly to blame, who suppose it is nothing but the air which is here meant by Jupiter:"—

Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus hædis
Verberat imber humum, quàm multâ grandine nimbi
In vada præcipitant, quum Jupiter horridus austris
Torquet aquosam hiemem, et cælo cava nubila rumpit.—Æn. 9.

The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the showery kids arise;

* The heathens attributed the same miracle to the piety of the Emperor, that the Christians ascribed to the prayers of their Legion. Fulmen de cælo precibus suis contra hostium machinamentum Marcus extorsit, suis pluviâ impetratâ cùm siti laborarent.—*Jul. Capit.*

Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in hardened rain;
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.—DRYDEN.

TOMBS.—In taking a survey of the antiquities of Rome, it is curious to remark how the scale of buildings goes on gradually increasing, till at length they swell out into colossal magnificence, in the Golden House of Nero, the Amphitheatre of Vespasian, and the Baths of Caracalla. This remark applies also to the tombs: the same growing taste for magnificence and ostentation may be traced from those of the earlier days of the republic to that of Cæcilia Metella; whose proud mausoleum was built by Crassus, with walls twenty-feet thick, to secure the bones of one woman. Augustus carried this taste still further in his mausoleum; though he was at least social enough to admit, not only his relations, but his freedmen and all their families. The first who was buried here was Marcellus; and Virgil, who so pathetically laments his early death, makes also an allusion to the tomb itself:—

Quantos ille virûm magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus, vel quæ, Tiberine, videbis
Funera, *cùm tumulum præterlabere recentem.*—ÆN. vi. 873.

At last, Hadrian outdid all former efforts, and, in imitation and rivalry of the Augustan mausoleum, constructed, for his own exclusive accommodation, that enormous pile, of which the remains now form the castle of St.

Angelo, which has served for ages as the citadel of Rome*.

COLISEUM.—To that colossal taste, which gave such an unnatural expansion to most of the works of the empire, may we also refer the Coliseum:—

> Which, on its public shows, unpeopled Rome,
> And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb.

But here gigantic dimensions were excusable, because necessary; for though the amphitheatre was constructed with so much attention to convenience that hundreds could enter at once, and on so vast a scale that, according to some accounts, fifty thousand could find seats†, the space was still insufficient, and the crowd for the morning games began at midnight.

From certain marks of precipitancy discoverable in this ruin—such as the insertion, in the upper walls, of stones evidently dressed for another purpose—the gross inequality of some of the arcades—the neglect of the same level and form in the mouldings that run round the ellipse—and the licence observable in every order—it

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* All that remains of the Mausoleum of Augustus is now converted into an amphitheatre, for the occasional exhibition of bull-fights and fire-works.

† According to P. Victor, 87,000 persons could be accommodated with seats; and it seems probable that 20,000 more could have found places above. Maffei, however, could find room on the open seats for no more than 34,000.—(See *Verona Illust.*)

has been inferred that Vespasian and Titus burried the building, as if afraid that they should not live to see it completed. It has been objected, too, that the Doric has neither *triglyphs* nor *metopes*, and that its arch is too low for its columns; that the Ionic repeats the entablature of the Doric; that the third order is but a rough-cast of the Corinthian; and that the whole is crowned by a heavy Attic. Such are the objections brought against this fabric. But the Coliseum owes its effect to the grandeur of the whole rather than the perfection of the parts; faults may be discovered in the details, but its immensity awes us into admiration.

This amphitheatre is, like others, of an oval form. The outer wall consists of three tiers of arches, one above the other, with half-pillars between each: above is a fourth story containing windows instead of arches, with pilasters between them. As has been already hinted, the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders are successively employed in the three first stories; and these are crowned by the Attic. The fabric consists of three separate walls; the outer wall being the highest, the inner one the lowest, of the three. Such is the framework of the building. Between these walls there were two corridors running round the whole of the edifice, communicating with each other, and receiving light from the outside. In the outer wall were eighty arches forming the entrances, and opening into the first corridor; from thence the same number of arches conducted the spectators into the second, where, at intervals, they found staircases leading to

the seats. Besides these staircases, there were twenty others leading to the upper seats, immediately from the outer wall, where vestiges of a staircase are still distinguishable at every fourth arch. Owing to the facility afforded by these approaches, the immense multitudes that frequented the amphitheatre were enabled to enter and depart without crowding or confusion. The arches were all numbered on the outside from I. to LXXX.; but the only numbers now remaining are those from XXIII. to LIV., more than half the outer wall having fallen down. Between the numbers XXXVII. and XXXIX. is an arch somewhat wider than the rest, without either number or cornice; this, it is thought, served as the private entrance from the palace of Titus on the Esquiline. It is supposed that there were three other arches similar to this. On the coins which represent the amphitheatre, we may observe, on one side, a sort of projecting porch, which may perhaps have belonged to this entrance. On the opposite side, facing the Palatine Hill, was another similar porch; and a subterranean passage has been discovered, which seems to have formed a communication between the amphitheatre and the Imperial palace on that hill.

Of all the stone seats, which rose in regular succession from the arena, not a single step now remains. In this, as in every other building of the like kind, the spectators sat upon the bare benches. We learn, however, from Dio, that, in Caligula's time, an exception was made in favour of the senators:—"Cushions were then for the first time placed upon the senators' seats, that they might

not sit upon the bare stone: they were moreover permitted to wear Thessalian caps in the amphitheatre, to protect themselves from the sun."—(Lib. 59). From Juvenal we may infer that this privilege was afterwards extended to the knights:—

> . . . . . Exeat, inquit,
> Si pudor est, et de pulvino surgat *equestri*,
> Cujus res legi non sufficit.—SAT. iii. 154.

> "Up! up! Those cushioned benches," Lectius cries,
> "Are not for such as you: for shame! arise."—GIFFORD.

The stone seats reached only to the top of the third story. Above this were staircases leading to a gallery in the fourth story, where the lower orders stood; unless, indeed, we suppose that here also there was a series of wooden seats. From the remains of staircases, it is evident that many of the spectators must have found accommodation in this part of the building. Still higher up was an apparatus for covering the theatre with an awning, to protect the spectators from the sun and rain. The stones which project from the top of the Coliseum are supposed to have had some connection with this contrivance. Caligula, it seems, used occasionally to amuse himself by ordering the awning to be withdrawn, and thus exposing the people to the rays of a broiling sun; taking care, at the same time, to prevent any one from making his escape. In case of high winds, the awning was not available; and then the spectators provided themselves with parasols, as we learn from the following lines:—

Accipe quæ nimios vincant umbracula soles;
Sic licet et ventus, te tua vela tegent.
MART. Lib. xiv. Ep. 28.

In Pompeiano tectus spectabo Theatro,
Nam populo ventus vela negare solet.

Various statements have been given of the dimensions of the Flavian amphitheatre; but the most generally received is that which makes the circumference 1741 feet; the length 619; the width 513. The length of the arena is 300 feet, the width 190; the exterior approaching much nearer to a circle than the interior. The height of the building is stated at 179 feet; which, though considerable, seems hardly to warrant the strong expression of Ammianus, who, speaking of the Coliseum, calls it "a solid mass of stonework, to whose summit the human eye can scarcely reach."—(Lib. xvi. c. 10). As little will it justify the expression of Calpurnius, "that it almost reached the skies."—(Eclog. vii. 23).

The *arena*, or space where the shows were exhibited, derived its name from the *sand* with which, on account of the number of wild beasts slain there, it was found necessary to strew it. Hence the word was afterwards used, not unfrequently, to denote the amphitheatre itself, and a gladiator was sometimes called *arenarius*. The arena was surrounded by a wall (still nearly entire) carried to a height sufficient to prevent the wild beasts from leaping over it. On the top of this wall was a balustrade, called *podium*. The row of seats nearest to the podium was occupied by the more distinguished senators, the consuls, prætors, &c. On the lower rows of seats, too,

opposite to the prætors' bench, particular places were assigned to the vestals. Above the space thus appropriated, and denominated *orchestra*, were the fourteen rows of seats allotted to those of the equestrian order; and again, above these, on the uncovered benches, sat the unprivileged classes. Lipsius supposes the wall and podium to have been originally from ten to fifteen feet high. As a still further security against the wild beasts, strong nets were placed all round the podium; and wooden bars, which turned on their axes, were, with the same view, affixed to the top of it.

Besides the combats of wild beasts with gladiators, or of gladiators with each other—the usual exhibitions of the amphitheatre—sometimes condemned malefactors, and unoffending Christians, were here exposed defenceless to wild beasts.

Combats of wild beasts with human beings were exhibited as late as the sixth century, but the last fight of gladiators took place in the beginning of the fifth century. On that occasion, Telemachus, an Asiatic monk, who had undertaken a pilgrimage to Rome, for the express purpose of endeavouring to suppress these barbarous sports, rushed into the arena, in the hope of separating the combatants. The prætor Alypius, exasperated at this interruption of his favourite amusement, forthwith ordered the gladiators to put the intruder to death. From that time, however, Honorius abolished these gladiatorial combats; nor were they ever afterwards revived. Telemachus himself was ranked among the saints; but it is observed by Gibbon, "that no church has been raised,

nor shrine dedicated, to the only martyr who ever died in the cause of humanity."

From the prophecy of the pilgrims, (Quamdiù stabit Colysæus, &c.), recorded by the venerable Bede, who died in 735, the Coliseum is supposed to have been in a tolerable state of preservation as late as the beginning of the eighth century. Its destruction was probably accelerated, by its conversion, during the eleventh century, into the strong-hold of a Roman baron; when, as it has been not unaptly remarked, that very structure which had pampered the appetite of the old Romans for blood, became the instrument of oppression to their descendants.

"Happily for the Coliseum, the shape necessary for an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires and earthquakes, and lightnings, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire, till barbarians rent the consolidating ring*," and popes, instead of protecting it, contributed to widen the breach. When, at length, architecture began once more to be cultivated with success, the amphitheatre was an immense quarry at hand; and, considering the depredations that are said to have been committed upon it, it is wonderful that so much remains:—

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.—Byron.

* Forsyth.

It is admitted that the Palace of St. Mark, the Chancery, and the Farnese Palace, were built with materials taken from the Coliseum. And it is said that the Barberini Palace borrowed largely from the same source: hence the *concetto*—quod non fecerunt Barbari Romæ, fecit Barberini. At last, to ensure it against further dilapidation, it was consecrated by Benedict XIV.

Every nation has its vices, and cruelty seems to have been the vice of Rome. It is said, indeed, that the truly brave are never cruel; but to that assertion the Flavian amphitheatre gives the lie. "Here sat the conquerors of the world cooly to enjoy the tortures and the death of men who had never offended them*;" of men—

> Spared but to die, a public spectacle,
> In combat with each other, and required
> To fall with grace, with dignity—to sink,
> While life is gushing, and the plaudits ring
> Faint and yet fainter on their failing ear,
> As models for the sculptor.—ROGERS.

"Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in this Imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter,—

> Creando a se delizia
> E de le membra sparte,
> E de gli estremi aneliti,
> E del morir con arte.—PARINI

* Forsyth.

—and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming arena to a luxurious supper*.

"Such reflections on the use of the building," continues Forsyth, "check our regret for its ruin. As it now

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*When one gladiator wounded another, he shouted out "habet," *he has it.* The wounded gladiator dropped his weapon, and advancing towards the podium, sued for mercy; for the victor was not permitted to grant him his life without the approbation of the multitude. Their pleasure was signified by clenching the fingers of both hands together, and holding the thumbs upright and close to each other; or else by bending the thumbs back. The first of these, called *pollicem premere*, shewed the wish of the people to spare the life of the vanquished; the other, called *pollicem vertere*, was the signal to put him to death. This latter signal is thus alluded to by Juvenal:—

> . . . . . Et verso pollice vulgi
> Quemlibet occidunt populariter.—Sat. iii. 36.

> Where, influenced by the rabble's bloody will,
> With thumbs bent back they popularly kill.—Gifford.

"The emperor's presence," says Hobhouse, "generally saved the vanquished; and it is recorded as an instance of Caracalla's ferocity, that, in a spectacle at Nicomedia, he sent those, who supplicated him for life, to ask the people; in other words, handed them over to be slain. A similar ceremony is observed at the Spanish bull-fights. The magistrate presides; and after the horsemen and piccadores have fought the bull, the matadore steps forward and bows to him for permission to kill the animal. If the bull has done his duty by killing two or three horses, or a man, which last is rare, the people interfere with shouts, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, and the animal is saved. The wounds and death of the horses are accompanied with the loudest acclamations and many gestures of delight, especially from the female portion of the spectators, including those of the gentlest blood."—*See Notes to Canto* iv. *of Childe Harold.*

stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself: —decayed—vacant—serious—yet grand;—half grey and half green—erect on one side and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every cast; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray." "In contemplating antiquities," says Livy, "the mind itself becomes antique." It contracts a veneration for such objects; and in viewing this stupendous monument—"of which a mere bit of the bark, for that is all that remains of it, still excites our admiration*"—we can hardly help sympathizing with the superstitious enthusiasm that believed, "Quamdiù stabit Colysæus, stabit et Roma; quando cadet Colysæus, cadet et Roma; quando cadet Roma, cadet et mundus:"—

> While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls—the world!—Byron.

Circus of Romulus—The only circus sufficiently entire to shew what a circus was, is that which till lately was styled Caracalla's. An inscription, however, discovered in 1825, has now led antiquaries to assign it to Maxentius, who dedicated it to his son Romulus; whence the present appellation, Circo di Romolo.

Its shape and extent are still as well marked as ever.

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* Che genera ancor maraviglia con quel pezzo della corteccia che ne sussiste.—*Maffei Verona Illust.* p. iv. 24.

It was inclosed by two parallel walls which supported the seats of the spectators; the outer wall being considerably the higher of the two. From the inner to the outer wall a quadrantal arch was turned, and on this the seats rested. As, however, a considerable space would intervene between the upper rows of seats and the crown of the arch, it was necessary to fill this intermediate space with materials sufficiently strong to support the incumbent seats and the multitude. Had these materials all been solid, they would have borne too heavily on the summit of the arch, the part which, from its horizontal position, was least able to bear the pressure. Hence a number of spherical earthen pots were inserted, each of which, though empty, would of itself form an arch strong enough to support its share of the incumbent weight, and thus render the whole mass much less ponderous. The length of this circus is 1678 feet, the width 435; and it is supposed to have been capable of containing 20,000 spectators.

From these remains we find that the circus of the Romans was of an oblong form, slightly curved at one end, and rounded at the other. At the straighter end were thirteen openings, or *ostia*, of which that in the centre, where the chariots entered, was the widest. The six openings, on each side of this wider one, were called *carceres;* and here the cars stood previous to the start. The *spina*—or backbone of the circus—round which the chariots ran, keeping it always on the left hand, was a long brick wall four feet in height, and, at the end next the *carceres*, twelve feet in width; becoming somewhat

narrower towards the rounded extremity. At each end of the *spina* was a *meta*, round which the chariots turned; the object being to approach as near to them as possible without touching—a task, of which the difficulty seems to be glanced at in the "Metaque fervidis evitata rotis" of Horace. In the circus of Romulus, the *spina* does not approach so near to the straight as to the rounded end*; nor does it run exactly up the middle of the circus; for it is three-and-thirty feet nearer to the left than to the right side. The reason appears to be this: at the start, the cars would have the *spina* on the left, and as, at the time of reaching the first *meta*, they might be expected to be nearly all abreast, it was of more consequence that they should have room enough to pass each other there than at any other part of the course; since, before they turned the second *meta*, some of them would probably be distanced.

At first the *metæ* were of wood, but Claudius afterwards caused them to be made of marble, and gilt. They were shaped like a cone, or, as Ovid expresses it, like a cypress:—"Metas imitata cupressus." From some ancient representations that have come down to us, the *meta* seems in reality to have been three cones compressed together, each retaining a separate apex, and the whole being surmounted by a small oval ornament. Under the *meta* nearest to the carceres, denominated *murcia*, was a little round temple, sacred to the god Consus, to whom

* The spina begins at about 520 feet from the straighter extremity, and ends at about 170 feet from the other.

Romulus dedicated the games at which the Sabine women were carried off. Some remains of such a temple exist in this circus.

The term *oppidum* was applied to that part of the circus where the carceres were situated; probably because of the two turrets which crowned its extremities. The *repagula*—or barriers in front of the *carceres*—to judge from an old relievo preserved in the Farnese Palace, were a sort of folding-doors; and, like them, were made to turn upon their hinges, as we may gather from these lines of Ovid:—

> Utque fores nondum versati cardinis acer
> Nunc pede, nunc ipsa fronte, lacessit equus.—Trist. v. 9, 29.

These *repagula*, as we learn from Dionysius, were all thrown open at once. On each side of the circus, in front of the *carceres*, stood a figure of Mercury holding a rope. Till the games began this rope lay loose upon the ground, and the spectators were permitted to range uncontrolled over the whole area of the circus. The raising and tightening of the rope was the signal for them to retire. This also we gather from the following lines of Ovid:—

> Quid frustra refugis? Cogit nos linea jungi:
> Hæc ex lege loci commoda circus habet.—Amor. L. iii. El. 2.

When the rope was again slackened, the carceres were thrown open and the race commenced.

To the person at whose expense the games were given, a seat was assigned over the central entrance; from

whence also the signal was made for the start. Originally torches were made use of for this purpose. At first it was the business of the consul, or, in his absence, of the prætor, to give the signal; but, under the emperors, it became exclusively the prætor's office. It is said that once, when the people were grown clamorous at the delay, Nero, who happened to be at table at the time, hastily threw his napkin from the balcony of the imperial palace into the Circus Maximus below, and that this afterwards became the established signal. Hence the expression "spectacula mappæ," applied by Juvenal to the games themselves.

The drivers were distinguished by different colours. At first the white and the red were the only colours employed; afterwards, the green and the blue were added; and from these four colours the different factions which divided the city took the names of *Albata*, *Russata*, *Prasina**, and *Veneta*. Two more, the *Aurata*, and *Purpurea*, were subsequently added by Domitian. One car started for each faction; thus, though there were twelve carceres, only six cars started together, and, till Domitian's time, only four. In the number of their carceres, the Romans seem to have copied from the Greeks, though they differed from that people in the use of them; for it is certain that, at Rome, the same six carceres—those

* The emperors, it seems, had their favourite factions; and Caligula appears to have taken a fancy to the green:—Prasinæ factioni ita addictus et deditus, ut cœnaret in stabulo assiduè, et maneret. (Suet. Vit. Calig.)

which had the central entrance, or *Janua Magistratuum*, on the left hand—were always used. As, during the race, the cars kept the spina on their left, these six carceres must evidently have been the most advantageous stations; and of these six, the one nearest to the *Janua Magistratuum* was the favourite, and was called the first. Lots were drawn for the respective places; and the car which took the first place was called *Summa*, that which took the sixth, *Ima*.

At the Olympic games the cars went twelve, in those of the Roman Circus, only seven, times round the course: indeed, as there was a meta at each extremity of the spina, it has been doubted whether each meta was passed seven times, or whether only seven metæ were to be passed during the race. From the phrase—"replicantes gyros septem"—which Arnobius uses (Lib. iii. p. 245), when speaking upon this subject—it seems probable that the cars actually went seven times round the course. That which first reached the *meta* nearest to the carceres, or rather that which first reached a white line traced in chalk upon the ground, and extending from one side of the circus to the other, won the race. As the race began on the left of the spina and ended on the right, this line, which crossed the circus between the carceres and the first meta, would naturally serve to mark the place of starting, and to determine the winning chariot. To each of these purposes the line was applied, and each gave rise to proverbial expressions. *A lineâ* became a common phrase for the commencement of any undertaking; and the poets will supply us with

frequent instances where the *ultima linea rerum* denotes its consummation. The terms *calx* and *creta* were also used in this latter sense, and that, because, as Pliny tells us, the line was marked out with chalk:—"The commonest kind of chalk is that with which the line is drawn across the circus to mark the winning chariot."—Lib. xxxv. c. 58). Hence, too, may we understand how it happened that meta and creta became convertible terms, some manuscripts adopting the former, others the latter expression; for though the chalk line was not actually the same thing as the meta or goal, yet it was close to it, and answered the same purpose, serving, as we have seen, to determine the victorious chariot. The name applied to the interval between the carceres and the nearest meta, if, as has been supposed, that interval was really called *spatium*, may serve to illustrate a passage in Virgil's first Georgic:—

> Ut cum carceribus sese effudere quadrigæ,
> Addunt se in *spatia*.—GEORG. i. 512.

Each race, where six chariots contended for the prize, was called *Missus;* and, at first, as many as twenty-five of these were run in the course of the day. The last race, the expense of which was defrayed by subcription, was called *Ærarius;* but as this was subsequently discontinued, the number of races run in one day was ultimately reduced to twenty-four. Two pillars, connected by an entablature, were erected at each end of the *spina.* One pair of these pillars was surmounted by seven gilt balls, shaped like eggs, one of which was removed every time the cars reached the end of the

course; so that the spectators could always tell how often they had gone round. The eggs were held sacred to Castor and Pollux. Figures of dolphins, placed on the other pair of pillars, also answered the same purpose. Juvenal thus alludes to them:—

Consulit ante falas Delphinorumque columnas.—Sat. vi. 589.

Sometimes two, sometimes three, but most commonly four horses were yoked to the car. Augustus introduced six, and, at the Olympic games, Nero is said to have driven as many as ten*. At first the charioteers were slaves, freedmen, or strangers; but afterwards patricians, and emperors themselves, were seen contending for the prize.

At the end of the race, the victor ascended the *spina* by a flight of steps, and received the prize, which consisted either of a sum of money, a chaplet, or a branch of the palm-tree. At the rounded end of the circus was supposed to have been the Porta Triumphalis, by which the victor sallied forth at the termination of the games. Some doubt, however, has arisen upon this point, in consequence of an excavation, in the Circus of Romulus, which has brought to light seven steps leading up to what was called the Porta Triumphalis†.

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* Elephants, camels, stags, dogs, tigers, and lions were also yoked to the cars. (Suet. in Nerone). Sometimes horses ran singly; and we read of *Equi Desultorii*, where the rider had to manage two horses, and shewed his address in leaping from one to the other.

† For a more detailed account of the Roman circus, and of the circus-games, the reader is referred to Burton's Description of Rome.

The amusements of the circus were by no means confined to chariot races. We find mention, in ancient authors, of seven other kinds of sport—processions, gymnastics, ludus Trojæ, the hunting of wild beasts, combats of horse and foot, naumachiæ, and sometimes dramatic exhibitions.

Annexed to the circus is a spacious court with a round edifice in the middle, called the *Scuderie del Circo di Romolo*, from a supposition that the court was divided into stables for the horses that were entered for the circus games, and that the central building served as a stand for the cars. Forsyth rather supposes it to be a *Serapeon;* for whatever constituted a serapeon is to be found here—a rectangular court—one narrow entrance—a portico within—a round temple in the middle—and, under that, a subterranean cell necessary to the Egyptian mysteries. And in confirmation of this hypothesis, he brings forward Rufus and Victor, who place the temple of Serapis and Isis in this very region, and point very near to this spot*.

Theatre of Marcellus.—These remains present the only existing vestiges of the theatres of ancient Rome. Like the Coliseum, the Theatre of Marcellus is supposed to have consisted of four stories, but the two upper stories are entirely gone, and the lower one is half buried beneath the soil. This last is of the Doric order, and it

* Apud rivulum Almonem, Serapidis et Isidis ædem—qui interfluit Egeriam vallem, et vergit in Appiam viam.

is observable that the pillars are without bases. They are, indeed, specimens of that "tall and effeminate Doric" usually found at Rome; for there the Doric column is about seven diameters and a half; whereas at Athens its greatest height is but six diameters, at Pæstum four and a half, at Corinth only four. The Ionic of the second order is considered too clumsy for its entablature. The third and fourth stories were probably of the Corinthian order, as in the Coliseum. A palace, or what is called a palace, has been erected on these remains.

The Portico of Octavia, another of the works of Augustus, served as an appendage to the Theatre of Marcellus. Here the people used to while away the time before the play began, and here they found shelter when driven from the theatre by sudden storms.

The Portico consisted of a double file of marble pillars, inclosing a large oblong space; and though accessible at every intercolumniation, it had also two grand entrances at the narrower ends. This double colonnade, as is hinted above, was roofed in for the convenience of those who frequented the theatre. In the open space in the centre stood the temples of Jupiter and Juno, the first in Rome that were ever built of marble. Pliny relates that the statue of Jupiter was, by mistake, placed in the temple of Juno, and that of Juno in the temple of Jupiter; and that the superstitious people conceiving the blunder of the porters to be the will of the gods, durst not remove them.

The remains of this structure consist of a small part of one of the ancient entrances, in which may be traced four pillars of the Corinthian order, and three pilasters of white marble, half buried by modern brick walls. These, with a part of the ancient pediment, are the sole remains of the Portico of Octavia—and the stench of a Roman fish-market renders these scarcely accessible.

Baths.—The Baths and Palace of Titus were the first gallery of ancient painting restored to the world; for here it was that, in the time of Raphael, not only the group of the Laocoön was discovered, but several subterranean chambers also, containing some very beautiful specimens of painted ceilings, in excellent preservation. From these paintings, as the story goes, Raphael borrowed all he could for his own designs in the Vatican, and then caused the ruins to be filled up again. The story, however, is not only at variance with the known candour and ingenuousness of Raphael's character, but seems to carry absurdity on the face of it. We may well suppose, that when such a discovery was made as that of the chambers in the Palace of Titus, thousands would be led by curiosity to examine them. "Such, indeed," observes Burton, "is the express testimony of Gianbattista Armeni, a writer of that day, who says, that all Rome ran in crowds to see the ornaments in stucco and painting, which presented such singular varieties. All these persons would have seen the Arabesques; they must have formed the principal attraction of the place. Owing to their great height, Raphael could not have

copied them without scaffolding and without lights; so that it seems impossible that he could have conceived the idea of transferring these designs to the Vatican, and keeping the originals unknown. Besides, it is certain, from Giulio Mancini's work on painting, that the baths were open in the time of Urban VIII., who reigned in 1623-44, as well as in the time of Flaminius Vacca, who wrote in 1594."— Considerable excavations were made in the year 1777, but the chief merit is due to the French, who, towards the close of the last century, set about the work in good earnest; and it is to them we owe the interesting discoveries that have been made since that time.

The colours of the paintings on these ceilings are, in some instances, still fresh enough to convey the whole subject of the picture; but, in most cases, the paintings have been injured by the dampness of the vaults, or the water oozing down from the incumbent gardens, and more especially by the smoke of the torches made use of by the *Ciceroni.* They consist chiefly of arabesques— a style of decoration considered among the ancients as a sign that art was on the decline, when, instead of historical subjects, painters took to drawing fanciful objects on the walls. Vitruvius, who seems to have entertained this opinion, has left us a curious description of arabesque painting*. The term *Arabesque* is said to have been

* Pinguntur tectoriis monstra potius quam ex rebus finitis imagines certæ. Pro columnis enim statuuntur calami, pro fastigiis harpaginetuli striati cum crispis foliis et volutis. Item candelabra ædi-

applied to this kind of ornamental painting by the Arabs. The Italians style it *Grottesca*, in allusion to the subterranean places where the ancient specimens of it were discovered.

The larger paintings, of which there are but few, have sustained greater injury than the arabesques. Mars and Rhea Silvia, it is said, form the subject of one, and Coriolanus of another; but Winckelmann is of a different opinion. The ground of the pictures is generally a rich dark red. At the end of one of the rooms is a sort of architectural design, which has attracted particular notice, as tending to prove that the Romans were not so ignorant of linear perspective as has generally been imagined.

The baths seem to have been fitted up in the most costly style—that which was at first merely designed to promote health becoming afterwards an object of luxury and magnificence. Traces of Mosaic pavement are still distinguishable; and the sides were lined with marble to the height of about ten feet, probably to prevent the painted walls from being injured by the splashing of the water.

A portion of these ruins, called the *Sette Sale*, evidently appears from its construction to have been a reservoir.

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cularum sustinentia figuras supra fastigia earum surgentes ex radicibus, cum volutis coliculi teneri plures, habentes in se sine ratione sedentia sigilla, alia humanis alia bestiarum capitibus similia. Hæc autem nec sunt, nec fieri possunt, nec fuerunt. Ergo ita novi mores coegerunt, uti inertia mali judices conniveant artium virtutes.—(Lib. vii. c. 5.)

It received its name, according to some, from the circumstance of only seven divisions having been cleared in the first instance, though there are in all nine; according to others, from the ancient designation of the spot where it is situated, *Septisolium.*

The famous Nozze Aldobrandini, now in the Vatican, was found in the baths of Titus. It is supposed to represent the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, and derived its name from the Aldobrandini gallery to which it originally belonged.

THE BATHS OF CARACALLA, next to the Coliseum, present the most striking proof of the grandeur of ancient Rome*. From what is left, we may form some notion of the splendid *Cella Solearis*, of which Spartian has given us such a superb description. The architects of his time, he says, were unable to explain the scientific construction of its ceiling. "Cellam Solearem architecti negant posse ullâ imitatione, quâ facta est, fieri."—(Spartian. in Antonin. Caracall.) The ceiling, which was flat, is supposed to have consisted of a framing of brass lattice-work, which, from its resemblance to the interlac-

* The length of the whole is said to be one thousand eight hundred and forty feet, the width one thousand four hundred and seventy-six. The room which passes for the Cella Solearis is two hundred and three feet long, by one hundred and forty-six in width. It contained, as may still be seen, nine entrances for water, which formed an immense basin: the lower part of the walls was cased with water-proof mastic, called *Opus Signinum.*

ing of a sandal latchet, gave to the apartment the name of the Cella Solearis. While the lower orders mixed in the same baths, rooms were fitted up for the more fastidious, with bathing vessels of granite, porphyry, and basalt; many of which may still be seen in the Vatican. These costly vessels were called Labra, and independent of these there were no less than 1600 cellæ or common baths. There was, in addition to all this, every luxury and convenience that could minister to the gratification of the people—theatres, promenades, gymnasia, libraries, and magnificent porticos to protect them from the sun and rain.

The water was heated by means of a large hypocaustum or stove. At a stated hour in the evening, it was customary to ring a bell, to give intimation that the water was warm and the baths ready. They who bathed at any other time were obliged to content themselves with cold water. Hence the following line of Martial:—

Redde pilam—sonat æs thermarum: ludere pergis?

Such were the baths, or rather the *thermæ* of the Romans*; for the baths did not include the same superb

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* Lucilius gives us, in the following passage, a formidable catalogue of the operations a polite Roman underwent, even at that period, before he had finished his toilet:—

Scabor, suppilor, desquamor, pumicor, ornor,
Expolior, pingor.

"I scratch myself, pluck out my superfluous hairs, rub off my scurf, pumice my skin, decorate, polish, and paint myself."

establishments as the thermæ, which have been well described as "Lavacra in modum provinciarum exstructa." —(A. Marcellin. Lib. xvi. c. 10).

It was in the baths of Caracalla that some of the finest pieces of sculpture were discovered—the famous Torso of the Vatican, the Farnese Hercules, the Flora, the Callypygian Venus, and the group of Dirce and Amphion, known by the name of the Toro Farnese.

Baths of Diocletian.—Some idea may be formed of the vast extent of Diocletian's baths, by considering the church of S. Bernardo as one of four round towers which stood at the angles. The whole establishment must have occupied a space of at least four hundred yards square. The round structures, whether *balneæ* or *exhedræ*, are still sufficiently entire to serve for churches and granaries. But the ground being partly built over, and partly taken up by roads and vineyards, the general plan is less obvious than that of Caracalla's ruins.

All the other baths have been entirely stripped of their magnificent columns; but the great hall of these—the Pinacotheca as it is called—has been converted into a church by M. Angelo; and the superb granite pillars, each consisting of a single block, forty-three feet in height, still remain as they stood in the days of Diocletian, supporting a rich and well-preserved entablature. This church—known by the name of S. Maria degli Angioli—is in the form of the Greek cross, a form so

much more favourable than the Latin for displaying the whole interior of the building at one view. Hence, they who object to the plan of St. Peter's, adduce this structure as an instance of what St. Peter's might have been, had M. Angelo's plan of the Greek cross been adopted.

"These baths," says Forsyth, "co-existing with others of equal extent, will appear too extravagantly large even for 'the most high and palmy state of Rome,' until we reflect on the various exercises connected with the bath, on the habits of the people, the heat of the climate, the rarity of linen, and the cheapness of bathing, which brought hither the whole population of the city."

Bridges.—To this period may we refer the Ponte S. Angelo and the Ponte Sisto. The former of these, consisting of five arches, was built by the Emperor Hadrian, and thence called Pons Ælius, or Pons Hadriani. Its present name it derives from the Castle of S. Angelo, near which it stands. Having sustained some injury from the crowds assembled on it at the celebration of the Jubilee of 1450, it was widened and improved by Nicholas V.; it was again repaired by Clement IX., under whom Bernini added the balustrade and statues, which still decorate it.

Ponte Sisto.—This bridge, consisting of four arches, was formerly called Pons Janiculensis, from its proximity to the Janiculan Hill. Its date is not exactly known: some ascribe it to Trajan, others to Antoninus Pius. An inscription given by Nardini records its repair by

Hadrian. In 1474 it underwent some further reparations by Sixtus IV., to whom it owes its present name*.

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* The two bridges which connect the island in the Tiber with the city—the one called Quattro Capi, from the four heads of Janus formerly placed upon it; the other, Ponte di S. Bartolommeo, from the neighbouring church—were built during the republic. The former was built in the year of Rome 692 by L. Fabricius, and thence styled Pons Fabricius. It is mentioned by Horace:—

Atque a Fabricio non tristem ponte reverti.—SAT. L. ii. 3, 36.

The latter, originally called Pons Cestius, was erected by a person of the name of Cestius, of whom, however, nothing further is known. The Pons Palatinus or Senatorius—the first stone bridge ever built in Rome—is also a work of the republic. It derives its modern name of Ponte Rotto from the destruction of two of its arches by a great flood in the year 1598. It is still used by foot passengers; a continuation having been made of wood.

Some remains of the Pons Triumphalis and of the Pons Sublicius may still be seen occasionally when the Tiber is low.

## WORKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Raphaël a dit que Rome moderne étoit presqu'en entier bâtie avec les débris de Rome ancienne; et il est certain qu'on n'y peut faire un pas sans être frappé de quelques restes de l'antiquité.—CORINNE.

THE oblong churches, called basilicas, so numerous in Italy, appear to be constructed on the model of those old Roman *basilicæ*, where causes were heard, ambassadors received, and various kinds of public business transacted. Their form was oblong; and in the middle was an open space called *testudo*. This inner space was surrounded by colonnades, consisting of one or more rows of pillars, forming a sort of side aisles, termed *porticus*. The testudo ended in a curve, to which, as causes were heard there, the name *tribunal* was applied. Hence the term *tribune*, still applied to that end of the Roman churches which is behind the grand altar, and which in the oldest structures still retains the curved form. *Chalcidica*, a sort of transepts, were sometimes added*.

* These transepts, however, seem not to have produced the form of the Latin cross, but to have been added at the extremity of the building; for Baptista Albertus says, "they joined these two (the Testudo and the Chalcidicum) so as to form a resemblance to the letter T." The old Basilica of St. Peter was exactly of this form. It is not improbable, that in the Christian Basilicæ the transepts were moved lower down in the building, in order to assimilate it to the form of the cross. The Italians always call the transept *Crociata*, and by those who write in Latin its designation is *Crux*.

A specimen of the old basilica may still be seen at Pompeii in an almost perfect state. "Its length," says Blunt, "is about two hundred and eight feet; its breadth eighty-three. It is divided into a nave and two side aisles (of which the nave is the widest) by two rows of columns, twelve in each row, running longitudinally. The great entrance corresponds with the western door in modern churches, in addition to which are two smaller side-doors. At the further extremity is an elevated tribunal (anciently called βημα), from which the magistrates dispensed justice, and which has been succeeded in the present places of worship by the altar; a circumstance proved not simply by the identity of their situations, but by the fact that the very same word βημα was long used by Christian writers to express the chancel in general, and in particular the bishop's chair, placed near the altar. (Vide Bingham, Vol. iii. 186). It is needless to observe how exactly this description accords with the modern oblong church."

The plan of these basilicas is less complex than that of most other churches, whether Gothic or modern. The aisles are divided by single columns; the side altars are not closeted off; and both the design and the dimensions may be comprehended at the first glance. The objection, however, justly urged against them is, that their plan is too large for the elevation, that it is too wide for the thickness of their walls and columns, as well as too economical in the supports. "Had the height of the columns," observes Forsyth, "determined that of the

pile, the whole would have been disproportionately low and dark. To obviate this fault, the entablature due to a colonnade was suppressed, arches rose above the shafts, and high walls and windows above the arches. But where columns stand so close, the arch must be pitifully small; the walls piled above this slender support make the nave too lofty for the aisles; the front also suffers from this disproportion, and looks in some basilicas like an old church set upon a modern house."

St. John Lateran is said to have been originally built by Constantine in the precincts of his own palace, and to have formed part of the rich endowment of which Dante so much laments the consequences:—

> Ahi Constantin! di quanto mal fu madre
> Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote,
> Che da te prese il primo ricco padre!

Constantine's work, however, having been destroyed by fire in the beginning of the fourteenth century, Clement V. began a new church on the site of the old one, and various popes contributed to its embellishment down to Sixtus V., who added the great portico where stands the colossal statue of Constantine, found in his baths. This portico, like the one at St. Peter's, does not project from the building; and the whole façade of the Lateran, like that of the Vatican basilica, betrays, though in a still greater degree, that love of ornament, and that tendency to run into a multiplicity of details, which form the besetting sin of the Italian architects. "Every niche holds

a prophet; and a new band of white saints and apostles besieges the front of this unfortunate pile:"—

> . . . . Egregias Lateranorum obsidet ædes
> Tota cohors.—Juv. Sat. 10.

The interior is divided into a nave and four aisles by rows of pilasters, in which are said to be concealed the columns of the old basilica, now become too weak to support the load of additions. The two bronze columns at the altar of the Holy Sacrament in the north transept, are supposed to be the very same that were formed out of the rostra of the gallies taken at the battle of Actium; and to which Virgil is thought to allude in his third Georgic:—

> . . . . Navali surgentes ære columnæ.—ver. 29.

A chapel in this basilica, known by the name of the Corsini chapel, is one of the richest in Rome, and is admired both for its architecture and its sculptured decorations.

The adjoining Baptistery—an octangular edifice, decorated with a number of ancient columns—is also attributed to Constantine. Palladio, however, thought it a building of much more recent date, made up of the spoils of antiquity. They who refer it to the age of Constantine adduce the font—which is sunk below the pavement, and large enough for the total immersion of adults—as a proof that it must have been built when converts *went down* in crowds to be baptized.

The church of S. Stefano Rotondo, said by

Desgodetz to have been built in the reign of Claudius, is by others referred to the fifth century. The windows of this building—which is of a circular form, with two concentric rows of pillars—are thought to bear some affinity to those of our own Gothic churches. "So admirable," observes Forsyth, "is the effect of insulated columns and of a circular plan, that all the barbarisms of that ambiguous temple, or church, or bath, or market-place, called S. Stefano Rotondo, cannot defeat it. Those ill-set and ill-assorted columns, that hideous well in the roof, that tower of Babel in the middle, that slaughter-house of saints painted round the wall; all those are disarmed, and lose the power of disgusting; for the very plan alone fascinates the mind with the full perception of unity, of a whole varied, but not concealed; while the two circles of the peristyles change their combinations at every step, and the shadows projected from one luminous orb play fancifully on the pavement."

S. Constantia's is another round and ambiguous church, or baptistery, or temple, or mausoleum; where a circle of coupled columns produces, but in a less degree, the effect for which the S. Stefano Rotondo is so much admired.

S. Lorenzo, though referred to the age of Constantine, has been too often restored to enable us to decide how much of the original edifice remains. The two *ambones*, or marble pulpits of the nave, may, how-

ever, be reckoned among the proofs of the antiquity of this structure; such appendages being found only in the oldest of the Roman churches. From the one on the south side of the nave was read the epistle, from the other the gospel—the order still observed in our own churches, when two clergymen officiate at the communion table. "Originally," says Burton, "there seems to have been but one *ambo*, in which were two steps: from the higher step was read the gospel, from the lower the epistle*. In Italy the different sides of the church are frequently distinguished in this manner; and instead of speaking of the south or north side, they say the epistle or the gospel side." Indeed, as the chancel, in several of these basilicas, has a western direction, the other mode of distinguishing them could not be adopted.

ST. CLEMENT, S. AGNESE, S. MARIA IN TRASTEVERE, are all of them referable to this early period. The first of these, which passes for one of the oldest churches in Rome, is, if we may believe an inscription contained in it, the only one that rigidly preserves the form of the ancient basilica. With the exception, however, of a marble inclosure round the altar, copied from the cella of ancient temples, many others bear a strong resemblance to it. In fact, the three churches above mentioned, as well as S. Lorenzo, may all be said, in great measure, to retain their basilical forms. The

* Vid. Ducange, who derives the word from *αναβαινω*.

columns which separate their aisles are in some cases interesting, not only for their antiquity, but as tending to shew us the caprices of ancient architecture; such as flutings within flutings on the shafts, Jupiters carved on the *abacus*, and lizards and frogs in the volutes*.

S. Croce, S. Maria Maggiore, and others of equal antiquity, have undergone such frequent repairs, that we can no longer judge of their original forms. With regard to the latter, Burton has well observed, that "a building of these dimensions in stone must always command some degree of admiration; but the great difference between the simple architecture of ancient Greece, and the overloaded alterations introduced by modern Italy, is this, that the former does not always forcibly strike the eye at the first view, and sometimes even conveys an idea of heaviness; but every succeeding examination discloses new beauties; the eye is never weary of contemplating it, and a perfect recollection of its parts remains upon the memory. The case is very different with such buildings as

* To the right, on walking up the nave of S. Lorenzo, is an Ionic column, with a frog and a lizard sculptured on the capital, supposed by Winckelmann to be the very column which Pliny tells us was so marked by the two Spartan architects, Batracus and Saurus, to perpetuate their names;— if so, this pillar must have been brought from the temple of Jupiter, in the Portico of Octavia: Pliny says, the frog and lizard were placed in the folds of the pillars—in columnarum spiris. Winckelmann interprets this to mean the volutes.

S. Maria Maggiore; at the first approach a great idea of grandeur is raised by such a prodigious edifice; the multitude of parts into which it is divided, and the variety of ornaments, furnish the eye with such a rapid succession of objects for a few minutes, that there is no room for any feeling but that of admiration; but this very abundance of ornament soon destroys the effect which it had itself raised: for impressions to be lasting, there must be an unity and a distinctness in them: whatever distracts the attention, prevents the mind from enjoying pleasure; and whenever we have no definite idea of an object we have seen, it is impossible we can be anxious to repeat the contemplation of it. Few persons, who have made a single visit to Pæstum, would be unable to give a rough sketch of the temples: after residing some months in Rome, who could draw from memory the front of S. Maria Maggiore?"

The interior of this church owes all its beauty to its Ionic columns, which are supposed to have belonged to the temple of Juno Lucina. The roof of the nave is tawdry, flat, and low; and the line of the colonnades is broken by arches opening into lateral chapels of rival magnificence. The splendour of that of Sixtus V. is eclipsed by the opposite Borghese chapel; but, to make amends, the former contains the tomb in which lies the body of Sixtus himself, still undecayed, and working mighty miracles.

Opposite one of the fronts of this church is a solitary marble column brought hither from the temple of Peace:

opposite the other is an Egyptian obelisk which once stood before the mausoleum of Augustus.

THE CATACOMBS, though excavated during the empire as quarries of tufo, yet, as they afforded the primitive Christians a burial place for their dead, and a safe retreat from persecution, may be looked upon as a species of habitation referable to this period. Of these catacombs, the number of which is very great, the largest, and once the richest of all, are those of St. Sebastian's, which are said to extend as far as Ostia, a distance of sixteen miles. Baronius gives the following description of the catacombs of Priscilla, discovered in his time near the Via Latina—a description applicable, in the main, to most others. "It was quite a subterranean city; at the entrance was a principal street wider than the rest, and on each side were several other streets, which again branched off into lanes and alleys. There were forums, as in cities, and more open spaces for religious meetings, which were ornamented with pictures of saints, and apertures for light." However apocryphal we may deem the tales still current as to the myriads of martyrs buried here, yet we may, with Burton, "pardon a little superstition in others, and indulge a little veneration ourselves for that spot, which preserved the early professors of our religion, and perhaps our religion itself from destruction."

## MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

Cet art né de la necessité, et perfectionné par le luxe, l'Architecture, qui s'étant elevé par degres des chaumières aux palais, n'est aux yeux du Philosophe, si l'on peut parler ainsi, que le masque embelli d'un de nos plus grands besoins.—DISCOURS PRELIMINAIRE DE L'ENCYCLOPEDIE.

MOST travellers have expressed their surprise at the degenerate architecture of Rome, a city containing so many remains of ancient taste, and among them the Pantheon. It is generally admitted that the grand objects of invention in this art, if it may be so called, have long since been anticipated; that the constitutive parts and proportions are already fixed; and that modern artists must of necessity be content to be copyists. But the objection brought against them is, that being ambitious to invent, or at least to conceal what they borrow, they are too apt to seek in change or transposition of the different members, or in excess of ornament, that effect which the ancients found in grandeur of design and simplicity of plan. Generally speaking, they have been condemned, not for copying, but for copying injudiciously. The principle of imitation has been admitted; it is the abuse of it only that has been censured.

Of late years, however, an attempt has been made to subvert the authority of example, by shewing that the ancients themselves have been guilty of grievous faults.

Thus, says the objector*, to make the façade of a temple consist of two orders of columns, while the interior consists but of one—the cornice above the lower order leading us to expect a similar member in the interior, which, however, we do not find there—this is making the building convict itself of falsehood. And yet, with still greater reason may we censure the introduction of a cornice in the interior of an edifice, that is to say, under cover; for the proper office of a cornice is to throw off the wet, and thus protect the walls and the pillars on which the cornice rests. In like manner, pediments over doors or windows ought, under similar circumstances, to be avoided, as altogether useless. These also are made to shelter the occupants, or those who frequent the house, from the rain and snow; and hence, to admit them under cover is much the same as if a man were to make use of a parasol while standing in the shade. In short, nothing should be done merely for the sake of ornament; and, in the eyes of our philosopher, the only parts of a building which possess beauty, are those which also possess utility.

Perhaps, as Algarotti remarks, this is pushing the principle of utility further than it will fairly go; and vainly attempting to make art more perfect than Nature herself; for "though Nature does nothing in vain, or without sufficient cause; yet as, among animals, she has given nipples to the male, and as, among the feathered race, she has furnished the heads of various birds with

* Fra Lodoli. See Algarotti's Saggio sopra l'Architettura.

plumes, and done other things of the like kind, which have no apparent use whatever, she seems to have sometimes taken pleasure in what is merely ornamental. At the same time, however rigorous our philosopher's principles may appear, we are nevertheless forced to acknowledge that, thus far, he does not depart much from the *practice* of the best architects. In the cornice in the interior of S. Andrea di Pontemolle, Vignola dispensed with the *gocciolatojo* and the frieze, leaving only the architrave, for the springing of the vaulted roof. Palladio never employed two orders, one above another, in the façades of his churches, but always took care to construct them in such a manner that the spectator might read the plan of the interior on the front itself. In that chapter of his writings which treats 'of Abuses,' the same individual is very severe on those, who, for the sake of imparting to their works somewhat more of the beautiful or the picturesque, scrupled not to transgress the strict rules of the art; those who, as Vasari phrases it, 'looked to gracefulness of effect, more than to the square and the rule.' "

But the matter does not rest here. From these premises the objector drew this most astounding conclusion —that we may safely censure, not merely this or that particular part, but at once condemn every structure whether ancient or modern, such more especially as have the greatest reputation for beauty, and are most frequently referred to as models of the art. "These buildings," says he, "are of stone, and yet, to judge from their construction, you would fancy they were of wood:

the columns represent so many beams, placed vertically, to support the building; the cornice represents the projection of the roof; and to such a pitch has the abuse been carried, that these stone edifices are reckoned the more beautiful, the more their different parts and members have the appearance of being composed of wood."

The objection here started may be pronounced to be rather plausible than real. At any rate, the error, if error it must be called, of giving even to stone buildings the appearance of being constructed of wood, was a very natural one. In the first instance, men would naturally make use of the trees of the forest to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather; and, by degrees, they would as naturally bethink themselves of applying the trunks of these trees to the construction of a sort of rude cabin or hut; and the same mode of construction, once adopted, would afterwards be continued in buildings of a nobler character. Hence the probability of Algarotti's theory:—"That, from those portions of the trunks of trees, from those beams, which, in the first instance, were fixed vertically in the ground for the purpose of supporting a covering to serve as a retreat from the sun and rain, originated the isolated columns which we now-a-days see supporting the noblest porticos. And as the tree is larger at the base, and diminishes gradually towards the top, so is it also with the column; which, in the structures of ancient Greece, as well as in many of those of Rome, has the appearance of a truncated cone. At first, these beams were fixed immediately in the ground; of which we have yet a represen-

tation in the Doric pillar without base. It was soon found, however, that this plan was attended with two inconveniences; not only did the superincumbent weight sink the beams too deep into the ground, but the humidity of the soil caused them to rot. To remedy both these evils, one or more pieces of plank were placed under each beam, by which means it was at once prevented from sinking too deep into the ground, and protected from the effects of damp. In like manner, the capital represents so many pieces of plank piled one above another on the top of the beam; these gradually increasing in size from the shaft itself, and terminating in the abacus, on which rests the architrave. And as the base forms a foot to the pillar, to enable it to stand the more firmly; so the capital gives it a head to enable it the better to receive and support the superincumbent weight.

"Upon the capitals is placed the entablature or architrave; which is also, as it were, the trunk of a tree, or a beam, laid horizontally upon the heads of the perpendicular ones; and upon this architrave, again, rests the roof of the building. The architrave, too, projecting considerably, carries off the wet and rain from the parts placed beneath it, and forms the cornice.

"From the roof of the hut, thus made to project on either side, for the purpose of carrying off the rain, originated those of the most sumptuous palaces and temples. The Greeks, born to a happy clime, gave their roofs but little inclination; the Italians, who cannot boast a climate quite so propitious, made theirs incline somewhat more. In northern regions, where heavy falls of snow are fre-

quent, the roofs are much more steep; while in the edifices of ancient Egypt, where rain seldom falls, they are perfectly flat.

"Here then we have the framework of the hut,—the columns, with their various members—and the roof.

"But as men became desirous of sheltering themselves still further from the inclemency of the weather, they bethought themselves of filling up with *slabs* the vacant spaces which remained between the upright beams; leaving, however, as necessity or convenience dictated, certain openings for doors and windows. And here we may account for that style of architecture to which some have applied the term *bas-relief*, where the pillars do not project from the wall more than one half or two thirds of the diameter, and thus serve as so many *ties* to bind together and strengthen the building.

"Other branches of architecture of a more minute kind may be referred to the same source.

"Thus, to the trunks of trees placed regularly one above another in an inclined plane, we may assuredly trace the origin of our flights of stone steps.

"In like manner, the different forms of the various trees that men were daily making use of—some of them slender like the fir, others of a more clumsy make like the beech, and others again, if I may so say, of a middle stature—might have originated some faint notion of the different orders of architecture, when men, beginning at length to emerge from their primitive rudeness, gradually took to beautifying their dwellings and varying their form.

"In the case of the larger trees, of which they made use, it is by no means hard to imagine, how—by affixing to the tops and bases of them pieces of plank of a more solid and massive make, and placing upon them cornices consisting of but few members; and, in the case of the more slender trees, doing the exact contrary—it is, I repeat, by no means hard to imagine, how they would arrive at a sort of rough sketch of the two principal orders —the Doric and Corinthian. Such a supposition, at least, has probability enough on its side; whereas there is something rather too far fetched in that other hypothesis, which would refer the origin of the three orders of architecture to an attempt to impart to different structures the robust form of the man*, the slender make of the woman, and the delicate proportions of the girl.

"In the same manner may we suppose, that it was the inequalities and roughnesses in the bark of trees, and not the folds of the female dress, that first suggested the fluted column†.

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* De Chambre asserts, that the Doric column is after the model of a strong man, who is constantly represented bare-footed. He also observes, that the base to a column is the same as a shoe to a man, and therefore censures the use of a base as improper and unchaste. Le Clerc admits, that the most ancient specimens are without bases; though he considers it difficult to assign any good reason for it. "But I must own (says he) I cannot consider a column without a base, in comparing it to a man, but I am at the same time struck with the idea of a person without feet rather than shoes."

† It was from accidentally seeing a basket encircled with the leaves of the acanthus, that Callimachus first took his idea of the Corinthian capital.—(Vitruv. Lib. iv. c. 1.)

"From the tree also, or its various parts, it was that architects borrowed the foliage, the rosettes, the festoons, and other similar ornaments with which they decorated their edifices—edifices which, in progress of time, were brought to that pitch of sumptuousness and elegance which still extorts our admiration in the remains of antiquity."

But to return:—The great fault of the architecture of modern Rome is its want of simplicity, and excess of ornament; nor is it too much to say, "that, in all the experiments the Romans have made in architecture, they have never yet hit even upon a moderately good design for the outside of a church*." To the churches it is justly objected, that, though the Greek orders are invariably introduced, they are employed in false fronts, rising into two stages of columns, while the interior consists but of one; that a false pediment, shooting up to an immoderate height above the ridge of their tiled roof, leads to certain disappointment when you enter; and that their aisles shelving out under the side windows, give rise to a series of connected faults—to the adoption of two orders in front, which make the façade "a splendid lie†"—to the extension of the lower order beyond the upper for the purpose of covering the aisles—and to the introduction of two huge reversed consoles.

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* Woods.

† Il fare la facciata di un tempio, che dentro sia di un ordine solo, compartita in due ordini—viene con ciò ad accusare se medesima di falsità. Algarotti, Saggio sopra l'Architettura.

resembling ears, on each flank of the upper order, for the purpose of palliating the inequality between that and the lower one. Such are the consequences of that fondness for "fronts, where most columns can be stuck and most angles projected."

THE PALACES of Rome, though from their magnitude they contribute not a little to that general air of magnificence which pervades the city, are not exempt from faults in the details. It is objected to them, that they are built rather for the spectator than for the tenant; that, hence, the elevation is more studied than the plan; that some are mere fronts, so crowded with stories as to suggest the idea of a lodging-house rather than the residence of a prince; that, where different orders are piled in front—a matter of rare occurrence—their natural succession is seldom observed, and is sometimes actually reversed; and that the gateway with its balcony and its superstructure, generally forms an architectural picture at variance with the style of the palace, and breaks its front into unconnected parts. But after all, their very magnitude covers a multitude of sins, and "however they may be abused as extravagant, absurd, or preposterous, they at least avoid the greatest fault a building can have, that of being mean and paltry*."

Wherever the palace forms a court, the porticos below are composed of arches resting on single columns, or else on coupled columns, like those of the Borghese

* Woods.

Palace. "This jumble of arcade and colonnade," says Forsyth, "of two architectures different even in origin, was unknown to the ancients, and crept first into the basilical churches from economy in building, and from a command of ancient columns."

In the internal distribution of the building, the picturesque has been more studied than the comfortable. "On entering the palace," observes the same writer, "you meet a staircase of unexpected grandeur, usurping perhaps more than its proportion of the interior, but tending both to expand and to ventilate the mansion. A few flights, straight, easy, and wide, but sometimes tremendously long, lead to the *Sala*. From this great hall, when it occupies the middle of the first floor, you command the palace in different directions, and can pierce it at a glance through lengthening files of marble door-posts."

"THE VILLAS are to this day the 'ocelli Italiæ.' Their casinos generally stand to advantage in the park. Light, gay, airy, fanciful, they seem to court that load of ornament to which all architecture must here submit. Some of their fronts are coated with ancient relievos, and their porticos composed of ancient columns. The Belvedere above is often a blot in the symmetry, an excrescence too conspicuous; a hut stuck upon a housetop, and seldom in the middle."

FOUNTAINS.—The magnificent vases in front of St. Peter's and the Farnese Palace, are, owing to their sim-

plicity, much safer from criticism than Bernini's creation in the *Piazza Navona*, which, to use Forsyth's expression, "affects puzzling conceits, and looks like a fable of Æsop done into stone. The sculpture of *Trevi* is another pompous confusion of fable and fact, gods and ediles, aqueducts and sea-monsters; but the rock work is grand, proportioned to the stream of water, and a fit basement for such architecture as a 'castel d'acqua' required—not for the frittered Corinthian which we find there. The design of *Termini*—Moses striking water from the rock—if better executed, would be more appropriate to this seat of religion, more simple and sublime than any. The *Acqua Paola* derives all its effect from the volumes of water; for its elevation is poor, and absurdly imitates the gable of a church."

## ST. PETER'S.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true!—Byron.

St. Peter's.—On taking a survey of this church, it is not unusual for Englishmen to institute a sort of comparison of it with St. Paul's, accustomed as they are to consider the former as the model after which the latter was built. And surely there is nothing on the Continent so well calculated to humble the pride of the "fiers insulaires" as such a comparison; whether they look to the church itself, or contrast its noble approach*—an amphitheatre formed by a quadruple colonnade, embellished with a lofty Egyptian obelisk in the centre, and a beautiful fountain on each side—with the straitened

* Nothing can be more grand than the approach to St. Peter's. Instead of being cooped up like our own St. Paul's, it forms the back ground of a spacious amphitheatre, formed by a semi-elliptical colonnade, consisting of four rows of pillars on each side, and inclosing a space 728 feet in length by 606 in width. Between the two inner rows of pillars the space is sufficiently wide to admit two carriages abreast. The colonnade is surmounted by 192 colossal statues of Saints. The elliptical parts of this colonnade do not commence immediately from the cathedral, being a continuation of two rectilinear ones, 290 feet in length, which go off somewhat obliquely from each extremity of the front.

avenues leading to St. Paul's. Still less will St. Peter's admit of any comparison with regard to its interior: there, indeed, it is unrivalled. In St. Paul's, little attempt has been made at decoration; and the little that has been done in the way of sculpture does not rank among the happiest efforts of the art. With the exception of the choir—and a choir, however much it may add to the comfort of the worshippers, cannot but detract from the general effect of a cathedral—all looks cold and comfortless. But how different is the interior of St. Peter's! There, all is splendid, yet chaste and elegant; decoration, indeed, has done its utmost, but without descending to that tawdriness of ornament which is the just reproach of so many of the churches of Italy.

"To produce the effect of magnificence in architecture, three things seem to be necessary—greatness of dimension, simplicity of design, and richness of decoration. To satisfy the mind after examination, three other things are requisite—correct proportion, graceful drawing, and delicate execution. Of these six points, St. Peter's has the first in a high degree, something of the second, and a great deal of the third. The latter three it also possesses, though not in a very remarkable degree: the proportions do not offend, and the drawing and execution are good*."

Perfection, however, must not be looked for even here. Much as there is to admire, there is yet some-

* Woods' Letters.

thing to criticise and condemn; and it may be said of St. Peter's, as of every other human production, that

> Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

Objections have been raised against various parts of this august fabric, but that which never escapes condemnation is the front; which, with its attic, its numerous windows, its heavy balconies cutting the columns and pilasters of the pediment in two, has been pronounced better fitted for a palace than a church. "How beautiful the colonnades!" says Forsyth. "How advantageous to its flat, forbidding front, which ought to have come forward, like the Pantheon, to meet the decoration! How grand an enclosure for the Piazza! How fortunate a screen to the ignoble objects around it. But," continues he in the same strain, "advance or retire, you will find no point of view that combines these accessories with the general form of the church. Instead of describing its whole cycloid on the vacant air, the cupola is more than half hidden by the front; a front at variance with the body, confounding two orders in one, debased by a gaping attic, and encumbered with colossal apostles."

In opposition to Vitruvius, who tells us that it is not necessary to be an architect to judge of architectural works—namque omnes homines, non solùm architecti, quod est bonum possunt probare—others will have it that architecture is so much an art of the square and rule, that the uninitiated ought scarcely to venture an opinion upon the subject. However this may be, all

seem unanimous in condemning this barbarous front. There is preserved in the Vatican a drawing of the façade according to Michael Angelo's plan, from which it seems that he intended it to resemble that of the Pantheon. As it is, St. Peter's must not be judged of by engravings; for all engravers seem to have done their utmost to merit the epithet applied to them by Forsyth, of "lying engravers," by palliating the defects of the front, which rises so high, that, to a spectator in the Piazza, the auxiliary cupolas are quite lost.

The inscription on the frieze, bearing the name of Paul V., is condemned even by Eustace. It is, indeed, conceived in the true papal taste, and, instead of dedicating the church at once to the Supreme Being, consecrates it to the Prince of the apostles—In honorem Principis Apostolorum*.

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* Eustace suggests the emendation—Deo Optimo Maximo in honorem Principis Apostolorum Ecclesia Catholica. But who can feel surprised at the objectionable dedication, on reflecting, that, in the earlier editions of Vasi's Guide, may be found the following quaint inscription?—

A San Pietro,
Principe degli Apostoli,
Primo Vicario
Di Gesù Christo,
e gran protettore
della città di Roma,
Mariano Vasi,
Antiquario Romano,
ed Academico Etrusco
di Cortona,
la presente opera
d. d. d.

"One immense Corinthian goes round the whole edifice in pilasters, which, meeting a thousand little breaks and projections, are coupled and clustered on the way, parted by windows and niches, and overtopped by a meagre attic. Yet the general mass grows magnificently out, in spite of the hideous vestry which interrupts it on one side, and the palace which denies it a point of view on the other.

"The right portico leads to the *Scala Regia*, an object too much exaggerated by prints, and, like its model at the Spada Palace, too evidently formed for a picture. An inclined plane is not the natural seat of a colonnade*; but what could be natural that was borrowed from Borromini? Turning round, you enfilade the lofty vestibule, vaulted with gilt stuccos, paved with various marbles, lengthening on the eye by a grand succession of doors, and niches, and statues, and fountains, till it ends in the perspective statue of Charlemagne. This is one architectural picture which no engraving can flatter." Some notion may be formed of the grandeur of this vestibule from the following anecdote:—It is said that a stranger once mistook it for the church itself, observing, "that though he had heard much about St. Peter's appearing

* Mnesicles, when obliged to build the *Propyleon* on an inclined plane, avoided this fault. Instead of sloping, he levelled the *stylobata*, and led to them by separate flights of stairs. Yet how superior, even as a picture, is the lower aspect of the Athenian ruin to this studied perspective of Bernini's at the Vatican!—*Forsyth*.

smaller than it was in reality, he nevertheless was perfectly sensible of its magnitude!"

That St. Peter's appears at first sight less than it really is, is an observation at least as old as Addison, who, like many others, endeavours to account for it on the principle, that so much attention has been paid to preserve the relative proportion of the parts, that for some time we do not perceive the largeness of the scale. "The proportions," says he, "are so well observed, that nothing appears to an advantage, or distinguishes itself above the rest. It seems neither extremely high, nor long, nor broad, because it is all of them in a just equality. As, on the contrary, in our Gothic cathedrals, the narrowness of the arch makes it rise in height, or run out in length; the lowness often opens it in breadth, or the defectiveness of some other particular makes any single part appear in great perfection." This, some regard as a merit; others, on the contrary, who consider it the object of art to make the small appear great, rather than the great appear small, look upon it as a defect. Our St. Paul's, say they, appears to the full as great; forgetting that greatness is ever relative. "St. Paul's is great because every thing around it is little. At Rome, the eye is accustomed to nobler dimensions, and measures St. Peter's by a larger scale." We may, perhaps, form some notion of the real magnitude of the edifice from the Baldacchino—the name applied to the bronze canopy over the high altar, supported by spiral columns of the same material—the height of which is eighty-nine feet; and yet, pillars,

canopy, and all, look but as a mere piece of furniture, which might be removed without being missed. Or, "perhaps, we may estimate the apparent diminution of the whole pile from Algardi's relievo, where the front figures are fifteen feet long, yet appear but of the natural size. How fortunate," exclaims Forsyth, "that a structure, created by so many pontiffs, and subject to so many plans, should keep its proportions inviolate even in the meanest ornament*!"

Others, again, are of opinion that this apparent diminution of St. Peter's is to be attributed, partly to the size of the colossal statues, partly to the brilliant whiteness of the marbles of which they are composed—bringing them, as it does, nearer to the eye—and partly to the great light of the church itself. In addition to these causes, and in direct opposition to Addison's remarks, as well as somewhat at variance with a remark of his own already quoted, which states that "the proportions do not offend," Mr. Woods finds another cause in the *disproportionate* nature of the architecture. "The nave is composed of alternate arches and piers, with two Corinthian pilasters in each pier. Now a column is made to dimi-

* St. Peter's was begun by Nicholas V. in the year 1450. In 1590, the cupola was completed. In 1612-14, the whole of the church itself, and the vestibule, were also completed. The colonnade was not finished till 1667, nor the vestry till 1800. Thus did it require three centuries and a half to bring St. Peter's to its present state; and up to 1694, it was calculated that forty-seven millions of scudi (upwards of ten millions and a half sterling) had been expended upon it.

nish upwards, usually one-sixth of its diameter; but a pilaster is not made to diminish, and the disproportionate size of the details of its capital tends to diminish, by comparison, the other parts; so that a room, ornamented with pilasters, will look smaller than one surrounded with columns." He goes on to observe, that another "cause of deception is in the too great size of the orders of the altars. The church has three orders—the larger one which supports the vaulting—a secondary one belonging to the side arches and the aisles, and also forming an essential part of the edifice—and a third belonging to the altars, which is mere furniture. This last cuts the lines of the entablature of the second order, and thus gains size for itself at the expense of the building." To this it may be added, that, in the nave, the eye having but four pillars to rest upon, runs along it too quickly to be sensible of its full extent.

It is said to have been Michael Angelo's intention to have adopted the plan of the Greek Cross, of which the advantage is that it lays open the whole structure at the first glance. In the Latin Cross*, accompanied with

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* "It is difficult," says Woods, "to assign precisely to each architect his part in the building; but it is certain that the original design of Bramante was for a Latin cross. Sangallo and Raphael kept to this idea, though each proposed some alterations. Peruzzi reduced it to a Greek cross; and one arm at least of the cross was executed, and, perhaps, a considerable portion of the walls of the rest of the building carried up, before M. Angelo had any thing to do with it. Under him, the plan was that of a Greek cross, consisting of a large dome in the centre, and four equal, square recesses, to

aisles, the effect is frittered away: hence the remark, that in St. Peter's, instead of one grand whole, there are, in fact, four churches under one roof. And yet such is the surpassing beauty of the nave, so noble the vista presented to the spectator on entering the cathedral, so striking the effect of the grand altar with its spiral columns and canopy of bronze, at the extremity of the vista, that we can hardly regret the adoption of the Latin cross. Indeed, in spite of all the objections that may be brought against it, St. Peter's is still the noblest structure ever reared to the worship of the Supreme Being; and the man who has not seen it can hardly form a notion of what a "temple made with hands" may be. So many beauties does it possess in detail, and so striking is it as a whole, that we may well overlook a few fancied or even real blemishes:—

> . . . . Ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis
> Offendar maculis.

The interior surpasses the wildest dreams of the imagination: it is a spectacle that never tires; you may visit it every day, and always find something fresh to admire:—

> Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flame
> The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
> In air with earth's chief structures, tho' their frame
> Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim!
>
> BYRON.

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three of which a semicircular tribune was added; the fourth, that of the entrance, was consequently shorter than the rest." This plan was afterwards departed from, and the Latin cross again adopted.

Unlike our Gothic cathedrals, the effect of which is in some measure attributable to the paucity of light, the nave of this is sublime without the aid of obscurity. The side aisles, or *navate* as they are called, are not worthy to be compared with the nave either in elevation or width, and seem but passages leading along the chapels—for opposite to each arch of the nave is a chapel.

"The cupola is glorious: viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decoration—viewed either as a whole or as a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul. The four surrounding cupolas, though but satellites to the majesty of this, might have crowned four elegant churches. The elliptical cupolettas are but expedients to palliate the defects of Maderno's aisles, which depend on them for a scanty light."

With some few exceptions the statues* and relievos in St. Peter's do not rank among the happiest efforts of the art. Nor is this to be wondered at. For the sculpture being accommodated to the architecture, though made to vary according to the distance from which it is seen, is everywhere colossal; but a colossal statue is seldom pleasing, and never where the subject is young or delicate. In general, artists seem to have succeeded better by diminishing than by enlarging the human figure; the

* Some of these statues have been censured for the flutter of the drapery. "What makes your draperies fly about in this manner?" inquired one of the many architects of St. Peter's, who took it into his head to play the connoisseur. "The wind through the cracks in your walls!" retorted the ready-witted sculptor.

graceful and the beautiful being more within their reach than the sublime. It may be doubted, however, whether the standard of nature is not, after all, that in which excellence is most attainable.

The papal tombs are richer than any line of kings can boast. Some of the popes are represented kneeling, some sitting, but all of them in the pontifical habit, and in the attitude of benediction. But neither the habit nor the attitude are very well suited for effect. The "habit is frittered into too many pieces, is too jagged, and plaited, and cut, to become an old man in the grave and solemn act of benediction; an act but poorly denoted by the divergent fingers." Indeed, were the drapery less objectionable, we want to see the sculptor's skill displayed in something more than the mere face and hands.

In these tombs, allegorical figures are not unfrequently introduced. In that of Paul III., on the right of St. Peter's chair, are seen two figures at the foot of the Pontiff, representing Prudence and Justice. The drapery of the latter is partly composed of bronze, and accords but ill with the marble material of the statue. This incongruity originated in the scrupulous delicacy of one of the popes, who, shocked at the sight of the naked figure which Giacomo della Porta, under the superintendance of M. Angelo, had carved upon the tomb, directed Bernini to hide its nakedness with this unsightly drapery.

On the other side of St. Peter's Chair is the monument of Urban VIII., decorated like the former with allegorical figures. Among these, Charity, who is represented in an easy unaffected attitude, and apparently wholly intent on the two children who are clinging to

her, is admirably designed and executed. The pope's statue is of bronze; and Death is introduced in the act of inscribing his name in a book—a circumstance which gave rise to the following laudatory epigram of Cardinal Rapacciolo:—

Bernin sì vivo il grande Urbano ha finto,
E sì ne' duri bronzi è l'alma impressa,
Che per torgli la fè, la Morte stessa
Sta su 'l sepolcro, à dimostrarlo estinto.

Such life, such warmth, Bernini's touch can shed,
So stamped in bronze the very soul appears,
That o'er the tomb the grisly tyrant rears
His form, to tell us—that the soul is fled.—BURTON.

"The latest of these monuments is the best; and surely the Genius sighing celestially at the foot of Rezzonico is the most beautiful statue in the church. Even the lions of that tomb—for a dead pope must always have a couple of lions or of young women at his feet—Canova's lions, are unrivalled in marble*."

The only work of M. Angelo's in St. Peter's is a *Pietà*, or Virgin with the dead Christ on her lap, in the first chapel on the right as you enter the church. It was executed by M. Angelo at the age of four-and-twenty; but having, as it is said, been ascribed to a Milanese sculptor, M. Angelo vindicated his claim to the work by carving his name on the girdle of the Virgin. The following lines by Marini on this group have been much admired:—

* Forsyth.

Sasso non è costei
Che l'estinto figliol freddo qual ghiaccio
Sostien pietosa in braccio:
Sasso più presto sei,
Tu, che non piangi alla pietà di lei.
Anzi sei più che sasso,
Che suol'anco da' sassi il pianto uscire,
E i sassi si spezzaro al suo morire.

She is not stone, who bears
Her lifeless Son, with icy stiffness cold,
In her arms' tenderest fold:
But thou art stony grown,
Thou, who at grief like this hast shed no tears:
Nay thou art more than stone,
For rocks will weep, and pour the trickling tide,
And rocks were rent in twain, when Jesus died.—BURTON.

Every altar—and there are twenty-nine in all—is embellished with a mosaic, copied so exactly from some celebrated historical painting, that, at a short distance, it might, to an unpractised eye, pass for a work of the pencil. It is, indeed, wonderful to find Raphael's Transfiguration, Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome, Guido's Archangel Michael, and various other masterpieces of art, copied with such admirable fidelity as almost to match the originals. The labour, as well as the expense, of these mosaics, is very great; but the colours being as durable as the substance itself, and this substance proof against every thing short of actual violence, the finest productions of the great painters will now stand a

fair chance of being transmitted, in no faint copy, to the latest posterity*.

The Martyrdom, as it is improperly called, of St. Petronilla, is considered the finest mosaic in St. Peter's. This picture, of which the original is in the Capitol, consists, like many other altar-pieces, of two parts. In the upper part of the piece, the Saviour is represented in the act of bending forward to receive the departed spirit, while, in the lower part of it, her lover is seen gazing upon the body of the saint, which had been disinterred at his desire, and found to be miraculously preserved in all the freshness of youth and beauty.

The mosaics with which the cupola and cupolettas are decorated, are necessarily in a much coarser style; but to a spectator on the pavement of the church the effect is very pleasing.

To the right of the grand altar, seated in an elbow chair, is the famous statue of St. Peter himself, transformed, as the story goes, by the magic of the pope's wand, from

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* The building where this mosaic work is carried on is not far from St. Peter's, and forms part of what was, and perhaps is still, used for the office of the inquisition. The small pieces, which when put together compose the picture, are a vitrified substance called *smalte*, compounded of glass, lead, and tin. The different shades of colour are said to amount to the incredible number of 15,000. When Urban VIII. first conceived the idea of substituting mosaics for the paintings in St. Peter's, the substance employed was marble. It was found, however, that the polish of the marble caused too much glare, and it therefore ceased to be employed for mosaic.

an old Jupiter Capitolinus. "Thus," observes Mathews, "the pun of Swift is completely realized. The very same piece of brass, which the old Romans adored, now, with a new head on its shoulders (like an old friend with a new face) is worshipped with equal devotion by the modern Italians; and *Jupiter* appears again, with as little change of name as of materials, in the character of the Jew Peter. And, as if they wished to make the resemblance as perfect as possible, they have, in imitation of the

Centum aras posuit *vigilemque* sacraverat ignem,

of his pagan prototype, surrounded the tomb of the Apostle with a hundred ever-burning lights. It is astonishing to see with what fervour of devotion, all ranks, and ages, and sexes, kneel to, and kiss the toe of this brazen image. They rub it against their foreheads, and press it against their lips, with the most reverential piety." That this superstitious veneration is not confined to the lower orders, will be abundantly evident from the following anecdote:—"I happened," (says Moore, in his 'View of Society and Manners in Italy,') "lately to be at St. Peter's church, when there was scarcely any body else there. While I lounged from chapel to chapel, looking at the sculpture and paintings, the pope (Pius VI.) entered with very few attendants; when he came to the statue of St. Peter, he was not satisfied with bowing, which is the usual mark of respect shewn to that image; or with kneeling, which is performed by more zealous persons; or with kissing the foot, which I formerly imagined completed the climax of devotion; he bowed, he

knelt, he kissed the foot, and then he *rubbed his brow and his whole head* with every mark of humility, fervour, and devotion, *upon the sacred stump*—it is no more, one half of the foot having been long since worn away by the lips of the pious." And yet, as Mathews justly observes, "the Catholic would laugh at the pious Mussulman, who performs a pilgrimage to Mecca, to wash the holy pavement, and kiss the black stone of the Caaba; which, like his own St. Peter, is also a relic of heathenism. Alas! poor human nature! The Catholic laughs at the Mussulman—we do not scruple to laugh at the Catholic—the Deist laughs at us—and the Atheist laughs at us all. What is truth? we must *wait* for an answer. But though all must 'wait the great teacher Death,' to decide between them; let us repose our hopes and fears with humble confidence in the promises of Christianity—not as it appears disfigured and disguised at Rome—but as it is written and recorded in that sacred volume, which, in the words of Locke, has 'God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter.'"

The point from which the interior of the basilica appears to most advantage, is near this bronze statue of St. Peter; and, of the complicated feelings to which such a scene may be supposed to give rise in a reflecting mind, the following will not, perhaps, be thought a very exaggerated description. "This hour," says the author of Arvendel, "the quietness, the warmth, the beauty, the fragrance, the light, the solitude, the vastness of the scene, have placed me in an element with which earth has been scarcely connected. I have felt detached from

all human and immediate interests. The presence of God has cheered my spirit, and united me to all the lofty objects of eternity. The next hour, the scene has been wholly changed. I have seen the multitude kiss the image which *was* that of Jupiter, and *is* that of St. Peter; I have heard the addresses to God in a language which the people cannot understand; I have considered the repugnance of the government to education, the jealousy with which the diffusion of the Scriptures is regarded; and all the previous enchantment has vanished from my mind. I have been compelled to turn from the magnificence of art, from the beauty of sculpture, from the lofty aspirations of an outward edifice, from the balmy breath of a fragrant atmosphere, from the fine emblems of heaven and eternity—to the appalling consideration, that the beams of truth have feebly irradiated these walls; that the chillness of a moral death reigns eternally within them; that the very structure which had given the former enchantment to my senses and my heart, owes its existence to the ambition and despotism of human crime; and that, in very truth, these magnificent buildings are, in the words of an energetic writer, 'as triumphal arches erected in memorial of the extermination of that truth, which was given to be the light of the world and the life of man*.'"

The enormous extent of St. Peter's† is nowhere so

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* Foster, Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance.

† The measurement of St. Peter's, as given on the foot of the

striking as on the roof, where cupolas, which are lost to a spectator on the ground, range themselves into streets, and the dome appears in itself a vast temple, surrounded by magnificent columns. The event, however, has shewn that these columns are more for ornament than use. There is, in fact, nothing for them to support; and though they form a part of the buttresses, to which they serve as a screen, yet the rents in the cupola prove that both buttresses and columns have failed in their office.

The "hideous Vestry"—a vast pile raised to the left of the church, at an immense expense—was built by Pius VI. This Pontiff, whose foible was ostentation*,

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staircase leading up to the cupola, and that of St. Paul's, as given on the pavement in the inside of the church, is as follows:—

| | *St. Peter's.* | *St. Paul's.* |
|---|---|---|
| Extreme length | 643 feet. | 510 feet. |
| Transept | 444 | 282 |
| Height to the top of the cross | 458 | 404. |
| Breadth of the nave | 88 | 40 |
| Height of the nave | 146 | 100 |

The internal diameter of the cupola is 140 feet, being less by two feet than that of the dome of the Pantheon. But at St. Peter's there is an inner and outer wall to the cupola, between which is the staircase; so that the greatest diameter is 195 feet.

* St. Peter's itself affords a curious example of this "ruling passion." The vault of the nave is composed of stuccos on a white ground, arranged in unequal bands or orbs. "Pius VI." (says Forsyth) "whose arms are carved, painted, inlaid, cast, or hammered all over St. Peter's, had long beheld with envy the middle orb of the vault adorned with the dragon and eagle of Borghese; but dreading the imitation of his own example, he durst not supplant it openly.

was over fond of having his name inscribed on his works. Accordingly, over the principal entrance is the following legend:—Quod ad Templi Vaticani ornamentum publica vota flagitabant, Pius VI. Pont. Max. fecit perfecitque. The Italians are notoriously given to sarcasm, and some wag, thinking this too tempting an opportunity to be missed, posted under it the following irreverent distich:—

Publica! mentiris;—non publica vota fuêre,
Sed tumidi ingenii vota fuêre tui.

The Egyptian obelisk which stands in the middle of the Piazza of St. Peter's, between the two most beautiful fountains in Rome, was brought thither in the time of Caligula. That emperor having purified it from the abominations of Egyptian superstition, dedicated it with this inscription, which still remains:—

Divo. Cæsari. Divi. Julii. F. Augusto.
Ti. Cæsari. Divi. Augusti. F. Augusto.
Sacrum.

"But all things in this world seem made for change: the same obelisk has undergone fresh purifications, to

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It fell down in the dark (by accident, to be sure), and was presently replaced by the armorial *puff* of Braschi."—His arms consisted of a zephyr blowing on a lily, a pair of eagle's wings, and a few stars; hence the epigram:—

Redde aquilam Cæsari, Francorum lilia Regi,
Sidera redde polo; cætera, Brasche, tibi.

cleanse it from the heathen abominations; and it is now consecrated to Christianity, with four inscriptions instead of one*."

"The principal churches of Rome, however different their style of building and ornament may be, are distributed in the same manner. Their aisles are generally formed by arcades; over these are sometimes grated recesses, but never open galleries. The choir terminates in a curve, which is the grand field of decoration, blazing with leaf-gold and glories. In the middle of the cross stands the high altar. The chapels of the Holy Sacrament and of the Virgin are usually in the transepts. Those of the Saints are ranged on the sides; and each, being raised by a different family, has an architecture of its own at variance with the church, which thus loses its unity amid nests of polytheism†."

Jesus and St. Ignatius.—Of many of the Roman churches, it may be affirmed with at least as much truth as of those of Genoa, that they display the exuberant richness of a theatre rather than the chaste elegance of a temple; and to these two Jesuits the remark applies with peculiar force. Much of the wealth of the former disappeared at the time of the French revolution, but enough still remains to vindicate the observation of Eustace, that, though confessedly one of the richest, it is nevertheless

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* Mathews. † Forsyth.

one of the ugliest, because one of the most gaudy, in Rome.

"Both these churches," observes Forsyth, "are horrible with the works of faith. Here you see a mob of poor allegorical wretches hurled down to hell by the lightning which issues from three letters of the alphabet; there, two ugly, enigmatical devils, which pass with the vulgar for Luther and his wife, blasted by a fine young woman named Religion: on this side, David with one bloody head; on that, Judith with another: here, the massacre of the Philistines; there, the murder of Sisera; and every where, death or damnation*."

San Pietro in Vincoli—"Here sits the Moses of M. Angelo, frowning with the terrific eyebrows of Olympian Jove. Homer and Phidias, indeed, placed their God on a golden throne; but Moses is cribbed into a niche, like a prebendary in his stall†. Much wit has been

* Feà, in his description of the church of the Jesuits, observes: "Le Baciccio a représenté le triomphe du nom de Jésus, et les vices terrassés par les rayons qui partent de ce nom." Again, speaking of two admired marble groups in this church, he says that one of them "présente la Religion renversant l'Hérésie sous le symbole d'un homme qui tient un serpent, et d'une femme décrépite." Of the church of St. Ignatius he says, that Father Pozzi executed there "quatre emblêmes du courage et de la force tirés de l'écriture sainte, c'est-à-dire, Judith avec la tête d'Holopherne; David avec celle du géant Goliath; Samson qui massacre les Philistins; et Joael qui fixe sur la terre, avec un clou, la tête de Sisara endormi."

† It was originally intended for a very different situation; being the only statue finished out of forty that were to have adorned a colossal monument to Julius II.

levelled at his flowing beard, and his flaming horns. One critic compares his head to a goat's, another his dress to a galley-slave's; but the true sublime resists all ridicule: the offended Lawgiver frowns on undepressed, and awes you with inherent authority*."

It is to this statue that we are indebted for Zappi's beautiful sonnet:—

Chi è costui, che in dura pietra scolto
Siede gigante, e la piu illustre e conte
Prove dell' arte avanza, e ha vive e pronte
Le labbia sì, che le parole ascolto?
Quest'è Mosè: ben mel diceva il folto
Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fronte;
Quest' è Mosè, quando scendea dal monte,
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.
Tal era allor, che le sonante e vaste
Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno, e tale
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fe tomba altrui.
E voi, sue turbe, un rio vitello alzaste?
Alzata aveste imago a questo eguale!
Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

What living form in solid marble bound
Sits here gigantic, while each stretch of art
Springs into being?—hark—there seems to start
Forth from those living lips no fancied sound.
'Tis He—his brow with forked radiance crown'd,
His beard's full flowing honours speak his name;
'Tis Moses—thus from off the mount of flame
With godlike light encircling him he came.

* Forsyth.

Such was his form, when huge and roaring waves
Stood self-supported round him; thus he bade
The sea to close and form a nation's tomb.
And did ye raise a molten calf, ye slaves?
Had your vain idol been like *this* array'd,
The venial crime had met a milder doom.—BURTON.

At the CONVENT OF ST. GREGORY on the Cœlian Hill are the frescos with which the rival pencils of Domenichino and Guido adorned the chapel of St. Andrew. Domenichino's represents the actual flagellation of S. Andrew, while the emperor is looking on at a distance. Guido has chosen the moment when the saint, led to execution, falls on his knees to adore the cross. These frescos have suffered greatly from the effects of damp. When they were first executed, it seems the greatest artists of the day were divided in their opinion as to their respective merits. Annibal Caracci declared himself unable to decide the point; but he suffered an old woman to decide it for him; for observing her to be far more interested by the *flagellation*, he was ever afterwards persuaded that Domenichino's must be the finest.

That untutored nature is after all the most unerring judge of excellence, even in many of those arts that seem the last result of refinement and cultivation, may be fairly admitted; and in some instances it would perhaps be wise to prefer an old woman's opinion before a connoisseur's; but, in the case before us, the flagellation is so immediately addressed to the senses, that it was perhaps rather the nature of the subject than the su-

periority of the work that arrested the old woman's attention.

San Pietro in Montorio.—"St. Peter died in the cloister of this convent, and, on the spot where his cross was fixed, Bramante has erected a round, little, dappled, Doric church, which is much admired as a model of the ancient temple. As a model, indeed, it is beautiful enough—a beautiful epitome: but in architecture, design and proportion are not sufficient; dimension is another element of beauty. In its present dimensions the Pantheon is sublime; but reduce it to the tiny span of this templet on Montorio, and it would degenerate into the pretty*."

Capuchin Church.—In this church is Guido's Archangel Michael. With respect to the merits of this famous picture a remarkable difference of opinion prevails among different tourists. In the opinion of Forsyth it holds the same rank in painting that the Belvidere Apollo does in sculpture; yet Smollet and Mathews have characterized the Archangel as exhibiting only the airs of a French dancing-master.

It is said that Guido, having a pique against Pope Urban VIII., "damned him to everlasting fame," by painting his portrait in the likeness of Satan, and so

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* Forsyth.

strong was the resemblance, that it was impossible not to recognise it.

Opposite to Guido's Archangel is the St. Paul restored to sight by Ananias, one of the best works of Pietro da Cortona. Over the door is the Cartoon of Giotto's Navicella: it represents St. Peter walking on the waves, and is copied in mosaic at St. Peter's.

" Under this church is a charnel-house, divided into recesses. Each recess is faced with marrow-bones and shoulder-blades of disinterred Capuchins, and adorned with lamps, festoons, rosoni, crosses, &c., formed of the same reverend materials. A few skeletons are dressed in their tunics, and set in various attitudes, each in a niche built up with ' reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls.' "

S. ANDREA DELLA VALLE contains some of the most celebrated frescos of Domenichino—the Four Evangelists in the angles under the cupola, and the Call of Peter and Andrew on the ceiling of the tribune—works to which posterity has done the justice which his contemporaries denied. So much was it the fashion to condemn the works of Domenichino, that, as we learn from Falconieri, he himself thought it prudent to join in the outcry.

Pietro da Cortona told Falconieri that when the celebrated picture of S. Girolamo della Carità was exhibited, " it was so abused by all the eminent painters, of whom many then flourished, that he himself joined in its con-

demnation, in order to save its credit." (See Falconieri, Lett. Pittor. tom. ii. lett. 17). He continues: "Is not the tribune of the church of S. Andrea della Valle, ornamented by Domenichino, among the finest specimens of fresco painting? and yet they talked of sending masons with hammers to knock it down when he exposed it to view. Whenever Domenichino afterwards passed by the church, he stopped with his scholars to view it; and, shrugging up his shoulders, observed, 'After all, I do not think the picture so very badly executed.'"

SANTA MARIA SOPRA MINERVA, built on the site of Pompey's great temple to Minerva, contains the celebrated Christ of Michael Angelo, the foot of which is cased in brass to preserve it from being worn away by the lips of the devout. This custom of kissing objects of religious reverence, so universally prevalent in Italy, appears to have been a mark of affection formerly bestowed on the images of the heathen gods with equal profusion. From Cicero we learn that the mouth and chin of the statue of Hercules at Agrigentum were polished in the same way. "In that temple," says he, "there is a bronze statue of Hercules, than which it would not be easy to find any thing more beautiful: indeed, its mouth and chin are slightly worn away, because the people in their prayers and thanksgivings are not only in the habit of worshipping, but also of kissing it." (Cicer. in Verr. iv. s. 43). Lucretius again tells us that the hands of the idols were apt to suffer in a similar manner:—

. . . . . Tum portas propter ahenas
Signa manus dextras ostendunt attenuari
Sæpe salutantûm tactu præterque meantûm.—LUCRETIUS, i.

Then near the doors the reverend statues stand,
Worn down and polish'd in the outstretch'd hand;
So oft the crowd, respectful as they pass,
Salute and touch the consecrated brass.—BLUNT.

Where it may be observed, that the people offered this salutation in passing, as they entered or quitted the temples; the very custom existing at the present day.

S. AGOSTINO.—The cupola of this church is said to have been the first constructed in Rome. Upon the third pillar of the nave is Raphael's famous fresco of the prophet Isaiah. The first impression upon seeing this painting is the difference of its style from that of all the other works of Raphael; and accordingly those who maintain the affirmative in the well-known controversy—whether this great master profited by having seen the paintings of Michael Angelo in the Sistine chapel—usually refer to this fresco in support of their opinion.

SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE.—The four Sibyls of Raphael, painted over the arches of the nave on the south side of this church, have suffered much from time, and more, it is said, from restoration. These frescos are supposed to have been executed to rival the Sibyls of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. However that may be, Raphael has here followed his own peculiar style, and in this case, as well as in his Isaiah, has, in the opinion of Lanzi, sur-

passed his supposed model:—"Chi vuol vedere ciò che manchi alle Sibille di Michelangiolo, osservi quelle di Raffaello; miri l' Isaia di Raffaello chi vuol conoscere ciò che manchi a' profeti di Michelangiolo."

THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO contains the only specimens in the world of Raphael's skill in statuary. The figures of Elias, and of Jonah with the whale, were executed from Raphael's models, principally by another artist. It is interesting to contemplate this solitary attempt of genius in an untried, but kindred pursuit.

"SANTA MARIA IN ARACELI puts your faith to some trials. You must believe that the temple of Feretrian Jove stood on the very foundations of this church, because Dionysius happens to place it on a summit of the Capitol. You must believe that the columns of the aisles supported the last temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, in other words, that granite was *pentelic* marble. You must believe that the altar, which gave name to the convent, was raised by the Christian piety of Augustus*. You must believe that a waxen figure of the infant Jesus, which a friar of the convent farms, and lets out to the sick, was

* According to the vulgar tradition, the name Araceli was derived from the Sibyl's prophecy to Augustus of the birth of our Saviour, and his consequent dedication of an altar, on this spot, "to the first-born of God"—a monkish imposition, wholly unsupported by historical testimony.

dropped in the porch at midnight by an angel who rang the bell, and flew back to heaven.

"In such a multitude of churches I specify these rather by chance than for their own pre-eminence; and even in these few I omit a thousand singularities, a thousand fine pictures and statues, from mere satiety. As for the mob of churches, and their decorations, relics, miracles*,"

Non ragionam' di lor, ma guarda e passa.

Take we no note of them—look, and pass by.

* Forsyth.

## PALACES.

Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella.—Hor.

The palaces of Rome, many of which were built by the nephews or relatives of Popes, are, as Gibbon expresses it, "the most costly monuments of elegance and servitude:—the perfect arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture, have been prostituted in their service, and their galleries and gardens are decorated with the most precious works of antiquity, which taste or vanity has prompted them to collect." In these stately habitations, however, the other appendages of refinement and luxury will be sought for in vain. On ascending their spacious stone staircases, you are soon convinced that cleanliness is as little the virtue of the nobles as it is of the people; and on traversing their long files of rooms, one is led to think that the saying which describes them as "fronts, with furniture and pictures behind*," would have been truer, had the word furniture been omitted. "As the multitude of these palaces forbids all detail, a few must serve as a specimen. Those of the princes display in front a row of painted hatchments, one of which displays the shield of Rome and the solemn formula S. P. Q. R.† in-

* Facciate con mobilia e quadri dietro.

† The eloquent initials of the S. P. Q. R. are still to be seen multiplied on all the escutcheons and inscriptions of the modern

scribed on it, and surmounted by a coronet! Others bear the arms of those foreign sovereigns who protect the palace; thus insulting the Roman government as an impotent presbytery*"—

> Of priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
> Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
> As welcome wrongs.

COLONNA PALACE.—Besides the usual external decorations, this palace bears others allusive to its name—a long Doric colonnade fronting the court, and the armorial column placed over the gates. Within, too, is a little old, gothic, twisted column, which they absurdly pretend is the *Columna Bellica* of the Roman Republic.

This palace once boasted an admired collection of pictures; but of these, some were sold to satisfy the rapacity of the French; others—as Guido's Beatrice Cenci—the Creator reproving Adam and Eve, by Domenichino—and the Joseph and Potiphar's wife, by Carlo Maratti—were transferred to the Barberini collection, on the occasion of a matrimonial alliance between the two houses. There are still, to use Forsyth's words, "some round-faced, mild, unimpassioned beauties in the form of Madonnas. Those of Guido have a faint tinge of melancholy diffused over their large eyes and little mouths. What a world of still life do we find both in modern and

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city; and the same ambitious formula has been imitated by the little tributary towns of the Pontifical State. We read, on the stuccoed gateway of Tivoli, of a modern 'Senate, and Tiburtine People.'—*Hobhouse, Hist. Illustrat. of Childe Harold.*

* Forsyth.

ancient art! The Madonna, like the Venus, seems multiplied only as a subject of animal beauty. Deprived of the interest which high passion or story gives to other compositions, such figures can please only by the perfection of forms. Hence they provoke the cold severity of criticism, and correct beauty must compensate the want of pathos.

"The saloon, called the *Galleria*, is itself too brilliant a picture for the pictures it contains. A gallery should not draw off the attention from its contents by striking architecture or glittering surfaces. This, however, is supported by polished columns of the richest *giallo antico*. Its storied ceiling displays the battle of Lepanto, which raised a *Colonna* to the honour of a Roman triumph*. Its pavement is Parian marble, laid in the form of tombstones."

This pavement was sawn out of an ancient pediment, of which there are still two stupendous blocks lying in the palace-garden, without any specific mark that can ascertain their edifice. Antiquaries have variously assigned these blocks to the Mæsa—to Heliogabalus's female senate-house—to the temples of Health, of the Sun, of Jupiter—to the tower of Mæcenas—and the vestibule of Nero's house. They were found near the Baths of Constantine; and being too beautiful for the sculpture of his age, it has been conjectured that they may, like the ma-

* The house of Colonna has produced more illustrious men, and can boast nobler descent than any in Rome. Petrarch calls it the glorious Column on which Italy reposed her hope.

terials of his arch, have been borrowed from some noble edifice; and the grandeur of their style would not disgrace the temple of Peace itself. "These fragments, indeed," to use the words of Mathews, "look as if they had been brought from the land of Brobdignag; for no pillars of present existence could support an entablature of such gigantic proportions, as that of which this pediment must have formed a part. One might imagine some great convulsion of nature had swallowed up the city, and left a few fragments to tell the tale of its existence to other times."

Barberini Palace.—Poverty, it seems, compelled the Prince Barberini to dispose of that celebrated collection of ancient sculpture, vases, gems, and medals, which was so long the admiration of the curious. The sculptures and pictures of this palace were shared with the house of Sciarra, another branch of the same family. Of the Barberini half of the pictures, the finest were sold. Their loss, however, has been in some measure supplied by the acquisition of several valuable paintings from the Colonna. Among these is the Adam and Eve of Domenichino, shrinking from the presence of their offended Creator; together with Guido's portrait of Beatrice Cenci, taken the night before her execution. "It is a charming countenance, full of sweetness and resignation. Poor Beatrice tried in vain to save her stepmother, by whose counsel and that of her confessor she was instigated to prevent an incest by the *sacrifice* of her

father; but that which she thought a sacrifice was converted by her enemies into a *murder;* and she lost her head by the hand of the executioner*."

In the same room is the female slave of Titian—a small marine view of Claude's—and Raphael's Fornarina, said to have been painted by himself. It is the very counterpart of the Fornarina of Giulio Romano in the Borghese and Doria palaces, but so unlike the Fornarina in the tribune at Florence, and Giulio's copy of it at the Corsini palace, that one would imagine no difference of years could reconcile them.

In the other rooms, the most striking pictures are Poussin's Death of Germanicus, and the Joseph and Potiphar's Wife by Carlo Maratti. "This last," observes Mathews, "is the most voluptuous of pictures. The expression of intense passion in the countenance of the female is wonderful, and every limb is full of meaning;—'there is language in the eye, the cheek, the lip —nay, the foot speaks;'—and such a foot! She has, in her struggles to detain Joseph, planted one of her naked feet upon his, and the painter has contrived to exhibit, in the tumultuous flush of her figure, the thrilling sensation communicated by this casual contact."

THE SCIARRA PALACE boasts but a small though choice collection of pictures. The most admired are collected together in the last room. There you have Titian's

* Mathews.

family, as well as his mistress, both painted by himself. There, too, is the celebrated Modesty and Vanity of Leonardo da Vinci, in which the face of Vanity is the very counterpart of his Herodias in the Tribune at Florence. Da Vinci seems, indeed, to have been mightily taken with the smile which he has given to Vanity; for some traces of it will be found in almost all the female faces he has painted. This repetition of himself, however, has been accounted for. Most of his female heads exhibit, it is said, the features of his mistress Gioconda. In the same room, opposite to each other, are two full length Magdalenes of Guido's, of which the one called the Magdalene della Radice is an exquisite picture. Lastly, here is a master-piece of Caravaggio's—a Sharper playing at cards with an unsuspecting youth, whom the confederate of the former, while pretending to be looking on, is assisting to cheat. The work might pass for a picture of the Flemish school, divested of its farce and caricature;—for though the expression is strong, it is free from exaggeration.

It was well observed, by the author of Sketches in Italy, " that the subjects in which this great artist excels are drawn from common but not vulgar life: they are in the art of painting what novels are in that of fiction. While the sublime genius of Raphael, Coreggio, Guido, and Domenichino, soars aloft to the higher points—the romance of painting; while the humourous powers of Gerard Doüw, Teniers, Ostade, and Jan Steen, personify its very Hudibras; the peculiar talent of Caravaggio matches that of Fielding, and depicts the strong but not dignified

passions of every-day life with a force and felicity that 'brings them home to every man's own business and bosom.'"

THE DORIA PALACE contains the largest collection of pictures in Rome. The whole of one large room is covered with Gaspar Poussin's green landscapes. "The delightful green of nature, however," as Mathews justly remarks, "cannot be represented in a picture. Our own Glover has, perhaps, made the greatest possible exertion to surmount the difficulty, and give with fidelity the real colours of nature;—but I believe the beauty of his pictures is in an inverse ratio to their fidelity—and this failure affords an additional proof, that Nature must be stripped of her green livery, and dressed in the *browns* of the painters, or confined to her own autumnal tints, in order to be transferred to the canvass."

"Another room," says Forsyth, "is full of Rembrandt's old heads, called here philosophers, which are marked with that strong character and cast of thought peculiar to this artist. Complete the figures, give each a subject or a scene, and these heads, which have now only the importance of portrait, would shine in the historical sphere;—but in history Rembrandt knew that he was sometimes ridiculous."

Bassan—whose works are remarkable for high finish, and exquisite union of colours, combined with freedom of execution—is next in multitude. Indeed, as Lanzi observes, "so great is the number of *Bassanos*, that in good collections it is rather a disgrace to want them than

an honour to be possessed of them." In these the same subjects, such as—the Angels announcing the glad Tidings of Salvation to the Shepherds—the Queen of Sheba—the Three Wise Men—the Seizing of our Saviour, the Placing of his Body in the Tomb by torch-light—constantly recur. "His pictures," continues Lanzi, "when they treat of profane subjects, represent at one time cattle, or brazen utensils exposed for sale; at another, the various occupations of husbandry corresponding with the four seasons of the year; at another, a kitchen service, a poultry-yard, or similar objects. Not only do the same stories, however, and the same compositions return upon us in every collection, but even the very same faces, which he usually borrowed from those of his own family; arraying one of his own daughters, for instance, at one time as a Queen of Sheba, at another, as a Magdalene, at another, as a Country Girl." Colouring was his *forte*, and to his merit in this respect must we attribute his celebrity, and the high prices at which his best pieces have been sold. "His colours sparkle like gems, especially his *greens*, which possess an emerald tinge peculiar to himself." With regard to his merit in the other branches of the art, the critique of Forsyth, though severe, is not unjust. "This indefatigable painter," says he, "had a hand too ready for his head: hence repetitions, monotony, manner;—no poetry, no choice. He degrades the sublimest scripture with peasant-forms, makes the history of a picture subordinate to the landscape, the men and the angels mere accessories to the

brutes, and brings no other merit than truth, or rather *naïveté*, into subjects which demand epic elevation."

This gallery is rich in landscape; many of them by Titian, Annibal Caracci, Domenichino, and the greatest historical painters. Of the five *Claudes*, the "Molino," and the "Tempio d'Apollo," are not only the finest in this collection, but the finest now left in Italy. These two landscapes exhibit all the peculiarities of Claude Loraine's style—the classic groves—the temples—the flocks and herds—the winding streams—the distant hills and glittering sunny vales

> . . . . . Where universal Pan,
> Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
> Leads on the eternal Spring.

and strikingly exemplify the justness of Algarotti's remark:—"that he turned his thoughts more intently to the representation of the various accidents of light, especially as regards the appearance of the air, than to any other branch of art. By dint of the most indefatigable study, carried on under the happy temperature of a Roman sky, he succeeded in transferring to his canvass the most luminous atmosphere, the warmest and most vapoury horizon, ever beheld." This remark has since been echoed by Lanzi, who observes that Claude's "skies have almost always the impress of the sky of Rome, whose atmosphere is, from its situation, of a somewhat hazy, glowing, and roseate cast."

"Hondthorst's surprising candle-lights are dispersed

through the rooms to contrast with the sage and sober colouring of the Italian schools; but they draw the eye mechanically from better pictures, and are dangerous neighbours to all that surround them." Such is the equivocal praise bestowed by Forsyth upon this painter. Lanzi, however, seems to have formed a higher opinion of his merits. According to him, he was an imitator, but not a servile imitator of Caravaggio; taking care to adopt only what was more commendable in that artist's style—the colour of his fleshes, his vivacity, and his grand masses of light and shade;—while, at the same time, he aimed at greater accuracy of contour, greater elegance of form, as well as more gracefulness of attitude; and thus became equal to the task of treating even sacred subjects with propriety.

Some of the portraits in this collection are in high repute. The Macchiavel is by Andrea del Sarto, the Bartolo and Baldi by Raphael, the Jansenius by Titian, and Joan II. of Naples by Da Vinci. "There are also, says Forsyth, two family portraits, and those, great men painted by great artists—Andrew Doria by Titian, and Innocent X. by Velasquez. An Italian excludes from his gallery all portraits that are not excellent as pictures, or curious for their antiquity; for there the painter is every thing; the person painted nothing. If you wish for collections of portraits, you must go to convents and college-halls, where the mitred monk and the titled scholar are the only objects admitted or remarked."

"Here," continues the same writer, "are St. Jeromes alone sufficient to fill a short gallery. This anatomical

figure is the favourite subject of Spagnoletto, Salvator Rosa, Caravaggio, and that gloomy sect. The Magdalenes also crowd on your attention. They have all something meretricious in their very penitence, for 'loose hair and lifted eye' will hardly excuse a lascivious display of bosom." "In these paintings is set forth," as the Homily against Peril of Idolatry expresses it, "by the art of the painter, an image with a nice and wanton apparel and countenance, more like to Venus and Flora than Mary Magdalen; or, if like to Mary Magdalen, it is when she played the harlot, rather than when she wept for her sins."

Where there are so many excellent pictures, it would be difficult to settle their degrees of comparison. Titian's Sacrifice of Abraham—Annibal Caracci's *Pietà*, or dead Christ supported on the knees of the Virgin—the Virgin in contemplation—a Holy Family by Sasso Ferrato—the Cain and Abel of Salvator Rosa—and a few others, contend for distinction in the crowd.

The Four Misers—a comic performance, not unworthy of Albert Durer—is by D'Anversa, whom love transformed from a farrier into a painter. He happened, it seems, to fall in love with a daughter of an artist, who rejected his offers with scorn, alleging that "none but a painter was worthy a painter's daughter." Bidding adieu to his humble calling, therefore, the love-sick swain forthwith betook himself to the art of painting, and with such assiduity and success, that, some of his performances having excited the admiration of the prejudiced father, who little suspected who was the author of them,

he was at once rewarded with the object of his affection. But the same story is told of the Neapolitan painter, Antonio Solario, nicknamed Lo Zingaro.

"There is little else in the class of comic painting except a few *Teniers*, to which, perhaps, might be added a Repose in Egypt by Caravaggio, where the Virgin and Child are lulled asleep by an angel, who plays the fiddle, and leaves poor Joseph to hold the music-book. Scripture," continues Forsyth, "though a wide field, is so exhausted in painting, that an artist, who received orders for a Holy Family, was often driven, from the very poverty of the thing, into the low or the imaginary. Sometimes he introduced a dog, a cat, a sack* of corn, a porringer, a washing tub†; and sometimes preternatural glories:"

Variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam.—Hor.

Corsini Palace.—The sameness of the subjects in the picture galleries of Italy, has been a frequent topic of complaint with travellers. So great indeed is this sameness, that it is easy to guess the contents of a gallery, as to subject, before one enters it. A certain quantity of landscapes, a great many Holy Families, a few crucifixions, a few *Pietàs*, two or three St. Jeromes, a reasonable admixture of other Saints and Martyrdoms,

* Witness the celebrated Madonna del Sacco, at Florence.

† In the Manfrini Palace at Venice is a Repose in Egypt, in which the Virgin is represented performing the office of a washerwoman, which, however consistent it may be with truth, cannot be contemplated without something like repugnance.

and a whole troop of Madonnas and Magdalenes, constitute the principal part of all the collections in Rome—of which it is no libel to say, that they contain at least as many bad as good paintings.

This Madame de Staël is for attributing to the very nature of the subjects which the great Italian masters have chosen; subjects which scarcely seem to admit all that variety and originality of character of which painting is susceptible. "Religious meditation, it is true, is the most profound feeling that can influence the mind of man, and, considered in this light, it is that which supplies painters with the best ideas of expression; yet, as religion tends to repress all emotions of the mind that do not spring from its own source, the figures of saints and martyrs cannot display any great variety. That feeling of humility, which is so noble when we take heaven into our view, tends to subdue the vehemence of earthly passions, and imparts necessarily a degree of monotony to most religious subjects. When Michael Angelo, with his talent for the terrific, thought fit to attempt such subjects, he almost divested them of their appropriate character, by investing his prophets with a formidable and energetic expression, better fitted for a Jupiter than a Saint. Like Dante, he not unfrequently has recourse to the imagery of paganism, and confounds mythology and Christianity together."

And yet, it cannot be denied that scriptural pieces have this important advantage over those borrowed from profane story, or poetic fiction—that they are more readily understood. "To make the latter intelligible,"

continues the same writer, "it would often have been found necessary to retain the practice of the old masters, by writing upon a label appended to their mouths the words that the different personages are supposed to be uttering. Whereas, scriptural subjects are at once understood by every body, and the attention of the spectator is not diverted from the painting itself, to guess at what it represents.

"The strongest objection to such subjects is, the painful sensation produced by the appearance of blood, and wounds, and tortures, even though the victims may have been animated by the noblest enthusiasm. Philoctetes is perhaps the only tragical subject in which the representation of bodily suffering is admissible. But with how many poetical circumstances are those cruel sufferings accompanied! It is by the arrows of Hercules that they have been occasioned! It is by the Son of Esculapius that they are to be healed! The wound, in short, is almost confounded with the moral resentment to which it gives rise in the sufferer, and cannot excite any feeling of disgust . . . . In general, however, nothing shocks the imagination more than the representation of grisly wounds, and convulsive movements. In such pictures it is impossible not to look for accuracy of imitation, and yet, at the same time, one shudders at the thought of finding it. What pleasure would art give, did it merely consist in such imitation? It is sure to become more horrible, or less beautiful, than Nature herself, the moment it aspires merely at resemblance."

Admitting the justness of the foregoing remarks in general, and granting that the Corsini collection furnishes a striking instance of their truth in the Prometheus of Salvator Rosa—a most horrible representation of a horrible subject; yet, I think, the same collection also supplies us with some exceptions, in the Ecce Homo of Guercino, the Herodias of Guido, and the Judith of Hondthorst. In these pictures so exquisite is art, that while we gaze at them we almost forget the painful nature of the subjects. The Judith is the best representation I have ever seen of that tragedy. Here the horror inherent in the subject is softened down by the admirable management of chiaroscuro—the head of Holofernes being thrown into shade, and yet not so much so as to be rendered indistinct, while those of Judith and her attendant start from the canvass with all the effect of relief. In the Herodias, the head of the Baptist bears a strong resemblance to that usually given to the Saviour.

In going through the different galleries, it is curious to remark how differently the same subject is treated by different painters. Thus, in the Susanna of Annibal Caracci in the Doria collection, the painter has chosen the moment when the two Elders spring upon their affrighted victim, who strives to procure assistance by her screams. On the contrary, in Domenichino's picture at the Corsini, the elders are descried in the back ground, gloating over the lovely form of Susanna, who is represented disporting in the bath in all the security of conscious innocence. In this picture, Domenichino has made the fair Jewess a most bewitching creature: perhaps however there

is some truth in the remark, that she is, in fact, one of the nymphs transplanted from his famous Chase of Diana, with the beauties a little heightened and embellished.

Of the other pictures in this collection, the most interesting, either for their rarity, or as exhibiting the peculiar style of the painter, or as reminding one of similar subjects in other galleries, are—the Virgin and Child, by Morillo—another picture on the same subject, by Caravaggio—the portraits of Pope Julius II., and the Fornarina, by Giulio Romano—and that of Philip II. of Spain, by Titian. The landscapes of Gaspar Poussin also must not be forgotten.

FARNESINA.—Close to the Corsini Palace is the *Farnesina.* The ceiling of this Casino is covered with the story of Cupid and Psyche, painted from the designs of Raphael by his scholars. The whole of that delightful fiction, from first to last—from the first dawn of passion, through the wrath and machinations of Venus; Jupiter's consent to the union extorted by the entreaties of the enamoured God; Psyche's return from her banishment in hell, her presentation with the cup of immortality, her nuptials graced by the banquet of the assembled gods—all is here delineated. In one of the angles is a group of the Graces, and the one whose back is turned to the spectator is said to have been executed as well as designed by Raphael.

In the adjoining room is Raphael's famous Galatea. It is a fresco painting, but so much faded, that one is almost tempted to exclaim, with Mathews, "the more I

see of fresco, the more I am inclined to believe that to paint in fresco is to throw away time and labour." On one of the walls of the same room is preserved a spirited colossal head, said to have been sketched by Michael Angelo to ridicule the littleness of Raphael's designs.

SPADA PALACE.—The great curiosity here is the colossal statue of Pompey—said to be that very statue at the foot of which "great Cæsar fell."

This statue, it seems, was found beneath the partition wall of two houses, in a lane near the site of the Curia of Pompey, and the proprietors, unable to determine to which of them it belonged—for the head lay under one house, and the feet under the other—a law-suit ensued; when the judge, equally puzzled, resolved, like another Solomon, to cut it in two. Fortunately, according to Hobhouse's version of the story, "Pope Julius III. gave the contending owners five hundred crowns for the statue, and presented it to Cardinal Capo di Ferro, who had prevented the judgment of Solomon from being executed upon it. In a more civilized age, this statue was exposed to an actual operation; for the French, who acted the Brutus of Voltaire in the Coliseum, resolved that their Cæsar should fall at the base of that Pompey, which was supposed to have been sprinkled with the blood of the original dictator. The nine-foot hero was therefore removed to the arena of the amphitheatre, and, to facilitate its transport, suffered the temporary amputation of its right arm. The republican tragedians had to plead that the arm was a restoration; but their accusers do not be-

lieve that the integrity of the statue would have protected it.

"The love of finding every coincidence has discovered the true Cæsarian ichor in a stain near the right knee; but colder criticism has rejected not only the blood but the portrait." The objection to a naked heroic statue, as the representative of a Roman senator, is thought to be fatal to its identification with Pompey; and then, the holding of a globe in the hand, is not in republican taste; —this action, say the critics, speaks the language of a *master* of the world, and brings the statue down to the days of the empire. But, after all, this does not get rid of the difficulty; and it is easier to decide that the statue cannot be Pompey's, than to find it an owner among the emperors. By some, indeed, it has been assigned to Augustus; but the face accords much better with what we may fancy to have been the features of the "hominem integrum et castum et gravem*," than with any of the busts of Augustus, and is too stern for him, who, according to Suetonius, "was beautiful at all periods of his life." Then again, it was found on the spot where the statue of Pompey stood, and bears a strong resemblance to the head on his medal, published in the Museo Romano. As to the objection of the globe in the hand, there was, perhaps, nothing very extraordinary in the adulation of marking the extent of his conquests, by putting that symbol into the hands of a victorious general "who found Asia Minor the boundary, and left it the

* Cicero Epist. ad Atticum XI. 7.

centre of the Roman empire. At all events, so imposing is the stern majesty of the statue, and so memorable is the story, that the play of the imagination leaves no room for the exercise of the judgment; and the fiction, if a fiction it is, operates on the spectator with an effect not less powerful than truth*."

THE FALCONIERI PALACE, the residence of Cardinal Fesch, contains a very large collection of pictures; and as the collection is of a very miscellaneous character, a visit to it is usually considered as an agreeable relief after the constant recurrence of the same scriptural subjects in the other galleries of Rome. Variety itself, however, if there is any force in the following argument of Gray's, is not to be had without its attendant inconveniences:— "The full moral effect of pictures is seldom produced by large collections: one's attention is distracted by variety, and too often diverted to follow up any chain of thought. A single picture accidentally seen may excite very interesting reflections; but who can turn from the tragic sublimity of a crucifixion by Vandyke, to the humourous representation of a charlatan, by Gerard Doüw, without perceiving a derangement of ideas?"

Among the many excellent pictures in this gallery, is an admirable Magdalene by Vandyke. "The Magdalene is generally a voluptuous woman, with just enough of grief to make her beauties interesting; but in this of

* See Notes to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.

Vandyke's, there is the most affecting contrition, and the eyes are red with weeping.

St. Peter, in the high-priest's kitchen, by Hondthorst, or, as the Italians call him—partly from an inability to grapple with such a cacophonous name, partly from the circumstance of his having produced few pictures except candle-lights—Gherardo dalle Notti, is, as Mathews justly observes, a splendid specimen of the skill of the Dutch school in the management of light and shade. The flaring light of the torches has all the effect of reality.

"This gallery," observes the same writer, "is rich in the works of Rubens: one of his happiest efforts is a St. Francis adoring the Infant Saviour. Had Rubens' power of conception and skill in execution been combined with *taste*, he would have deserved one of the highest pedestals in the temple of painting; but he cannot get out of Holland, and all his figures, especially his females, savour strongly of a Dutch kitchen.

"There is in this gallery a superb collection of Dutch paintings; and if painting consisted alone of high finishing and exactness of execution, the Dutch would deserve to be exalted above all their rivals." But these pictures, though remarkable for their vivid and minute details of common life, though rich in sources of amusement to the close observer of nature, and in the highest degree creditable to the accuracy, research, and humour of the painter, are incapable of exciting those more elevated feelings inspired by the works of the great Italian masters. "Painting, indeed, is as much an art of the mind as of the hand, and the poetical qualifications are of quite as

much importance as the mechanical." While, therefore, we readily award a just tribute of praise to the high finish, the exact nature, and broad humour exhibited by the Dutch painters, we may fairly claim a merit of a more exalted kind for their Italian rivals.

> In homely pieces e'en the Dutch excell,
> Italians only can draw beauty well.

"There is just enough of Guido, and Carlo Dolci. The pictures of the former have been termed the honey, and those of the latter may perhaps be called the *treacle*, of painting*."

PALAZZO BORGHESE.—Here, too, is another very large collection of pictures. The Domenichinos, Titians, and Albanis, are confessedly the finest in Rome.

The four *Albanis* represent the four elements, or different actions of Venus. "Occasionally," observes Lanzi, "Albani conceals some doctrine, or some ingenious allegory under the veil of painting; as in the four oval pictures of the Borghese Palace. Here, too, are little Cupids, some of whom are sharpening darts for Vulcan, others laying snares in the air for the feathered race, others disporting and fishing in the sea, others gathering flowers and weaving chaplets on earth;—as if he meant to give a representation of the system of those among the ancients who ascribed all the operations of

* Mathews.

nature to genii, and therefore peopled the earth with genii."

The best pictures in this collection are—the beautiful Cumæan Sibyl, and the Chase of Diana, by Domenichino—a Deposition from the Cross, executed by Raphael at Perugia, before he had thoroughly divested himself of the stiff manner of his master Perugino; though, according to Lanzi, the heads, in this picture, "are among the first to be found, after the revival of art, whose beauty is unimpaired by depth of sorrow and intensity of grief"—the Profane and Divine Love, and Cupid with the Three Graces, by Titian, which two pieces may serve to exemplify the remark, that the Venetian painters seldom give us more than the bodies either of men or women—two small heads of the Saviour and Virgin, together with a Virgin and Child, by Carlo Dolci—and an exquisite landscape with cattle, by Paul Potter.

Monte Cavallo.—The gardens of this immense pile—one of the papal palaces—are at least a mile in circuit; and being laid out with shady ever-green walks, which afford a complete protection against the sun, they form a most delightful retreat during the heats of summer.

In the chapel attached to this palace is an *Annunciation*, by Guido, "in the sweetest style of this sweet painter. But Guido's Mary, sweet as she is, will never do after the Mary of Raphael;—and then, the eternal blue mantel, in which Guido wraps his females, reminds

one of the favourite 'sky-blue attitude' of Lady Pentweazle. A *Resurrection*, by Vandyke, affords ample proof that his excellence was not limited to portrait*." Walpole, however, appears to have been of a different opinion. "Fame," says he, "attributes to his master (Rubens) an envy of which his liberal nature was, I believe, incapable, and makes him advise Vandyke to apply himself chiefly to portraits. If Rubens gave the advice in question, he gave it with reason, not maliciously. Vandyke had a peculiar genius for portraits; his draperies are finished with a minuteness of truth not demanded in historic compositions; besides, his invention was cold and tame; nor does he any where seem to have had much idea of the passions and their expression—portraits require none." This, it must be confessed, is but a cold acknowledgment of the talents of this celebrated man, whose portraits have so long excited the wonder of an admiring world.

In the square before the palace are the two marble horses, with their attendant figures, which some suppose to be Castor and Pollux; while others will have it that the one is a copy from the other, and that each group is a representation of Alexander taming Bucephalus.

If we may believe the inscriptions, which are as old as Constantine, in whose baths they were found, they are the work of Phidias and Praxiteles. But this we cannot believe, if we suppose them to represent Alexander

* Mathews.

taming Bucephalus; for, according to Pliny's account, Phidias flourished in the eighty-third Olympiad, while Alexander was not born till the hundred-and-sixth Olympiad, ninety-two years afterwards. From the same authority we learn that Praxiteles flourished in the hundred-and-fourth Olympiad, eight years before the birth of Alexander: we can hardly suppose, therefore, that the former lived to execute a statue of the latter. From a coin of Maxentius's, bearing on the reverse two similar groups, with the legend *æternitas*, the conjecture that the two figures were intended for Castor and Pollux seems the more probable. That they are really the works of Phidias and Praxiteles is, to say the least, very unlikely; for the two groups seem evidently to have been contemporary works, whereas about a century elapsed between the time of Phidias and Praxiteles.

"These groups," says Mathews, "are full of spirit and expression; but are not the men out of proportion? They appear better able to carry the horses, than the horses them. The Egyptian Obelisk, which is placed between them, was brought hither, at an enormous expense, by Pius VI. from the mausoleum of Augustus; and as this was done at a time when the poor of Rome were suffering much from distress, the following sentence, taken from scripture, was placarded underneath the obelisk:—

Di che queste pietre divengano pane.

This was surely *mal-à-propos;* for Pius VI. could not well have adopted a better method of supplying the poor with bread, than by furnishing them with employment."

Rospigliosi Palace.—On the ceiling of a pavilion annexed to this palace is painted Guido's celebrated Aurora—one of the few frescos that have withstood the attacks of time.

Morghen's engraving, admirable as it is, falls far short of the matchless original. This charming composition is admired for its movement. The torch of Lucifer is blown back by the velocity of his advance; Aurora seems borne by her own buoyancy through the air; and the Hours that surround the radiant car of Phœbus look as though they were actually moving forward. Guido's Aurora is often compared with the rival fresco of Guercino at the Villa Lodovisi. "But the work of Guido is more poetic, and luminous, and soft, and harmonious. Cupid, Aurora, Phœbus, form a climax of beauty, and the Hours seem as light as the clouds on which they dance. At such ceilings you gaze till your neck becomes stiff and your head dizzy. They detain you like the glorious ceiling of the Caracci, the sole object left to be admired at the Farnese Palace, except the palace itself." Should the reader think this notice of Forsyth's savours too much of panegyric, he may take the following critique of Simond's as a fair set-off against it. "I shall only mention the Palazzo Rospigliosi," says he, "on account of the celebrated fresco of Aurora by Guido, the prints of which are very generally known, and in which Apollo is represented in a chariot-and-four, attended by seven swift nymphs. No artist, I presume, would undertake to defend the drawing; few would praise the expression: the colouring is crude and cold; and the draperies, all in

a flutter, are unnatural, and in bad taste: the horses are ill-broken cart-horses, of the true antique breed; yet the picture has a name, and it is admired on trust."

FARNESE PALACE. — This palace, the work of Michael Angelo, contains the far-famed ceiling above alluded to, painted by Annibal Caracci and his scholars, for which, after eight years' incessant labour, that great man was rewarded, by the munificence of Cardinal Farnese, with — five hundred crowns.

All the subjects are taken from the heathen mythology. On one part of the ceiling is represented the triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne, whose cars are drawn by Tigers, and surrounded by a train of Satyrs, Fauns, and Bacchanals, led on by old Silenus. Two other portions, exhibiting the triumph of Galatea, and Aurora carrying off her beloved Cephalus, are by Agostino Caracci, whose cultivated taste and poetic imagination are said to have been of great use to his brother in the composition of the whole work. "The story of Cephalus and that of Galatea are so exquisitely told," says Lanzi, "that they look as though they had been dictated by a poet, and executed by a Greek artist. It was noised about at the time, that, in the frescos of the Farnese, the engraver surpassed the painter; and Annibale, no longer able to endure the stings of envy, under feigned pretences dismissed his brother from the work."

## THE VATICAN.

. . . . The kindled marble's bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear;
One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,
Or deify the canvass till it shine
With beauty so surpassing all below,
That they who kneel to idols so divine
Break no commandment, for high heaven is there
Transfused, transfigurated.—BYRON.

THE Vatican is a huge pile of dissimilar edifices, heaped together with very little regard to effect, and looking, as Miss Waldie phrases it, "less like a palace than a company of palaces, jostling each other for place or precedence." Its vast extent may be inferred from the number of rooms said to be contained in it, which seems to border on the marvellous; for while some accounts restrict that number to between four and five thousand, others make it amount to no less than thirteen thousand!

But what the Vatican wants in beauty, it compensates in wealth. In this grand repository "we may trace the sculpture of ancient Rome from its dawn to its decline—from the old Doric tomb of Scipio Barbatus, in plain Alban stone, to the porphyry sarcophagi of St. Constantia and St. Helen, where men stand erect under horses' bellies. Here ancient and modern art seem to contend

for pre-eminence—storied pavements assembled from distant ruins, and bordered with the mosaic of the present day—columns, once the ornament of temples, arranged in rotondos which emulate those temples, and, like them, embellished with the statues of gods and deified emperors*." The wildest dreams of the imagination are here realized:—

> L'alte colonne, e i capitelli d'oro,
> Da chi i gemmati palchi eran soffulti;
> I peregrini marmi in varie forme sculti,
> Pitture e getti, e tant' altro lavoro—
> Mostran che non bastaro à tante mole
> Di venti re insieme le ricchezze sole.—ARIOSTO.

The usual entrance† to the museum is from the colonnade of St. Peter's, through a quadrangular court surrounded by a triple range of arcades, well known by the name of the *Loggie* or Galleries of Raphael, and decorated by the designs of that inimitable master, executed in one or two instances by himself, but for the most part by his scholars.

The first gallery contains merely that kind of ornamental painting called arabesque or *grottesque*‡; the idea of which Raphael is said to have borrowed from the

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* Forsyth.

† The principal entrance is by Bernini's staircase, called the Scala Regia, at that extremity of the Portico of St. Peter's where stands the equestrian statue of Constantine.

‡ This latter designation was, as we have already seen, applied in allusion to those subterranean places, such as the Baths of Titus, in which the ancient arabesques were discovered.

Baths of Titus. On the ceiling of the second gallery are depicted the principal events recorded in the Bible, beginning with the Creation. "Such a subject," observes Mathews, "must fail in any hands—for what pencil can delineate the Great Spirit? Raphael has done all that a painter could do, but it is impossible for a finite mind to imagine infinity, or give a suitable form to that Being who has neither beginning nor end. Montaigne has well observed, that if every animal were to draw a picture of the Divinity, each would clothe him in its own figure;—and a negro painter would doubtless give him a black complexion. Such personifications and representations would at once appear in the highest degree ridiculous; but it is perhaps only one degree less so, to see him under the figure of an old man, with a long beard, as Raphael has done it, with all his limbs at work, separating the elements with bodily energy. Eustace condemns this corporeal exertion, and contrasts it with the sublime description of Moses. No one certainly will deny that the description of the Almighty fiat—'Let there be light, and there was light*'—conveys a more sublime idea to the mind, than the picture of the

* Voltaire's beautiful impromptu shews that he too, like Longinus, must have thought Moses no common man—*οὐ τυχων ἀνηρ*—in the way of description at least:—

Tous ces vastes pays d'Azur et de Lumière,
Tirés du sein du vide, et formés sans matière,
Arrondis sans compas, et tournans sans pivot,
Ont à peine couté la dépense d'un mot!

painter; but this is not the painter's fault. His language is in his brush; he must *represent* and not describe; and how could he represent the action of the Creation, otherwise than by making the Creator corporeally at work? He cannot speak to the mind by the alphabet. It would not do to place the Deity in tranquil majesty, with a scroll appended to his mouth, as we see in some old pictures, inscribed with—γενεσθω φως και εγενετο—'Let there be light, and there was light.'—The only fault is in the choice of the subject; and for this Raphael is not answerable. He was ordered to represent the whole scripture history, and the Creation was too important a part to be omitted. But let future painters profit by Raphael's failure—and let no one hereafter venture to personify that great *First Cause* which passeth understanding." Such are the remarks of Mathews on this performance of Raphael's. Webb, in his "Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting," had previously started similar objections to it; observing that such a representation "brought down to nothing the idea of immensity which ought to accompany the work of Creation, and reduced our world to one of a span long." Algarotti, however, who notices this critique, gallantly enters the lists in defence of the painter, and shews at least that very plausible arguments may be advanced on the opposite side. "In virtue," says he, "of that act of the Deity, who with one hand reaches the Sun, and with the other, the Moon, we are given to understand that the Universe itself is as nothing with regard to God, which is all the painter's art can teach us. The conception of

the subject, in this case, though in a contrary sense, is the same in kind with that of Timantes, who, to shew the enormous size of a sleeping Polyphemus, placed some Satyrs near him in the act of amusing themselves by measuring one of his thumbs with a thirsus. On this head, Pliny, recounting the circumstance, takes occasion to remark, that 'in all Timantes' works more is sure to be meant than meets the eye; and that though his proficiency in art is great, his ingenuity is still greater:'" Atque in omnibus ejus operibus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur; et cum ars summa sit, ingenium tamen ultra artem est. Lanzi, whose observations on art are always characterized by sound sense, takes the same view of the subject. "In the Creation of the world," says he, "is not that figure of the Deity—who, with outstretched arms, is seen with one hand touching the Sun, with the other, the Moon—an instance of the sublime, which, by the simplest language, awakens the most elevated ideas*?"

The paintings of this Bible of Raphael's, as the series is sometimes called, are on a small scale. Each of the *Loggie*, that is to say, each space between the pillars, contains four, one on each of the four sides of its coved roof. The colouring of these frescos has suffered greatly from time, and exposure to the atmosphere; for it is only within these few years that the Galleries have been glazed, to protect the paintings from the weather.

* For further remarks upon these paintings, see the Appendix, article "Raphael."

The Loggie of Raphaël communicate with that part of the museum, denominated the Museo Chiaramonti, from the name of Pius VII., by whom it was formed. It consists of a long gallery, the walls of which are completely covered with ancient sepulchral inscriptions. Among them is a marble ædicola, similar in form as well as purpose to the little shrines so often raised, by the wayside, in honour of the Virgin or some favourite Saint. From a passage in Ovid it would appear, that these shrines, when sufficiently large, were not unfrequently used by the shepherds as places of shelter for themselves and their flocks. Thus he represents one of them as deprecating the wrath of the rural deity in these terms:—

> Da veniam culpæ, nec dum degrandinat, obsit
> Agresti fano supposuisse pecus.—Fast. iv. 755.
>
> Forgive the crime, if, midst the wintry rain,
> My flock I've sheltered in thy rustic fane.—Blunt.

From hence, entering another gallery, lined on both sides with statues of gods, heroes, and emperors, a flight of steps leads to the Museo Pio Clementino, begun under the auspices of Clement XIV., and enlarged by Pius VI. Here is the famous Torso, the favourite study of M. Angelo and Annibal Caracci; the latter of whom, according to Lanzi, could give an accurate drawing of it merely from memory. From its mutilated state—for, as its name imports, it is a mere trunk, without head, arms, or legs—it can be interesting only to the eye of science. It is seated on a lion's skin, and, from certain peculiarities

of style, it is thought to represent Hercules in repose, and raised to immortality. "The developement of the nerves and muscles," says Winckelmann, "or their total suppression, is that which distinguishes Hercules still doomed to labour, from Hercules purified from the grosser parts of matter, and admitted to the happiness of the gods. It is thus, for instance, that, in the Hercules Farnese, we recognise the man, and the god in the Hercules of the Belvedere; for, in the latter, the veins are indistinguishable." The Torso is inscribed with the name of Apollonius, an Athenian sculptor.

The celebrated Meleager, with his dog and boar's head, and surrounded by mutilated statues, stands in a small apartment near the Torso. "One of the finest ancient statues in Rome," observes Addison, "is a Meleager with a spear in his hand, and the head of a wild boar on one side of him. It is of Parian marble, and as yellow as ivory. One meets with many other figures of Meleager in the ancient relievos, and on the sides of the sarcophagi, or funeral monuments. Perhaps it was the arms or device of the old Roman hunters; which conjecture I have found confirmed by a passage of Manilius, that lets us know the Pagan hunters had Meleager for their patron, as the Christians have their St. Hubert. He speaks of the constellation which makes a good sportsman:—

. . . . . Quibus aspirantibus orti
Te, Meleagre, colunt.—MANIL. lib. 5.

"I question not but this sets a verse in the fifth Satire

of Juvenal in a much better light, than if we suppose that the poet aims only at the old story of Meleager, without considering it as so very common and familiar a one among the Romans:"—

> . . . . Flavi dignus ferro Meleagri
> Spumat Aper.—SAT. v.
>
> A boar entire, and worthy of the sword
> Of Meleager, smokes upon the board.—BOWLES.

One of the most interesting relics in this part of the museum is the sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus. It is of peperine or Alban stone, and remarkable for its simplicity. Its Doric frieze exhibits roses between the triglyphs; it has, moreover, this peculiarity, that it is surmounted by Ionic dentils. The inscription, which, according to Hobhouse, instructs us more than a chapter of Livy in the style and language of the republican Romans, has already been given in the description of the tomb of the Scipios. An unknown bust, also of peperine stone, crowned with laurel, and found in the same vault with the sarcophagus, and sometimes ascribed to the poet Ennius, is placed upon it. Near it are the epitaphs of many of the Scipios—but not of Scipio Africanus, whose ashes, as we shall hereafter see, were not deposited in the tomb of his ancestors.

You next enter an octagonal court, surrounded by a portico decorated with superb marble columns, and enriched with some of the most splendid monuments of ancient magnificence;—statues and relievos—baths formed of marble and granite, as bright as though they

had just left the carver's hands—sarcophagi embellished with exquisite sculpture—vases, and votive altars. But it is in the recesses of this court that the greatest treasures of the Vatican are contained—the Apollo Belvedere and the Laocoön.

The Apollo, according to the more received opinion, is represented as having just shot his arrow. A feeling of transient indignation and disdain swells his nostril, and slightly curls his upper lip; but it is the unperturbed disdain of a superior being—the dignified air of vengeance that animates without distorting:—

> . . . . . In his eye
> And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
> And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
> Developing in that one glance the Deity.—Byron.

Various, however, have been the opinions of different individuals as to the character in which Agasias—if Agasias really executed this work, for there is no direct evidence of the fact—intended to represent Apollo*. But the prevailing notion is, that he has just slain the serpent Python, and this is the opinion entertained by

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* Spence takes it to be the statue of a hunter (Polymetis, Dial. viii.) Visconti recognises in it the statue (made by Calamis and described by Pausanias, Lib. i. c. 3) which the Athenians raised to Apollo, as the God of Medicine, after the great plague. Other opinions are, that Apollo is here represented as having just defeated the giant Tityus; as having expended all his arrows against the Achæans; as having slain the giants, or Niobe and her children, or the faithless Coronis.—*See Burton's Rome*, Vol. ii. 302.

Winckelmann, and, we may add, by the painter West. "My God!"—he unconsciously exclaimed, at first sight of this celebrated statue—"a young Mohawk Warrior!" "The Italians," observes his biographer, "were surprised and mortified at this comparison of their noblest statue to a savage; and West, perceiving the unfavourable impression he had caused, hastened to remove it. He described the Mohawks—the natural elegance, and admirable symmetry of their persons—the elasticity of their limbs, and their motions free and unconstrained. 'I have seen them often,' he continued, 'standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing, with an intense eye, the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow.' The Italians cleared their moody brows, and admitted that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced."

The sanctuary of the temple at Delphi was adorned with a beautiful statue of the Pythian Apollo. According to Pausanias, it was of gold; but from a passage in Callimachus, (Hymn. Apoll. 33) supposed to allude to this statue, it would seem that its robes and ornaments alone were of gold; this, however, would be enough to warrant the expression of Pausanias. "Of this statue," says Hughes, "the Apollo Belvedere may perhaps be a copy; for his attitude has always been supposed by the best judges to be that which we should expect from the deity of the Pythian shrine, just after he has discharged his fatal arrow at the serpent Python." This conjecture, plausible as it is, would, according to the following

remark of Addison, assign too high an antiquity to the original. "I have seen," says he, "on coins, the four finest figures perhaps that are now extant—the Hercules Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, the Apollo in the Belvedere, and the famous Marcus Aurelius on horseback .... All four of them make their first appearance in the Antonine family; for which reason I am apt to think they are all of them the product of that age. They would probably have been mentioned by Pliny the naturalist, who lived in the next reign save one before Antoninus Pius, had they been made in his time."

That the Belvedere Apollo, however, is no more than a copy, has by some been argued on this ground, that the marble is not from the quarries of Paros, but from those of Luna* (now Carrara); the Carrara marble being whiter than the Parian. On the other hand, Visconti maintains that the Apollo is of Grecian marble, though not perhaps from the Pentelic or Parian quarry. From the thin folds of the chlamys, Canova thought the original must have been of bronze. Whether this conjecture is well or ill founded—whether this celebrated statue be a copy or an original—it is fatal to every thing in its vicinity; and this is perhaps the best proof of transcendent merit. We turn away with indifference

* Pliny tells us (Lib. xxxvi. c. 4) that the quarries of Luna had not been discovered long before his time. It appears, however, from another passage of the very same work (Lib. xxxvi. c. 7) that these quarries had been worked as early as the days of Julius Cæsar.

even from the Mercury and the Meleager, admirable as they are, after having contemplated the matchless grace and sublimity of the Apollo;—

> . . . . . The Lord of the unerring bow,
> The God of life, and poesy, and light;
> The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
> All radiant from his triumph in the fight!—Byron.

The Apollo was found at Antium towards the end of the fifteenth century, and placed in this museum by Julius II. The left hand and arm are modern, and inferior to the rest of the figure. The right arm, and foot, and ankle, were also fractured, and have been but indifferently repaired.

Laocoön.—In the group of the Laocoön, the distorted face, the starting sinews, and distended limbs of the father—who, together with his sons, is entwined in the inextricable folds of the serpents—offer a most appalling picture of human suffering. It is, however, objected by some critics, that the father seems more alive to his own sufferings than to those of his sons; a circumstance which, though it may make the expression less heroic, does not make it less natural. Winckelmann admires the statue for expressing the exact contrary of this. It is, however, not unfair to say, that the bodies of the father and the sons are relatively out of proportion; for the set forms of the latter, considered apart from the principal figure, present the idea of men

rather than boys; and yet such is the difference of size between the father and the sons, that either he must be a giant or they must be dwarfs.

A reason has been assigned for this imperfection in the figures of the children. It was discovered by M. Angelo that they were executed separately, and joined to the principal figure, though with such nicety, that in Pliny's time the whole group was thought to consist but of one block:—"Sicut in Laocoonte, qui est in Titi imperatoris domo, opus, omnibus et picturæ et statuariæ artis anteferendum; ex *uno* lapide, eum et liberos draconumque mirabiles nexus, de consilii sententiâ fecêre summi artifices Agesander, et Polydorus, et Athenodorus, Rhodii." (N. H. Lib. 36, c. 5). Connoisseurs of the present day are of opinion that Agesander was the father of the two other artists here mentioned; and, to account for the inferiority of the children of the Laocoön, they infer that he intrusted the execution of them to his sons.

Though these sculptors are supposed to have lived about the time of Alexander, Virgil seems to have drawn from his own imagination in describing the scene; for the celebrated passage in the second Æneid seems hardly to apply to this group:—

> . . . . . Et *primum* parva duorum
> Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
> Implicat, et miseros morsu depascitur artus;
> *Post* ipsum, auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem,
> Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus; et jam

Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis*.—Æn. ii. 231.

And *first* around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpened fangs their limbs and bodies grind,
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they *next* invade;
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd;
And twice about his gasping throat they fold—
The priest thus doubly choked—their crests divide,
And towering o'er his head in triumph ride.—Dryden.

Virgil, however, has hit off the *expression* of the statue exactly, in his comparison of the cries of Laocoön to the bellowing of a bull:—

Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit;
Quales mugitus, fugit quùm saucius aram
Taurus.

His roaring fills the flitting air around;
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.—Dryden.

In another recess of this court are the Perseus and the two Pugilists of Canova—the only modern statues that have been admitted into the Vatican.

It would, perhaps, have been as well for Canova's reputation if these also had been excluded. Placed beside the Apollo, the noblest productions of modern art must appear to disadvantage; and the Perseus recalls to us, with peculiar force, the image of that inimitable sta-

* A passage in Petronius Arbiter (Satyricon, c. 89) agrees as little with this group as do the lines of Virgil.

tue, and seems to challenge comparison. "Alike in sentiment, in occasion, and in point of time, Apollo has just shot the arrow, Perseus has just cut off the beautiful head of Medusa." The Perseus might have attracted admiration during the absence of the Apollo; for it should not be forgotten that the Perseus was intended to replace the Apollo during his visit to Paris; just as the Venus of Canova was meant to replace the Medicean Venus during her flight to the same capital. But Apollo is come back—and the Perseus is as little thought of in comparison of him, as the Venus of the Pitti Palace in comparison of her celebrated prototype.

Critics object that the air and attitude of the Perseus have something in them studied and of stage effect; that his position is constrained and unnatural; that he looks more like one representing the part, than actually doing the deed. "Instead of turning in horror from the petrific head, he eyes it with indignant complacency."

The head of Perseus is fine, and its expression, as well as that of the Medusa's—which, contrary to the representation frequently given of it, is that of a beautiful woman*—is deservedly admired. The arms, and the

* The head of Medusa, which occurs so frequently both on the breast-plates and on the shields of Minerva, is sometimes one of the most beautiful, and at others one of the most shocking objects in the world. In some figures of it, the face is represented as dead, but with the most perfect features that can be imagined; in others, her face is full of passion and her eyes convulsed; and in many others —if all that sort of heads are really Medusas, which are commonly taken for such—the look is all frightful, and formed on purpose to give terror.—*Spence's Polymetis*, p. 61.

contour of the limbs are beautiful—perhaps too delicately beautiful—too soft and smooth for a mortal warrior.

The PUGILISTS have more spirit and originality. To judge of their merit it is perhaps necessary to recur to the story, as told by Pausanias. Creugas and Damoxenus, two celebrated pugilists, the former of Dyrrhachium, the latter of Syracuse, having exhibited their prowess without any decisive result, agreed at length that each should stand the blow of his opponent, on whatever part of the body it might chance to light. Creugas having accordingly planted a blow upon the head of his antagonist, Damoxenus, in his turn, required him to throw himself off his guard, and running at him with the fingers of his own hand extended, plunged them into his rival's side and tore out his vitals. Creugas died on the spot; but the prize was adjudged to him, and his brutal antagonist was banished from Syracuse.

The attitude of the Pugilists has not escaped criticism; and certainly that of Damoxenus seems wholly indefensible. The act of aiming a blow with the *right* hand, the *right* foot being in advance at the same time, is utterly at variance with all modern ideas of boxing. The posture of the Creugas, however, with one hand on his head, and the other at his back, corresponds with the story; for his agreement with his antagonist allowed no defence. It moreover suited Canova, by developing the whole figure—an advantage incompatible with the scientific *wards* of the present day.

In another alcove of the same court stands the statue that has been successively styled the Antinoüs, the Meleager, and the Mercury. The first of these names it received from its downcast look, which gives it a slight resemblance to the acknowledged statues of Antinoüs. By Winckelmann it was pronounced to be a Meleager—though destitute of every distinguishing mark—from some real or fancied resemblance to an undoubted Meleager. With the sculptors of the present day it passes for a Mercury. To be sure, the Caduceus and the Talaria are wanting; but they who maintain this statue to be a Mercury do not consider such deficiencies fatal to their hypothesis. According to them, the arm which is fractured, may, from its position, have held the caduceus; and the want of *talaria* is not deemed an objection. Here, say they, he may be intended to represent the patron of the arts; and it was only when represented as the messenger of the gods, that he was necessarily winged*.

Leaving this court, we enter the *Hall of Animals*, a sort of Noah's Ark, crowded with an almost endless variety of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles, of all sorts and sizes. From the rude accessories sometimes affixed

* There were several marks, says Spence, to know Mercury by; among which we may reckon the lightness and agility of his person as the chief. But as to the things which are more properly called his distinguishing attributes, the most remarkable of these are his Petasus, or winged cap; the Talaria, or wings to his feet; and his wand with the two serpents about it, which they call his Caduceus.—*Polymetis*, p. 104.

to admired statues, such, for instance, as the Meleager's dog, which exhibits no articulation of the joints, and looks as though it were stuffed, the ancients have been thought to have neglected the study of animals; — many of these, however, are most admirably executed; and it is curious to see how closely the natural colours of the animals are imitated in the variety of ancient marbles.

One of the most singular groups in this hall is the Mithras sacrificing a bull. Mithras was one of the gods of the Persians, supposed to represent either the Sun or Venus Urania. The worship of this deity was introduced at Rome, where altars were raised to him with the inscription *Deo Soli Mithræ*, or *Soli Deo Invicto Mithræ*. The Mithras is repeated more than once in this collection, and consists of the following figures: — a man habited like a Persian, in the Phrygian cap and trousers, and represented with his head turned aside, resting his left knee upon the body of a prostrate bull, while with his left hand he grasps the muzzle of the animal, and with his right plunges a short sword into its shoulder; a dog licks up the blood which flows from the wound; a serpent is represented below, and an eagle above. The whole is allegorical, and may be thus explained. Mithras, as we have seen, is the Sun; the bull is the earth, which the sun is fertilizing with heat, and penetrating with his influence in the Sign of Taurus. The dog, licking up the blood, is meant to denote that all nature is nourished by the sun's influence upon the earth; add to which, *Canis* is properly placed next to *Taurus*. The bull's tail ter-

minates in ears of corn, emblematic of fecundity*. The ancient Persians, it seems, admitted neither images of their gods, nor temples, nor altars; and all the sculptured representations of Mithras are of Roman workmanship. Hence the Phrygian cap and trousers, the distinctive marks of all barbarians.

From the Hall of Animals you pass into a spacious saloon, at one extremity of which, wrapped in his *pallium*, and armed with his thunderbolts, sits the colossal Jupiter, who may in some sort be styled the father of this museum, as he was of the gods—for his was the first statue ever placed here.

At the opposite extremity is a recumbent figure, by some supposed to be an Ariadne, by others, a Cleopatra. The latter seems the more probable conjecture. It is recorded of Cleopatra, that she was found after death, with her right hand thrown behind her head, much in the attitude in which this statue is represented; and the serpent on the arm, or as some will have it, the bracelet in the form of a serpent, would seem to favour the hypothesis which makes it a Cleopatra. The head is modern. Indeed, as Forsyth has justly observed, " many of these

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* Of the Crab or Scorpion the following explanation has been given:—" Virtus Solaris, in Tauro invalescens, incipit deficere in Cancro, virtusque genitalis paulatim in illo comprimitur." And again:—" Scorpium juxta genitalia ad Solem in Scorpio refert, mense scilicet Octobri, quo semina, remisso vigore, propter frigus concluduntur."

statues were found in a mutilated state, and so much modern work have they received to restore the ancient, that we can hardly distinguish what is original from what is added. Either the old surface is scraped into the whiteness of the new, or the new has received the yellow ivory gloss of the old; while the cement which unites them is so imperceptibly fine, that Perseus' metaphor is here realized—their juncture literally eludes the severest nail*."

Of the boldness of these restorers in making up dismembered trunks, and affixing attributes, this very saloon affords some curious instances. "Having found at Præneste," observes the same author, "one female body in a stooping posture, they stuck an ancient head with half-shut eyes on the shoulders, set a pail at the feet, and then called the whole a Danaid. Another female being found dressed like a general, in a double *paludamentum* without any ægis, the most essential attribute of all, has been transformed into a Minerva Pacifica, by fixing a head unarmed on her shoulders, a bronze helmet in her right hand, and a sprig of olive in her left. Another headless statue, having the left arm wrapped in a mantle, has been converted into a Perseus, by the addition of a winged head and a harpé†. Thus we lose the freedom of

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* . . . . Per læve severos
Effundat junctura ungues.—Sat. i. 64.

† Modern sculptors have been found to turn the art of restoration to excellent account. Nollekens in this manner laid the foundation of his wealth. "The son of a race of picture-makers knew there was an art in selling old sculpture as well as in carving new. With

judging of the original trunk, and are spared the pleasurable torment of conjecture."

In the wall of this saloon is embedded an allegorical performance of Michael Angelo's—a relievo representing Cosmo I. raising Virtue and expelling Vice. Among the statues and busts the most remarkable are—a seated figure of Paris, with the apple of discord in his hand—the busts of Nero, Julius Cæsar, Hadrian, and his favourite Antinoüs, and two others supposed to be those of Cato and Portia. "These latter are interesting portraits; but Cato's bust has not that strongly marked cast of features which we call Roman. The moral expression,

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a spirit for bargain-making which matched the devotees of virtù, and with skill such as few of them possess for ekeing out fragments, adding heads to busts and bodies to heads, and communicating to the new the hue of the old, he went to market; and his success was considerable. 'His patrons,' says Smith, 'being characters professing taste and possessing wealth, employed him as a very shrewd collector of antique fragments; some of which he bought on his own account; and after he had dexterously restored them with heads and limbs, he stained them with tobacco-water, and sold them sometimes by way of favour for enormous sums.' There was, for instance, a loose head of Minerva, that even Englishmen would not purchase, which lay on the hands of one Jenkins, a regular dealer in the article. It so chanced that a trunk of the same or some other goddess was brought to light, and Nollekens bought it for fifty guineas. He went and held a consultation with his brother dealer—the head and trunk were of similar proportions, and the sculptor undertook to unite them as neatly as if they had both sprung from one block. To work he went, and Minerva soon stood restored. 'It was sold,' says his executor, 'for the enormous sum of one thousand guineas, and is now at Newby in Yorkshire.'"—*See Cunningham's British Sculptors.*

however, is that of the severe inflexible integrity, the 'esse quam videri,' which Sallust describes in his beautiful contrast between Cato and Cæsar."

But the greatest treasures of this noble hall are the two seated statues which formerly passed for Marius and Sylla, and now pass for the Greek poets, Posidippus and Menander. "That which constitutes the great charm of the antique statues is their nature and simplicity*. It is easy to multiply examples. Posidippus and Menander, for instance, sit in their arm chairs, as they might be supposed to have done in their own studies, without losing an atom of force or expression by this repose. Ease is the consummation of art, 'the last refinement of labour,' πολλης πειρας το τελευταιον επιγεννημα."

The STANZA DELLE MASCHERE, so denominated from the ancient masks which form the subject of the mosaics on the floor, contains, among other relics, the famous Ganymede, the crouching Venus, and the Faun, discovered in Hadrian's Villa. The view from the window of this room, over the valley of the Tiber and the distant Apennines, is that from which the Vatican itself, and its choicest treasures, derived the name of Belvedere.

The Muses occupy a temple not unworthy of them. They are ranged equidistantly round a noble octagonal

* Les plus belles statues des Grecs, (says Madame de Staël in conformity with the above observation of Mathews,) n'ont presque jamais indiqué que le repos. Le Laocoon et la Niobé sont les seules qui peignent des douleurs violentes.

hall, each accompanied by appropriate emblems, and attended by Apollo Musagetes—a figure in which, according to Madame de Staël, the ancient sculptors sought to combine the distinguishing character of the two sexes, beauty and strength; as, on the contrary, in the warlike Minerva they sought to combine strength with beauty.

Most of these statues were found in the villa of Cassius at Tivoli. Between them are placed the hermæan busts of some of the Greek poets and philosophers—such as Sophocles, Euripides, Socrates, and, though no philosopher, his disciple Alcibiades. Conca's frescos and oil paintings on the vault and angles of the roof correspond with the contents of the hall itself, exhibiting subjects relative to Apollo, the Muses, the Wise Men of Greece, and the more eminent poets of ancient and modern times.

Near this is the SALLE RONDE, a vast circular hall, surrounded with busts and statues of admirable workmanship; amongst the finest of which are the celebrated head of Jupiter, and the statue of Nerva. Jove's head recalls the sublime description of Homer*—it looks as if its

* In the statue of Olympian Jove in the Parthenon—"the most admirable statue," says Pliny, "that ever came from the hand of man"—Phidias was thought to rival the sublimity of the poet; from whom, he was not ashamed to acknowledge, he caught the idea of his work:—

'Η, και κυανεῃσιν επ' οφρυσι νεῦσε Κρονιων·
Αμβροσιαι δ' αρα χαῖται επερῥωσαντο ανακτος
Κρατος απ' αθανατοιο· μεγαν δ'ελελιξεν Ολυμπον.—Il. α. 528.

nod might make Olympus tremble. "It is impossible," says Mathews, "not to be struck with the strong likeness between the countenance of the mild Jupiter—the Jupiter Optimus Maximus of the Romans—and that of Christ, as it is represented by the great majority of Italian painters; whose pictures are so like one another, that they seem to have been copied from some common original. It was perhaps this *beau ideal* of the Greeks which furnished them with the idea of their Christ, and, indeed, it would not be easy to put together a set of features better adapted to the subject."

While Jupiter looks the king of the gods, Nerva, with a laurel chaplet on his brow, and a cast of countenance decidedly Roman, realizes all our notions of what the emperor of men ought to be.

Blunt, in his "Vestiges of Ancient Manners discoverable in Modern Italy," has remarked that a tour through that country affords the best commentary on half the classic authors. The same remark may, in a certain degree, be extended to an examination of the principal museums of Italy. There is often a very striking resemblance between the statues of the heathen deities and the descriptions of the Latin poets; but as the former may be deemed the more ancient of the two, the Roman poets, in this instance, probably copied from the Greek

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How highly Phidias thought of his own performance may be inferred from the inscription which he placed upon the pedestal:—Φειδιας Χαρμιδου υιος μ' εποιηση, substituting the aorist for the imperfect tense, which was more commonly adopted on such occasions.

sculptors. Hence we may infer, with Addison, "that many passages of the poets hint at various peculiarities of sculpture in vogue at the time, but now no longer thought of; and that such passages, therefore, lose much of their beauty in the eye of a modern reader. Thus in the following lines of Juvenal:—

> Multa pudicitiæ veteris vestigia forsan,
> Aut aliqua extiterant, et sub Jove; sed Jove nondum
> Barbato.—Sat. vi. 14.
>
> Some thin remains of chastity appeared
> E'en under Jove, but Jove without a beard.—Addison.

Here every one must perceive that the humour would appear much more natural to a people who every day saw some statue of the god with a thick bushy beard—and there are still many to be seen at Rome—than to us, who have no such idea of him: especially if we consider that there was in the same city a temple, called Templum Vejovis, where in all probability stood the statue of the Jupiter Imberbis*.

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* In another passage, Juvenal makes a flatterer compare the neck of one that is feebly built to that of Hercules holding up Antæus from the earth:—

> Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
> Herculis, Antæum procul a tellure tenentis.—Sat. iii. 88.
>
> His long crane neck and narrow shoulders praise;
> You'd think they were describing Hercules
> Lifting Antæus.—Dryden.

How strange and unnatural must this simile appear to a modern

The turn of the neck and arms is often placed by the Latin poets among the beauties of the male figure. Thus, in Horace, we find both noticed in that fine description of jealousy contained in the thirteenth ode of the first book:—

> Dum tu, Lydia, Telephi
> Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
> Laudas brachia, &c.
>
> While Telephus's youthful charms,
> His rosy neck and winding arms
> With endless rapture you recite, &c.—ADDISON.

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reader, but how full of humour if we suppose it to allude to some celebrated group at Rome! That there was such a group, we may infer from the fact that the figures here described by Juvenal are met with on medals. Nay Propertius notices the very statues:—

> . . . . . Luctantûm in pulvere signa
> Herculis Antæique.—Lib. iii. Car. i.
>
> Antæus here and stern Alcides strive,
> And both the grappling statues seem to live.—ADDISON.

Even that passage of Juvenal,

> Ventilat æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum
> Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ.—SAT. i. 28.
>
> Charged with light summer rings his fingers sweat,
> Unable to support a gem of weight.—DRYDEN.

was formerly far less hyperbolical than it is at present; for some of the old Roman rings are so very thick, and contain stones of so large a size, that a fop might well think them troublesome during the heats of summer.—*See Addison's Remarks on Italy.*

This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe that in the old Roman statues the neck and arms are always bare, and exposed to view, as much as the hands and feet are at present.

From the Salle Ronde you pass to the HALL OF THE GREEK CROSS. Here stand the porphyry sarcophagi of the empress Helena, the mother, and of Constantia, the daughter of Constantine the Great. They are of great size, and decorated with rude, but well preserved relievos, where, as has been already observed, men are represented standing erect under horses' bellies.

In the centre of the room is a mosaic pavement, representing a head of Minerva and an ægis, surrounded by masks and other grotesque designs. The Minerva and ægis were found at the Villa Ruffinella, above Tusculum, the supposed site of Cicero's Tusculan villa.

The STANZA DELLA BIGA is a circular apartment, so called from the car which stands in the centre of it. The car, as well as the horses yoked to it, are of white marble. The only parts, however, that are really antique, are, the car itself, which is richly decorated with relievos, and one of the horses: all the rest are but modern restorations.

In some relievos representing the Circus' games, the charioteers may be seen with the reins folded round their waists; a circumstance which may account for the way in which Orestes is said to have met his death. Sophocles tells us in the Electra, that he was "rolled from the chariot, and entangled with the reins." The same practice

may probably be referred to in the Hippolytus of Euripides, where, to give him the greater power over his steeds, the poet makes Hippolytus to have fastened the reins behind him; and, when he is thrown from the car, represents him "entangled in them, and bound in an indissoluble knot." The same custom also throws light upon a passage in the Tragedy of Seneca:—

> Præceps in ora fusus implicuit cadens
> Laqueo tenaci corpus, et quanto magis
> Pugnat, sequaces hoc magis nodos ligat.

Among the statues in this room is one of a victorious Auriga, bearing the emblem of victory, a palm branch, in his hand. There is also a Discobolus, with the word Myron inscribed on it; but as that great artist wrought chiefly in bronze, the work in question is probably no more than a copy. That little reliance can be placed upon a mere inscription, is evident from a passage of Phædrus, in which he tells us that it was by no means an uncommon practice among the ancients to affix the name of some eminent sculptor to works which had very little else to recommend them:—

> Ut quidam artifices nostro faciunt seculo,
> Qui pretium operibus majus inveniunt, novo
> Si marmori ascripserunt Praxitelen suo,
> Trito Myronem argento.—Lib. v. in Prol.

Lucian speaks of the Discobolus as being represented in a stooping posture, in the very act of throwing the quoit. He tells us that the head was turned back towards the hand which held the quoit, and that the left

foot was also turned a little back, to indicate that the Discobolus was on the point of rising for the throw. With this description the statue in the Vatican corresponds, and we might therefore conclude that it must at any rate be a copy of Myron's; but unluckily for the certainty of the conclusion the head is modern.

" Here too is the statue of Phocion, one of the greatest, because one of the best men of antiquity. It is a charming instance of that quiet modesty and simplicity of attitude, so appropriate to his character. This love of simplicity is, indeed, a prominent feature in the works of the ancients, and more than any thing distinguishes them from those of the moderns, who seem to have studied too much in the school of M. Angelo. Their muscles are all in action; their figures are stuck out as if they were conscious of the presence of spectators; there is always something in their attitude and expression which there would not be but for this consciousness;—just as it happens with second rate actors, who are unable to preserve the simplicity of nature on the stage, but do every thing as if they were aware that an assembly of spectators was looking at them*."

With this apartment terminates the Museo Pio Clementino; and it is hardly possible to have passed through " this palace of statues," as Madame de Staël terms it, without admiring the munificence of the two pontiffs, who contributed so much to its formation, and from whom it derives its name. Among all the antiquities of Rome,

* Mathews.

there are none more interesting than the almost endless variety of busts and statues in the Vatican. On surveying the more celebrated pieces, one can scarcely help wondering how so much life could have been made to enter into marble; while, even in such as have less to recommend them on the score of design and execution, we have at least the satisfaction of contemplating the looks, the postures, the air, and dress of men who lived so many ages before us, and played, some of them at least, so conspicuous a part in the tragi-comedy of life.

Though the two founders of this part of the museum divide the honour of giving it a name, Pius VI. contrived to eclipse the fame of his predecessor. Vanity was his foible; hence the inscription *Munificentia Pii Sexti!* and the arms of the Braschi family, meet one at every turn. This love of ostentation did not escape the notice of his subjects. During a time of scarcity, to avoid the appearance of raising the price of bread, it was thought expedient to diminish the size of the loaf. With that love of sarcasm for which the Romans are so much distinguished, they resolved to seize the opportunity of letting the pontiff know, that, in their opinion, the resources of the state might have been applied to better purpose in ministering to their wants than in decorating the Vatican. Accordingly Pasquin was discovered one morning holding in his hand a loaf of very diminutive size, with the inscription *Munificentia Pii Sexti!* placed over it.

Retracing our steps from the *Stanza della Biga*, we enter a gallery, or, more properly, a suite of rooms open

to each other, upwards of a thousand feet in length. Four of these rooms are enriched with various remains of ancient sculpture; statues, busts, relievos, and sarcophagi; candelabras of exquisite workmanship, altars, and inscriptions; vases of the rarest marbles; together with the idols of Egypt and Etruria. Then follows a gallery, more than four hundred feet in length, the walls of which are covered with maps principally of different parts of Italy, rudely painted in fresco by Ignazio Danti in 1581. This gallery leads to the chambers hung with tapestry, woven in the looms of Flanders, and copied from the Cartoons of Raphael*, painted for the purpose by order of Leo X. The cartoons themselves were suffered to remain in Flanders, where they were purchased by Rubens for Charles I. Subsequently they were deposited in the gallery at Hampton Court by William III.; but five out of the twelve have been irrecoverably lost. The tapestry chambers terminate in the far-famed *Camere* of Raphael, which form the extremity of the museum. The farthest of these rooms communicates with the upper tier of the *Loggie* of Raphael, from whence a stair-case leads directly to the quadrangle below.

So much for the sculpture of the gallery. Since the days of Madame de Staël, it has been the fashion to

* From the twelve original designs by Raphael, two sets of tapestries were executed, at an expense of sixty or seventy thousand crowns. After various vicissitudes, ten of the larger set now occupy their original station in the Vatican; nine of the smaller have, for the second time, found their way into England. The rest are lost.

visit the Vatican by torch-light. Many of the statues having been discovered in baths, from which the light of day was excluded, connoisseurs have inferred that they were expressly made for such situations. Some, therefore, contend, that, to form a just notion of the merits of these statues, they ought to be viewed by torch-light; the effect being greatly heightened by the variety of light and shade thus produced. "There is," says Mathews, "something of the same kind of difference between the statues by day and by torch-light, that there is between a rehearsal in the morning, and the lighted theatre in the evening." Others, however, maintain that though such pieces as the Laocoön and the Torso may appear to greater advantage by torch-light, yet that those of a softer character, such as the Apollo, the Mercury, and the Meleager, are best seen by the light of day. In matters of this disputable nature each tourist must judge for himself—"non nostrum tantas componere lites."

Besides the vast extent of that part of the museum already noticed, the Vatican contains a Picture Gallery —the *Camere* of Raphael, painted in fresco by himself and his scholars—the Sistine and Paoline chapels, painted in fresco by Michael Angelo—and the Library, the galleries of which alone are more than thirteen hundred feet in length.

THE LIBRARY.—By some this is said to be the largest collection of books in Europe; but though formed by Pope Hilary, and augmented by the entire libraries of many of his successors, others have been found to hazard

the improbable assertion, that it scarcely exceeds fifty thousand volumes.

The collection of manuscripts is on all hands admitted to be very great, some accounts swelling it to no less than thirty thousand volumes. Among the most rare are—the Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and Armenian Bibles; together with one in Greek, of the sixth century, (corresponding with the Septuagint version), from which all the subsequent copies are said to have been taken—a Virgil of the fifth century, illustrated with miniatures representing the Trojans and Latins in the costume of their own times—a Terence of the same date; and another of the ninth century, enriched with a variety of ancient masks—a Pliny, embellished with beautiful paintings of animals—a Dante exquisitely illuminated—a Tasso—original Letters of Henry VIII. and Anna Boleyn—and the Treatise on the Seven Sacraments, in his own writing, which that capricious prince sent to Leo X., with the following distich:—

Anglorum Rex Henricus, Leo Decime, mittit
Hoc opus, et fidei testem et amicitiæ.

and in return received the title of Defender of the Faith—that faith which he was so soon to overthrow.

This spacious Library, the usual entrance to which is from the Museo Chiaramonti, contains no visible sign of books; indeed, you may traverse the whole extent of it without seeing one; for they are shut up in wooden presses, a contrivance which may conceal either great wealth or great poverty.

At the extremity of the Library, on either hand opens a large gallery, terminated on the left by the Sacred, on the right, by the Profane Cabinet; the one a collection of Christian, the other of Pagan antiquities.

The Sacred Cabinet consists of curiosities brought from the catacombs—Madonnas elaborately carved in ivory—small pictures of Saints on gilt grounds—relievos executed during the dark ages, representing martyrdoms —instruments of torture—together with a multitudinous assemblage of heterogeneous relics.

Adjoining the Sacred Cabinet is the Papyrus Chamber. "This Chamber," to use the words of Forsyth, "its design, its decoration, its marbles, the incomparable frescos of Mengs, every object, every figure in the Saloon, is Ægyptian, except St. Peter;—but St. Peter is master of the whole palace."

The Papyrus manuscripts, preserved here, consist of a few uninteresting works of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, both Greek and Latin. They have been unrolled, and affixed vertically to the walls, under long plates of glass. On examination, the texture of the Papyrus is found to resemble linen cloth rather than paper.

Near the Papyrus Chamber are two rooms in which the books are exposed to view. In the same part of the museum are two other rooms, one of which contains a valuable collection of engravings, and a ceiling painted by Guido; in the walls of the other are embedded a variety of ancient inscriptions in *terra cotta*. Here also are the finest of the Grecian vases, of which a consider-

able number are ranged on the top of the book cases throughout the whole extent of the library.

Books, indeed, as Addison long ago remarked, are the least part of the furniture that one usually goes to see in an Italian library, which the proprietor, if rich, always contrives to embellish with pictures, statues, busts, relievos, and other ornaments, after the manner of the old Greeks and Romans:—

> . . . . . Plena omnia gypso
> Chrysippi invenias. Nam perfectissimus horum est,
> Si quis Aristotelem similem vel Pittacon emit,
> Et jubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthas.—Juv. Sat. II.

> Chrysippus' statue decks thy library.
> Who makes his study finest is most read;
> The dolt that with an Aristotle's head,
> Carv'd to the life, has once adorned his shelf,
> Straight sets up for a Stagirite himself.—Tate.

The Profane Cabinet contains, among many other curious relics of Roman furniture, a sample of their household gods—those strange-looking, long-legged, little bronze figures, with enormous casques resembling cocked hats, which abound in every museum. It has been well said, that, if Æneas's were not on a largerscale, he might have carried away a hundred of them—in his pocket.

Pauline and Sistine Chapels.—The frescos of the Pauline Chapel, representing the Conversion of St. Paul, and the Crucifixion of St. Peter, both admirably suited to the powers of Michael Angelo, have been so black-

ened by the smoke of the thousand tapers that burn before the sepulchre of Christ in Passion-week, that they are almost defaced.

The frescos of the Sistine Chapel have suffered less: the noble figures of the Sibyls and Prophets over the windows are looked upon as models of the sublime. On contemplating these, as well as the pictures on the ceiling, representing—the formation of the world out of Chaos—the Creation of the first human Pair—their bliss in Paradise—and their expulsion from it; we may pardon the enthusiasm of Fuseli, who used to pass whole days here, stretched at his length, musing, with upturned eyes, on the unattainable grandeur of the Florentine;—"from whose hand," says he, "a beggar rose the patriarch of poverty; the hump of whose dwarf is impressed with dignity; whose women are moulds of generation; whose infants teem with the man; whose men are a race of giants!"

*The Last Judgment.*—This immense work, which covers the whole of the upper end of the Sistine Chapel from the ceiling to the floor, shews the artist's unbounded confidence in his own extraordinary powers. He contrived to fill the whole of this vast space with a multitudinous assemblage of naked figures, placed in every conceivable variety of posture—gods and men—angels and demons—in air, on earth, and under the earth. But though sublime in conception and astonishing in execution, this fresco is visited rather as the cause of a great and sudden revolution in the art than for any pleasure it

can now afford. The dinginess of its surface, the sameness of its colouring, the different groups being of a dusky red, surrounded by a cold monotonous blue—and the multiplicity of naked figures, exhibiting the most diversified attitudes and the most difficult foreshortenings—confound and bewilder the senses.

The composition may be considered as divided into four rows of figures, rising one above the other. In the centre is the Saviour, under whom are ranged the elect and the condemned—the former on the right, the latter on the left. Above are seen two groups bearing in triumph the symbols of the Crucifixion. The Saints, as spectators of the awful scene, are collected in two groups by the side of the Redeemer. Near the Saviour are angels sounding the trumpet at which the dead arise; on their right are seen the elect soaring up to heaven, on their left the reprobate dragged down to the place of torment. At the bottom of the picture are Minos and Charon; the latter, with horns on his head and a tail at his nether extremity, ferrying the bodies over the Styx, and driving out the reluctant spirits with his oar, exactly as Dante describes him:—

> Caron, Dimonio, con occhi di bragia,
> Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie,
> Batte col remo qualunque s'adagia.

A work so extraordinary naturally affords ample scope for the cant of criticism; and never, perhaps, did critics differ more widely from each other than in their remarks

on this celebrated performance. "Their last uplifted looks to heaven," says Mathews, speaking of the condemned, "the ghastly fear depicted on their countenances, and their desperate struggles of resistance, are terrific. The frightful calm of despair is admirably expressed in one of the condemned, who is leaning on his elbow—so abstracted in mental suffering, as to be utterly unconscious of the demons who are dragging him down to hell." On the other hand—"It is impossible," says Simond, "to make out from the countenances of the scrambling multitude, who are the good or who the bad, who the elect or who the reprobate; none are joyful, none sorry, all look alike." "The separating figure of Christ gives order and even symmetry to the upper region of the work;" so at least thought Forsyth, no mean authority in matters of taste; but here again Simond meets us with his vituperative remarks:—"From earth to heaven," says he, "the *whole surface* is covered with bare backs and faces, and arms, and legs, scrambling up in utter confusion . . . it is a perfect pudding of *resuscités.*" Such are the conflicting opinions of mere connoisseurs; and in vain shall we look for uniformity among painters themselves; in vain shall we endeavour to reconcile the enthusiastic admiration of a Reynolds or a Fuseli, with the cold calculating remarks of a Barry. The expression, the colouring, the composition, nay, even the design itself, though design was Michael Angelo's *forte*, have alike been censured. "One critic," says Forsyth, "charges this mighty master with anatomical pedantry, stripping every thing to display the mus-

cles. Another condemns the intermixture of epic and satire, of scripture and profane fable; a third, the constant repetition of the same Tuscan figure*; a fourth heaps on him all the sins of the sublime—gloom, harshness, negligence—the fierce, the austere, the extravagant—tension, violence, exaggeration. In short, had we any doubt of that one transcendent merit which could atone for so many faults, the very multitude of his critics would dispel it†."

" After all, however, this famous picture is gone; it is a ruin;—and what is the ruin of a painting? The soul of beauty may still linger in the remains of architectural grandeur, amidst broken entablatures, tottering pillars, and falling arches;—but when the colours of a painting are faded, it is lost for ever;—nothing is left but a remnant of canvass, or a few square feet of mortar. To this state the *Last Judgment* is fast approaching; though it may still remain, for some time, a school of technical excellencies to the artist, who is in pursuit of professional instruction‡."

It is lamentable to see works such as these, almost the

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* Notwithstanding the number of figures in the Last Judgment, there is but one character of body placed in a vast diversity of attitudes, the model of which is said to have been his porter.—*Barry.*

† Michel Angelo mio, non parlo in giuoco,
Questo che dipingete è un Gran Giudizio,
Ma del giudizio voi n'avete poco.

Such is the punning critique of Salvator Rosa.

‡ Mathews.

only remains of the father of modern art, thus abandoned to neglect and decay.

CHAMBERS OF RAPHAEL.—This is passing from Homer to Virgil. But here again we have to lament the effects of neglect, and wanton injury, and injudicious restoration. Not more than eight years after the death of Raphael, when Rome was taken by assault, the German soldiers quartered in the Vatican, as if not satisfied with the injury occasioned by the smoke of the fires which they had made on the stone floors of these chambers, are said to have wantonly defaced many of the finest heads. Sebastian del Piombo was commissioned to repair the mischief; but though an expert colourist, he was unequal to the task; and so indifferently did he acquit himself of it, that Titian, whom he afterwards accompanied to these chambers, purposely asked him if he knew "who the presumptuous and ignorant blockhead was that had daubed over those noble heads:"—Che fosse quel presontuoso ed ignorante che avea imbrattati quei volti*.

The first sensation on viewing the faded frescos on these damp and dusky walls, is, even with painters themselves, a feeling of disappointment. "I remember very well," says Reynolds, "my own disappointment when I first visited the Vatican; but on confessing my feelings to a brother student, of whose ingenuousness I had a

* Lanzi.

high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raphael had the same effect on him, or rather that they did not produce the effect which he expected." It is recorded also of Cignani, another distinguished painter, that so little was he struck with these frescos at first, that Carlo Maratta, provoked at his indifference, challenged him to copy one of the heads in the Fire of the Borgo. Cignani accepted the challenge; and it was only after repeated failures, that, throwing down the pencil in despair, he exclaimed, " There is no copying Raphael."

The *Miracle of the Borgo*, as it is sometimes called, represents the burning of the Borgo of S. Spirito, near the Vatican; an event which happened in the pontificate of Leo. IV.

In this painting—the fierceness of the flames—the terror of the mother with her naked children clinging round her—the distraction both of men and women, most of whom, like true Italians, instead of taking measures to quench the fire, are falling on their knees to implore the intercession of the Pope—the Pope himself, who appears at a balcony in the distance, in the act of extinguishing the flames by the simple expedient of making the sign of the cross*—the man letting himself down from the wall—and the woman who advanced with a bucket of water on her head, and another in her hand —all are given with admirable spirit, variety, and fire.

* The front of old St. Peter's is introduced in this picture, with steps leading up to it, and the balcony for the papal benediction.

For delineation of feeling and anatomical accuracy, the Borgo ranks among the finest works of Raphael.

The most striking group is a family escaping from the flames. In this group, Raphael has introduced Æneas, bearing Anchises on his shoulders, and leading Ascanius by the hand; while the luckless Creusa follows at a little distance—left by the painter as well as the poet to shift for herself. Such at least is the idea which this group suggests, and such, perhaps, was the image in Raphael's mind when he painted it; for similar anachronisms are met with in the finest paintings of Italy.

The *School of Athens* is more comprehensive than its name imports; for here philosophers of every sect are assembled together, indicating by their attitudes or gestures their own peculiar tenets and pursuits. The scene is laid in front of a noble edifice, copied from Bramante's designs for St. Peter's. In the upper part of the picture, on the flight of steps leading up to this edifice, stand Plato and Aristotle attended by their disciples. Near to them stands Socrates, seen in profile, his head being turned toward an armed figure supposed to be Alcibiades, whom he appears to be instructing in the use of far different weapons—the major, the minor, and the consequence—the weapons of the logician. Every reader will recollect Sterne's happy allusion to this happy idea. "My Father," says Tristram, "instantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which Socrates is so finely painted by Raphael in his School of Athens; which, your Connoisseurship knows,

is so exquisitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reasoning of Socrates is expressed by it;—for he holds the fore-finger of his left hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right, and seems as if he was saying to the Libertine he is reclaiming:—you grant me this, and this—and this, and this, I don't ask of you—they follow of themselves in course." Near Socrates is Pythagoras busily employed in writing. Lower down is Diogenes, without followers and listlessly extended on the steps; a young man, who seems hesitating whether he shall make up to him or not, is directed rather to attach himself to Plato or Aristotle. The group in which Archimedes, surrounded by four youthful figures, is seen tracing a diagram upon the pavement, has been deservedly applauded for the varied expression which the painter has contrived to impart to their countenances. "One of them appears to hold back, as if for the purpose of paying a more undivided attention to the reasoning of his master; another, by the alacrity of his manner, evinces a somewhat greater degree of perspicacity; while a third, who has already arrived at the conclusion, seems anxious to communicate it to the last, who, with open arms, and outstretched head, and a certain air of stolidity, looks as though he would never be able to comprehend any thing of the matter*."

The figure of Archimedes is said to be a likeness of the painter's uncle, Bramante. The figure in the corner

* Algarotti.

of the picture, to the right, is the portrait of Raphael himself; and that by his side, the portrait of Perugino. Some of the other heads also pass for portraits of his contemporaries.

Simond, who, when he cannot find an occasion for censure, seems resolved to make one, objects that the different groups of the School of Athens, though good in themselves, are too unconnected to compose a whole; and quotes the following passage of Sir Joshua Reynolds to corroborate his opinion:—"In a composition, where the objects are scattered and divided into many equal parts, the eye is perplexed and fatigued from not knowing where to rest, where to find the principal action, or which to call the principal figure; for when all are making equal pretensions to notice, all are in equal danger of neglect. The expression which is used very often on these occasions is, that the piece wants repose." Whatever may be the justness of this remark, as intended to establish a general rule, there are few, I believe, who would not plead for an exception in behalf of the School of Athens. "The art with which fifty-two persons, many of them of equal importance, most of them philosophers, and all of them in the same style of dress, are introduced into one piece, without monotony, crowding, or confusion, is inimitable. This composition unites the most opposite qualities. Every head is a portrait, and every portrait is finished with a fidelity that usually enslaves; yet what variety of expression is here! Every science is separate, yet what a chain of groups! No principal action prevails, yet how harmonious the whole!

How superior such mortals, both in interest and effect, to the genii of allegory! How pardonable the anachronism which brings such a family together! Perhaps the divine painter caught his first idea from the divine poet *:"—

Vidi 'l maestro di color che sanno
Seder tra filosofica famiglia:
Tutti lo miran, tutti honor li fanno.
Quivi vid'io e Socrate e Platone,
Che innanz' a gli altri più presso gli stanno.

This incomparable work, which well deserves to be immortal, is, like most other frescos, fast going to decay. Michael Angelo used to say that painting in oils was occupation fit only for women; so convinced was he of the greater difficulty of fresco. But whatever may be the comparative merit of the two styles, considered in themselves, yet, were there no other reason for giving the preference to oil-painting, the mere circumstance of its being more durable† might be sufficient to turn the scale in its favour. Perhaps, however, the great Italian painters thought, with Forsyth, that it would be time enough to relinquish fresco-painting, when Italian soldiers should

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* Forsyth.

† Pliny makes mention of certain paintings at Ardea, Cære, and Lanuvium, which, though in a ruined building and consequently exposed to the action of air, and of a date anterior to the foundation of Rome, were yet in very tolerable preservation even in his time. From hence it has been inferred that the ancients were in possession of some better method of preparing their colours for fresco, by which they rendered them more durable.

better know how to defend what might be more easily carried away.

In the *Flagellation of Heliodorus*, a subject borrowed from the third chapter of the second book of Maccabees, the painter has chosen the moment, when "there appeared unto them (Heliodorus and his band of plunderers) a horse with a terrible rider upon him, adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely and smote at Heliodorus with his fore-feet, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had complete harness of gold. Moreover, two other young men appeared before him, notable in strength, excellent in beauty, and comely in apparel, who stood by him on either side, and scourged him continually, and gave him many sore stripes." This picture is remarkable for the buoyant air and unearthly appearance of the messengers of vengeance. Such is the fierceness of the attack, such the suddenness of the onset, that we almost fancy ourselves to be spectators of the scene, and forget that we are but looking at a picture. Pope Julius II. insisted on being introduced into this picture, though the event to which it refers took place eighteen hundred years before he was born; accordingly, he appears in one corner of it, borne in on his chair of state.

The *Miracle of the Mass*—representing the story of a priest who doubted the real presence in the Eucharist, till he was convinced by the sight of drops of blood oozing from the consecrated wafer—and *The Deliverance of St. Peter out of Prison*, are remarkable for the skill with which the painter has contrived to adjust each picture to the window which divides it. In the latter he has also shewn

great dexterity in the management of light, having succeeded in giving a distinct effect to the radiance emitted by the Angel, the light shed by the torch, and that by the Moon.

In the *Battle* between Constantine and Maxentius, Raphael has contrived to preserve order in the midst of confusion. The figure of Constantine, who is prancing triumphantly over the field, and that of his opponent, who, with his exhausted steed is just on the point of perishing in the Tiber, and vainly struggling to extricate himself from his impending fate, serve as rallying points for the eye, and divert it from inferior objects. An old warrior, supporting the body of his dying son, forms another affecting group, and affords another example of Raphael's tact in rivetting the attention of the spectator, rather than in distracting it by a multitude of details. This piece, which was designed by Raphael, and even partly executed in oils, a short time before his death, was afterwards finished in fresco by Giulio Romano.

Picture Gallery.—The collection of oil paintings in the Vatican, though small, contains two of the most celebrated pictures in the world—the Transfiguration, by Raphael; and the Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino.

The *Transfiguration*, properly so called, comprising the Saviour, Moses and Elias, and the three Apostles prostrate on the Mount, and seemingly overcome by the awful scene before them, forms the smallest portion of the picture; the principal field being occupied by a to-

tally different subject—that of the demoniac boy, whom the disciples had vainly endeavoured to dispossess of the evil spirit, and whom our Saviour afterwards cured on coming down from the Mount. The great height of church pictures is said to have given rise to the fashion which prevailed in those days, of including two subjects, a celestial and terrestrial one, in the same picture; but whatever was the cause, certain it is that we find in many of the finest works of the earlier masters, a heavenly subject above, and an earthly one below*.

The merits of the Transfiguration have of late years been called in question. Madame de Staël confines her objections to the figure of the possessed; but Mathews's censure is of a more sweeping character. "I suspect," says he, "that this is a memorable instance of the disposition of mankind to follow the leader, and echo the praise which they do not understand. Painters have expressed more admiration than they felt, and the multitude have followed them without feeling any admiration at all.

"The want of *unity* in the action is a fault that must

* The only monster admitted into modern art is the angel; and, when historically proper, as in the Annunciation or the Nativity, this winged being is a subject of beauty. But here angels intrude so constantly into sacred pictures, that, instead of elevating, they flatten the imagination. Prescription, indeed, may be pleaded in defence of those glories; but prescription is the common refuge of absurdity. If you urge the excessive height of church pictures, and the vast vacancy to be filled over the human figures; fill up that vacancy with natural objects, with sky, landscape, or architecture, not with beings which make the main action improbable, divert our attention from it, and divide one picture into two.—*Forsyth*.

strike every body, and Smollet is for getting rid of this by cutting the painting asunder, and thus making two pictures of it.

" The *composition* of the picture—by which I suppose is meant the conception of the subject and the arrangement of the figures—is pointed out by artists as its chief merit; but this is an excellence rather to be felt by artists than by common observers. It is the general effect alone that strikes the latter; and nothing can well be more disgusting than the figure of the *possessed;* who is, however, rather than the Saviour, the prominent figure of the piece.

" The colouring of the upper part of the picture, particularly in the countenance of the Saviour, is very defective;—the head of Jesus has here none of that peculiar expression of benevolence, and more than human virtue, which are to be found in other pictures of him.

" The figure, however, is beautifully managed—conveying the impression of that supernatural lightness which we associate with the idea of a 'glorified body;' but it is impossible to extend this admiration to the opera-dancing attitudes of Moses and Elias."

Such is the critique of Mathews, which, directly opposed as it is to other authorities*, might, perhaps, in a less successful writer, be considered as an instance of the justness of that remark of Rochefoucault:—" C'est plus souvent par orgueil que par défaut de lumières, qu'on s'oppose, avec tant d'opiniatreté, aux opinions les plus

* See the Appendix, pp. clxxvi. clxxvii.

suivies. On trouve toutes les premières places prises dans le bon parti, et l'on ne veut point les dernières."

The *Communion of St. Jerome* may, in the opinion of many, dispute the palm of excellence with the Transfiguration. Domenichino excelled less in invention than in the other branches of the art, and, in this celebrated work, is said to have copied from a similar performance by Agostino Caracci. Buonaparte had both these paintings transferred to the Louvre, and Fuseli, who saw them there, has drawn the following elaborate parallel between them; which, notwithstanding its length, I shall venture to transcribe.

" In each picture, St. Jerome, brought from his cell to receive the sacrament, is represented on his knees, supported by devout attendants; in each, the officiating priest is in the act of administering to the dying saint; the same clerical society fills the portico of the temple in both; in both the scene is witnessed from above by infant angels.

" The general opinion is in favour of the pupil; but if, in the economy of the whole, Domenichino surpasses his master, he appears to be greatly inferior both in the character and expression of the hero. Domenichino has represented piety scarcely struggling with decay, Agostino, triumphant over it: his saint becomes, in the place where he is, a superior being, and is inspired by the approaching God: that of Domenichino seems divided between resignation, mental and bodily imbecility, and desire. The saint of Agostino is a lion, that of Domenichino, a lamb.

" In the sacerdotal figure administering the viaticum, Domenichino has less improved than corrected the unworthy choice of his master. The priest of Agostino is one of the Frati Godenti of Dante, before they received the infernal hood—a gross, fat, self-conceited terrestrial feature—a countenance equally proof to elevation, piety, or thought. The priest of Domenichino is a minister of grace, stamped with the sacred humility that characterized his master, and penetrated by the function of which he is the instrument.

" We are more impressed with the graces of youth than with the energies of manhood verging on age: in this respect, as well as that of contrast with the decrepitude of St. Jerome, the placid contemplative beauty of the young deacon in the foreground of Domenichino will probably please more than the poetic trance of the assistant friar with the lighted taper in the foreground of Agostino. This must, however, be observed, that as Domenichino thought proper to introduce supernatural witnesses of the ceremony in imitation of his master, their effect seems less ornamental and more interwoven with the plan, by being perceived by the actors themselves.

" If the attendant characters in the picture of Agostino are more numerous, and have on the whole furnished the hints of admission to those of Domenichino, the latter, with one exception, may be said to have used more propriety and judgment in the choice. Both have introduced a man with a turban, and opened a portico to characterize an Asiatic scene.

" With regard to composition, Domenichino undoubt-

edly gains the palm. The disposition on the whole he owes to his master, though he reversed it, but he has cleared it of that oppressive bustle, which rather involves and crowds the principal actors in Agostino than attends them.

" With this corresponds the tone of the whole. The evening freshness of an oriental day tinges every part; the medium of Agostino partakes too much of the fumigated inside of a catholic chapel.

" The draperies of both are characteristic, and unite subordination with dignity, but their colour is chosen with more judgment by Domenichino; the embrowned gold and ample folds of the robe of the administering priest are more genial than the cold blue, white, and yellow on the priest of his master; in both, perhaps, the white draperies on the foreground figures have too little strength for the central colours, but it is more perceptible in Caracci than in Domenichino.

" The forms in the saint of Caracci are grander and more ideal than in the saint of Domenichino—some have even thought them too vigorous: both, in my opinion, are in harmony with the emotion of the face and expression of either. The eagerness that animates the countenance of the one may be supposed to spread a momentary vigour over his frame. The mental dereliction expressed in the countenance of the other with equal propriety relaxes and palsies the limbs which depend on it.

" The colour of Caracci's saint is much more characteristic of fleshy, though nearly bloodless, substance, than

that chosen by his rival, which is withered, shrivelled, leathery in the lights, and earthy in the shade; but the head of the officiating priest in Domenichino, whether considered as a specimen of colour independent of the rest, or as set off by it, for truth, tone, freshness, energy, is not only the best Domenichino ever painted, but perhaps the best that can be conceived."

The *Dream of St. Romuald* is Andrea Sacchi's masterpiece. This saint, it seems, had a dream, in which he saw his deceased followers ascending to heaven by a ladder somewhat resembling Jacob's. Andrea was commissioned to paint this vision. Accordingly, he has represented St. Romuald seated, in a pleasant retreat of the Apennines, among the monks of his order, explaining to them the motives which induced him to quit the world, and directing their eyes to the miraculous ladder. A more unpromising subject could hardly have been selected; and considering all its disadvantages—the want of action or interest, and the uniformity of the figures, dressed as they all are in white garments of the same make—the wonder is that the painter could evoke a creation so beautiful.

The *Madonna del Foligno* is another double picture. The Madonna herself, like all Raphael's Madonnas, is a beautiful creature; and the whole picture is remarkable for its preservation and colouring. Sigismund Conti, one of the household of Julius II., who, according to Vasari, ordered this work, is represented in a kneeling posture among the figures in the lower part of the pic-

ture, " more like a living being than the mere representation of one"—vivo, piuttosto che ritratto dal vivo*."

Titian's *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian* is highly extolled for the colouring of the saint himself. But this very circumstance detaches it too much from the rest of the work, and makes it look like a real figure among painted ones. This picture, indeed, exhibits at once the principal merit and the principal defect of Titian's style, and reminded me of two remarks on the subject made by two very different authorities. One of them is noticed by Middleton, who relates how an ignorant Greek priest once unwittingly applauded certain pictures of Titian's, which he had ordered and refused to receive, by telling him—" Your scandalous figures stand quite out from the canvass; they are as bad as a group of statues!" The other is mentioned by Algarotti, who represents Michael Angelo as exclaiming, at sight of some work of Titian's—" What pity that this man had not learnt to draw correctly from the very first." Gran peccato che costui non abbia da principio imparato a ben disegnare.

The *Entombing of the Body of Christ* is one of the most admired of Caravaggio's performances. The personages composing the picture are evidently taken, as in most of Caravaggio's works, from common life; and the coarseness of their dress and features imparts that air of reality which characterizes this artist's style. " Caravaggio," says Forsyth, " wrought some years exclusively

* Lanzi.

for the Giustiniani Palace, where he found an asylum from the gallows, and painted in a room which was blackened to harmonize with his genius and his heart. The ruffian loved the Scriptures, and rarely excelled out of them. His frugal pencil gives but few figures, nor much of those few; for his lights fall in red and partial masses without any diffusion. Whatever they fall on, indeed, starts into life; but the rest is lost in abrupt darkness;—a transition hardly in nature, or true only in candlelights. This gloomy man could paint deep thoughtfulness, strong passion, intense devotion or broad laughter; but he had no pencil for smiles, or beauty, or placid dignity, or love."

The *Martyrdom of St. Erasmus*, by Nicholas Poussin, and that of *St. Proces and St. Martinien*, by Valentin, mosaic copies of both which are to be seen in St. Peter's, struck me as an apt illustration of Madame de Staël's remark:—"That, in such subjects, painful sensations must ever be produced by the appearance of blood and wounds and tortures, even though the victims may seem animated by the noblest enthusiasm. In such pictures it is impossible not to look for accuracy of imitation, and yet one shudders at the thought of finding it."

Of the remaining pictures in this collection, those most worthy of notice are—the Crucifixion of St. Peter, one of the most esteemed works of Guido—the St. Thomas putting his finger into the wound in the Saviour's side, an admired performance of Guercino's—and an Annunciation, formerly at Loreto, the work of Frederick Barrocci.

Such are a few of the more interesting objects in the Vatican;—for it would be useless, and, indeed, hopeless, to attempt to give a detailed description of its contents. "Painting and sculpture, strictly speaking, do not perhaps admit of description. The ideas received by one sense can hardly be transmitted by another. A man may give the exact proportions of the Venus of Medicis; but this can never impart a single idea of the grace and dignity diffused over that divine statue; and if he mention that grace, he describes his own sensations rather than the figure. He who could, by his description, place before the eyes of his reader the *effect* produced by the Venus;—who could convey, by words, the manly, resigned, patient suffering of the Dying Gladiator, conscious that he is breathing his last;—or that melancholy and terrible gloom, which attended the destruction of all things, as exhibited in the Deluge of Poussin—with the heart-rending despair of the husband and father, who sees his wife perishing, and his child exposed to inevitable death—who could shew him the glowing tints of sunset, or the moonbeams glistening on the scarcely-rippling ocean, as created by the pencil of Claude Loraine and Vernet;—the man who could excite sensations similar to those which have been produced by these masters of the sublime and beautiful, would cease to describe;—he would be their equal in a different line;—he would be himself—a poet*."

* Mathews.

## CAPITOLINE MUSEUM.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra
. . . Vivos ducent de marmore vultus.—VIRG.

OF all the Seven Hills of old Rome the Capitoline was the most famous. There many of the most important public assemblies were held: thither each victorious commander proceeded in triumph to offer up sacrifice to Jupiter Optimus Maximus and the rest of the gods; and there they hung up as trophies the spoils stripped from their vanquished foes. On the Capitol, too, was placed the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, that of Juno and Minerva, those of Fortune, of the Beardless Jupiter, of Jupiter Feretrius, and of so many other deities, that this spot was called the abode of the Gods. In addition to all these, there were porticos, triumphal arches, and various other edifices, decorated with statues within and without; insomuch that were we to imagine all these structures as existing at the same time, it would be impossible to find room for them in a space so limited. The difficulty, however, is in some measure got over, not only by the probably diminutive size of some of these structures*, but by the reflection that the Romans not unfrequently substituted one edifice for another.

* Dionysius of Halicarnassus says, "Romulus, after his first triumph, erected a temple on the summit of the Capitoline Hill, in

The ancient Capitol, having been the centre of the Roman power, and the place where the masters of the world determined the fate of subjugated nations, may naturally be supposed to have offered an imposing spectacle during the most palmy state of the Roman empire; but all its ancient edifices have long since been swept away, and instead of the imposing and the majestic, we now meet only with the graceful and the elegant. The modern building, though the work of Michael Angelo, is not worthy to crown the summit of the "Capitoli immobile saxum," as the Romans in the pride of their national vanity delighted to call it. But what is now become of their Eternal Empire, with the fables of Juventus and Terminus, which were to them sacred articles of faith! "The wind hath passed over it, and it is gone." Not only is the Capitol itself fallen, but its very name, once fondly cherished as an omen of empire, is now almost lost in the modern appellation of Campidoglio.

"This devoted attachment to their country," says Mathews, "is perhaps the only amiable feature in the *national* character of the Romans. With what spirit does it break out in the invocation of Horace;—

> Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
> Promis et celas, aliusque et idem
> Nasceris; possis nihil urbe Româ
> Visere majus!

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honour of Jupiter Feretrius; and, judging by the present remains, this building was diminutive; the greatest extent of its walls being less than fifteen feet."

Fair Sun, who, with unchanging beam,
Rising another and the same,
Dost from thy beamy car unfold
The glorious day,
Or hide it in thy setting ray;
Of light and life immortal source,
May'st thou, in all thy radiant course,
Nothing more great than seven-hill'd Rome behold!—FRANCIS.

though in these very lines there is a sufficient indication of that jealous hostility towards all other nations, with which this love of country was combined. The

Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos,
To spare the suppliant, and to quell the proud.—SPENCE.

of their favourite poet, contains a complete exposition of the spirit of their foreign policy—a truly domineering and tyrannical spirit—which could not be at rest while there was any other people on the face of the earth that claimed the rights of national independence."

In the square of the Capitol is the famous equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the only bronze equestrian statue now remaining in Rome. It passed successively for that of Constantine, L. Verus, or Sept. Severus. Of this statue there is, according to Addison, a representation on a medal of Lucius Verus. At least, he says, "The horse and man on the medal are in the same posture as they are in the statue, and there is a resemblance to Marcus Aurelius's face." Some have thought they could trace the image of an owl in the mane, and have therefore concluded that the artist must have been an

Athenian. The horse is very spirited, and Michael Angelo's address to it, "Ricordati che sei vivo, e cammina!" is still quoted; though some critics will have it that the proportion of the animal is false, and his attitude impossible. "Ancient sculptors," says Forsyth, "intent only on man, are supposed to have neglected the study of animals; and we certainly find very rude accessories affixed to some exquisite antiques. Perhaps they even affected such contrasts as strike us in the work of the Faun and his Panther, the Meleager and his Dog, the Apollo and his Swan. The horse, however, came so frequently into heroic subjects, that the greatest artists of antiquity must have made him their peculiar study, and we learn that they did so. But it were unfair to judge of their excellence from this bruised and unfortunate animal, or even from those of Venice and Portici; as the ancient bronze was too thin for figures of so large a volume. On some ancient relievos, where the horse was traced *con amore*, we find all the truth and spirit and character which moderns have given to this noble animal, the subject of their severest study."

Where this statue now stands, there formerly stood two colossal figures; one an Apollo, thirty cubits high; the other, a Jupiter Capitolinus, which was so lofty as to be visible from the Mons Latialis*, near Albano; a distance of twenty miles. This latter statue was the work of Sp. Carvilius, and the materials of which it was com-

* Amplitudo tanta est, ut conspiciatur à Latiario Jove.—*Plin.* xxxiv.

posed were supplied by the armour taken from the Samnites.—(Plin. xxxiv. c. 18.)

On entering the court of the left wing of the Capitol you see, in the opposite recess, the figure of Ocean, reclining on a little bubbling fountain. This statue was the quondam respondent of Pasquin*. According to some authorities he is the Rhine; but whatever may have been his original designation, he is now generally called Marforio, from having been found in the Via Marforio, the name of which is thought to be a corruption of the Forum of Mars.

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* The mutilated figure of Pasquin—which some take for a Menelaus supporting the body of Patroclus, while Maffei pronounces it to be Ajax supported by his brother—stands at the corner of the Via San Pantaleo, towards the Piazza Navona. It was discovered in the sixteenth century, and named after the tailor Pasquin, over against whose shop it was placed; and who, besides indulging himself in satirical raillery against all the world, has had the honour of giving his name to all subsequent effusions of the same kind. The floating capital of wit may be estimated by the squibs and epigrams that are still occasionally affixed to this statue.—Take the following instance recorded by Mathews in his "Diary of an Invalid."

"A man named Cæsar lately married a girl of the name of Roma, both of them common names in Rome. They lived in the Piazza Navona, close to Pasquin's statue, where was found the next morning the following advice:—

Cave, Cæsar, ne tua Roma
respublica fiat!

The man replied the next day:—

Cæsar imperat!

upon which his antagonist instantly rejoined:—

Ergo coronabitur."

A bearded warrior here, usually called Mars, but sometimes called Pyrrhus, is admired only for his armour.

Near the Pyrrhus is a room filled with Egyptian gods, either original or copied from Hadrian, and brought from the Canopus of his villa. In this room all the sculptures in basalt are ancient Egyptian. The rest, in *nero antico*, which, from their dazzling polish, look as if fresh from the sculptor's hands, are of the age of Hadrian. Among the latter are the conjoined heads of the Sun and Moon, or Osiris under the figure of Apis and Isis, both highly finished. Serapis, whose image is also here, bears the modius on his head, as an emblem of fecundity. He is said to correspond with the Jupiter, Dis, or Pluto of the Greeks and Romans. They who consider him as a deification of Joseph, look upon the modius as allusive to the corn which he persuaded Pharaoh to lay up against the seven years of famine. Anubis, the Egyptian Mercury, with his canine head, is the only figure in white marble. He bears both the Sistrum and Caduceus, and is also of Hadrian's age.

In these works—though those of Hadrian's age are certainly somewhat relieved from the straight, outstretched, perpendicular rigidity of the true Egyptian style—"we see the artist condemned both by his laws and his religion to a barren sameness of manner; yet allowed a variety of monsters to work upon. In whatever posture these figures are represented, whether standing or sitting, kneeling or squatting, the limbs are parallel, the flesh appears blown, the knees inarticulate, the faces, where human, are unmeaning, the drapery indistinct, the attitudes as motion-

less as their mummies; and the want of nature but poorly compensated by the high polish given to impassive materials; for nothing but basalt, touchstone, porphyry, granite, and the marbles the most improper for sculpture, was used by the Egyptians*."

Beyond this Pantheon is a chamber filled with inscriptions, embracing the whole period of the empire from Augustus to Theodosius. Here too stands the Columna Milliarium, an old Roman marble mile-stone; and here may be seen a sepulchral cippus, and a column, on which are sculptured the various instruments used by the ancients in architecture and mensuration—the trowel, the hammer, the compasses, the plummet, and the quadrant, pretty much the same as those in use at the present day.

In the same room is a marble sarcophagus, in which was found the Barberini, or Portland vase, now in the British Museum. From the two figures on the top of it, this sarcophagus has been supposed to have contained the ashes of Alexander Severus, and Mammea, his mother. To this hypothesis, however, it is objected, that the man represented here is at least fifty, and Alexander Severus was murdered before he was thirty.

The relievos on the four sides—representing the principal events of the life of Achilles, to whom, if this sarcophagus really contained the ashes of Septimius Severus, it was perhaps intended to compare him for the greatness of his exploits and the shortness of his life—are of vari-

* Forsyth.

ous degrees of merit. The front, which is the best, represents the contest between Achilles and Agamemnon for Briseis; or, according to others, Achilles discovered by Ulysses among the daughters of Lycomedes.

Here also is a curious relievo, representing one of the Galli, Cybele's vagabond priests—supposed to be the Archigallus—in full costume, and surrounded with all the symbols of her worship.

Among the most curious and interesting remains preserved in the Capitol, are some fragments of a plan of old Rome, with which the stair-case wall is encrusted, and which, though engraved on soft alabaster, formed originally a pavement, and a pavement not improper for the temple of Romulus. The grand entrance to the Portico of Octavia, which now forms the entrance to a Roman fish-market, is marked in this plan exactly as it stands at the present day.

In the gallery is a bust of Scipio Africanus; of whom there are many extant, bearing no great resemblance to each other;—for every bust marked with a scar is called a Scipio. This, however, has his name inscribed upon it, and resembles the green basalt bust at the Rospigliosi Palace, which was discovered among the ruins of Liternum.

In the gallery there is also a sarcophagus representing the Rape of Proserpine. Addison would account for the frequency of such relievos on sarcophagi, by referring them, like the Apollos and Venuses that abound in every collection, to some celebrated original of which they were the copies. "I remember," says he, "I was very well

pleased with the device of one that I met with on the tomb of a young Roman lady, which had been made for her by her mother. The sculptor had chosen the Rape of Proserpine for his device, where at one end you might see the god of the dead (Pluto) hurrying away a beautiful young virgin (Proserpine), and at the other, the grief and distraction of the mother (Ceres) on that account. I have observed the same device upon several sarcophagi, that have enclosed the ashes of men or boys, maids or matrons; for, when the thought once took, the ignorance of sculptors applied it promiscuously."

In a room to the right of the gallery is an interesting collection of inscriptions, marbles, bronzes, vases, and other miscellaneous relics. Among the number is a large bronze vase found in the sea at Antium, given, as the inscription records, by Mithridates Eupator to the college of Gymnasiarchs. There is also a noble marble vase—from which the apartment derives its name of Stanza del Vaso—encircled with a foliage of vines, and found near the tomb of Cecilia Metella. It is placed on a marble pedestal, on which is sculptured a sort of procession of the twelve great gods of the heathen mythology: a work highly prized, and one which Winckelmann enumerates among the very few undoubted monuments of Etruscan art. He observes that Vulcan, who appears young and without a beard, is armed with an axe—εχων τον πελεκυν οξυτατον, as Lucian phrases it—probably in allusion to the birth of Minerva; that being the instrument with which he exercised his obstetric art in delivering her from the head of Jupiter. This curious relic,

which was found at Nettuno, served as the mouth of a well; and the marks of the cords are still distinctly visible. "Thus," remarks the Author of Rome in the Nineteenth Century, "did the ancients carry the embellishments of the fine arts even to the humblest conveniences of domestic life. The meanest utensil was elegant in its form, the poorest garment graceful in its folds and drapery, and the riches of painting and sculpture were lavished not only on their streets and public buildings, but even on their private habitations."

Embedded in the wall of this room is the famous Iliac table, apparently a square slab of white plaster, on which are represented the principal actions of the Iliad, with an explanatory inscription in Greek. It was found on the Appian Way; and Fabretti, who has published an engraving of it, with a Dissertation, at the end of his work on Trajan's Pillar, is of opinion that it was made subsequent to the time of Virgil, and probably in the reign of Nero.

The Diana Triformis—in which there are three figures joined together back to back—is a small bronze image as light and portable as a child's play-thing. "The goddess," says Burton, "is here represented under the characters of Luna, Diana, and Hecate. This was no unusual way of representing her*; and she is generally made to

* Hence the poets call her the triple, the three-headed, and the three-bodied Diana:—

Per triplicis vultus arcanaque sacra Dianæ.

Ovid. Her. Ep. 12.

Tuque, triceps Hecate!—Id. Met. 7. 194.

carry a torch, some sort of weapon, and a key. The torch represents her in heaven, as Luna; the weapon alludes to her character on earth, as Diana; and the key denotes her power in hell, as Hecate. She is also attended by a serpent; and at her feet are ropes to denote the punishments of the infernal regions.

" The Ephesian Diana Multimammia will also be found here. She was worshipped in this form, because she was considered the nurse of all things living. There was, however, considerable mystery in the adoration paid to her; and the different attributes of Ceres, Isis, and Cybele, were in some sort united in her. Hence she has on her head the turreted crown of Cybele; and Macrobius seems to identify her with Isis, when he says, ' Isis is worshipped in every religion, being either the earth, or universal nature, under the influence of the sun. For this reason, the whole body of the goddess is covered with breasts, because the universe is nourished by the earth or nature."—(Saturn. Lib. i. c. 23.) This figure is not uncommon; but occasional varieties may be seen. Besides the crown of Cybele, she generally wears the veil of Isis; a crab represents the Moon; the victories and breasts denote the Ephesian Diana; stags and bees, the Sicilian Diana; the lions of Magna Mater also accompany her; and the oxen and dragons of Eleusinian

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Montium custos nemorumque virgo!
Quæ laborantes utero puellas
Ter vocata audis adimisque letho;
Diva triformis!—Hor. l. iii. Od. 22.

Ceres, the sphinx of Minerva, and the acorns and fruits of the earth." In these varied characters—in the chaste huntress, the Diva Triformis, and the motionless Ephesian Idol, cased like a mummy in mystic symbols, who can recognise the same goddess*?

Among the curiosities of this room is a *statera*, with its weight, exactly like the common steelyard.

In the wall is embedded the finest specimen of ancient mosaic now extant. It was found by Cardinal Furietti in Hadrian's Villa, and represents four doves perched on the brim of a large bowl, filled with water, of which one of them is drinking. This mosaic, which is in excellent preservation, agrees exactly with Pliny's description of the original of Sosus in the temple of Pergamus. "There is," says he, "at Pergamus, a miracle of art—a dove drinking—the head of which casts a dark shade upon the water. Others are sunning and pluming themselves on the rim of the vessel†." If this of the Capitol be really the original mentioned by Pliny, his admiration of

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* Diana interim est, altè succincta, venatrix; et Ephesia, mammis multis et veribus extructa; et Trivia, multis capitibus et multis manibus horrifica.—(Minutius Felix, § 21, p. 108.) Her own proper name under this latter appearance was Hecate. Trivia is only an accidental one; from her statue being usually placed where three streets or ways met together:—

Ora vides Hecates in tres vertentia partes,
Servet ut in ternas compita secta vias.—Ovid. Fast. i. 142.

† Mirabilis ibi (Pergamis) columba bibens, et aquam umbrâ capitis infuscans. Apricantur aliæ scabentes sese in canthari labro. (Lib. xxxv. c. 25.)

the work only shews how greatly the ancients are now excelled in the art of tesselation.

Among the extravagant conceits that are carved on the old Pagan tombs, such as masks, hunting-matches, bacchanals, there are many of a more serious nature, which shadow out the existence of the soul after death, and the hope of a happy immortality. Thus we have, in this room, a sarcophagus, with a relievo of inferior sculpture, representing the whole course of human life. In the first place we have Æolus, Ocean, Vulcan, and the Common Mother, (seated on the ground with the cornucopia in her hand), to personify the four elements. The union of soul and body is denoted by the embrace of Cupid and Psyche. In the upper part of the relievo is the Sun, representing the East, as a fit emblem of the commencement of human life. In the lower part of it, we see Prometheus seated, and modelling a human figure out of clay, while Minerva is infusing into it the spirit, indicated by a butterfly which she places on its head. Man then appears, endued with life; above him is an oak loaded with acorns, emblematic of his means of subsistence in his primitive state. The Three Fates are also introduced, with appropriate symbols: one of them is placed near a clock, to denote that the man has now reached the term of his existence; a circumstance further indicated by the Car of the Moon, intended to represent the West, and by the Genius of Sleep extinguishing his torch upon the corpse. Nothing now remains for the body but the honours of sepulture, denoted by a garland which the Genius holds in his left hand. Meanwhile

the soul, in its butterfly form*, soars up toward Nemesis, and, according as its actions have been good or bad, it is conducted by Mercury to happiness, or left to undergo merited punishment;—shadowed out by a Prometheus chained to a rock with a vulture preying on his vitals, till at length he is delivered by Hercules.

In another room is a large collection of imperial busts. "In some of these busts," as Mathews has observed, "particularly those of Nero, Caligula, and Caracalla, Germanicus, Vespasian, and Titus, the histories of their prototypes may be clearly read: Nature has written those characters too plainly to be mistaken. There are, however, exceptions: in Julius Cæsar, for instance, instead of the open, generous expression, which the magnanimity and clemency of his character would lead you to expect, you find a narrow contraction of muscles that would suit the features of a miser†; and, in Heliogabalus, the

* There might have been, says Spence, a great deal of good sense —and perhaps something above good sense—in the fixing on this emblem. At least, nothing, I think, could point out the survival and liberty of the soul after its separation from the body, in a stronger or more argumentative manner, than an animal, which is first a gross, heavy, creeping insect; and which, after dropping its slough, becomes (by an amazing change) a light, airy, flying, free, and happy creature . . . . It is remarkable enough, observes the same writer, that, in the Greek language, the same word (Ψυχη) is used indifferently for this little fluttering insect and the soul—or the animula vagula, blandula, as Hadrian called it, in the well-known verses recorded by Spartian in his life of that emperor.—*Polymetis*, p. 71.

† Generally speaking, there is, perhaps, as little connexion be-

swinish temperament, generally very strongly marked, does not appear."

The seated statue of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, though inferior to the one at Naples, realizes all one's conceptions of the dignity of an old Roman matron; but the head is said not to belong to the statue.

The relievos on the walls, representing Perseus liberating Andromeda, and Endymion sleeping, are full of grace and beauty.

Outside the window of this room is an ancient sun-dial, placed in its proper position. The surface, on which the lines are drawn to mark the hours, is concave. Previous to the year of Rome 460, there was no such thing as a sun-dial in Rome, or any other definite manner of marking the hours. Pliny tells us, that no further notice of time was taken in the twelve tables, than the rising and setting of the sun*. Subsequently, one of the

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tween the expression of a bust and the character of the individual it represents, as between the sound and sense of a verse; and it would be as ridiculous to argue from one to the other, in the former as in the latter instance. Yet, like other visionaries, I fancied I could discover in the wrinkled and care-worn countenance of Cæsar, the marks of that indefatigable industry which never suffered him to rest till he had fully accomplished his purpose;—thus making each succeeding advantage a stepping-stone to the next:—

Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum.

* There was a distinction that prevailed very early among the Romans, between the civil and the natural day. The natural day was most commonly reckoned from sun-rise to sun-set; the civil day from midnight to midnight again. Ipsum diem alii aliter observavêre. Babylonii, inter duos solis exortus; Athenienses, inter

consul's officers had to make proclamation when mid-day was arrived, which was ascertained by the sun appearing between the *Rostra* and the *Græcostasis*—a building near the *Curia*, where foreign ambassadors were lodged. The end of the day was also notified in a similar manner at sun-set. Pliny tells us, on the authority of Fabius Vestalis, that L. Papirius Cursor erected the first dial at Rome, on the temple of Quirinus, in the year of the city 460; but he tells us at the same time, that, according to Varro, sun-dials were first introduced by M. Valerius Messala, who brought one from Catania, and put it up in the Forum near the Rostra, in the year of the city 491.

In the Stanza de' Filosofi, the relievos are entertaining rather from their subject than their execution. In one of them is a female trying to make a cat dance; in another is Calliope, teaching Orpheus to play upon the lyre, in the presence of Apollo. In a third, Esculapius and Hygeia are seen laying their heads together; and in the next is displayed the not unfrequent consequence of such consultations—a funeral procession. The best is that which represents the death of Meleager, where the whole story is portrayed—the uncles pierced with their death wounds—the infuriated mother burning the fatal brand on which the life of her son depends—his fainting form sinking down on the couch—and his beloved Atalanta vainly weeping over him.

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duos occasus: Umbri, à meridie in meridiem; vulgus omne à luce ad tenebras. Sacerdotes Romani, et qui diem diffinière civilem, item Egyptii, et Hipparchus, à mediâ nocte ad mediam.—(*Plin.* N. H. L. ii. c. 77).—*Spence's Polymetis*, p. 193.

In the middle of the room is placed an admirable little bronze statue of a youth, seated in a musing posture, and supposed to be a Camillus.

"The collection of Hermes," observes Forsyth, "which pass here for the heads of philosophers, is the largest and the best in Europe. Many of them were found in Hadrian's villa, and are such as adorned the ancient libraries and gardens. In gardens they stood as *Termini*, on pilasters, to support the railing; an office which accounts for the square holes so often found in their shoulders. Some, indeed, consider those holes as designed for the metal bars which supported the busts in processions; but such bars have been found only in busts of bronze, objects more portable than these."

Such havoc and confusion did that invidious tyrant, Caligula, make in the public collection of marble portraits, that the heads could never be restored to their several inscriptions. "Ita subvertit atque disjecit," says Suetonius, "ut restitui, *salvis titulis*, non valuerint." Hence there is scarcely a bust of any Roman poet or philosopher that we can depend upon as genuine. The authenticity of some of the Greeks is ascertained, either from the names inscribed on them, or from their resemblance to others so authenticated. The Homers, for there are several, are said to have been identified by the apotheosis of Homer, formerly at the Colonna palace. They have, too, the sanction of uniformity to recommend them; and are the very heads our fancy would portray for

"The blind old man of Chios' rocky isle."

Aristides is known from the incomparable statue at

Naples. Socrates can never be mistaken, for his bust corresponds exactly with the descriptions given of his features by ancient authors. "Socrates was said to resemble Silenus in his looks; for he was flat-nosed and bald."—(Schol. in Aristoph. Nub. 223.) "Now, be not angry with me," says Plato (Theæt.) "he had no beauty to boast of, but resembled you in the flatness of his nose and in the make of his eyes." "That person would be a simpleton," says Athenæus, "who should ask such a question as this, 'Whether any one had a flatter nose than Socrates*?'" Metrodorus, Epicurus, Pindar, Anacreon, and various others, are also ascertained; and the little bronze and bearded bust of Demosthenes, found in Herculaneum, has served to identify the great Athenian orator. Sappho might fairly claim admittance here; but surely Cleopatra is somewhat out of her place amidst these Grecian bards and sages. The same remark would apply to Aspasia, but that, as has been shrewdly remarked, she was too much in their company when alive to be turned out of it now. It should be added, however, that her bust here bears no great resemblance to the undoubted one in the Vatican.

The great hall boasts a Jupiter in *nero antico*, an Esculapius, and a colossal Hercules in green basalt placed

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* From a passage in Cicero, it would seem that the ancients had their craniologists: "Zopyrus et stupidum esse Socratem dixit et bardum, quòd jugula concava non haberet; obstructas eas partes et obturatas esse dicebat."—(*De Fato.* c. 2.)

upon an ancient altar decorated with relievos representing the birth and education of Jupiter, and his recognition as the sire of gods and men. Here, too, are the admired Furietti Centaurs, whose veined hoofs indicate that licence which the ancients sometimes affected in the sculpture of animals. They were found in Hadrian's villa, and have inscribed on them the names of two Greek artists, supposed to be of his own time.

The Amazons are much admired; though it must not be forgotten that one of the heads is modern. Both of them, as usual, represent wounded Amazons. So close, indeed, is the resemblance between all these statues, that there is good reason to infer that they, as well as most of the Fauns, Dianas, Venuses, Cupids, &c., which, without variation of attitude, re-appear in every collection, had been copied from one or two celebrated models. At any rate, there were three rival statues of Amazons—the productions of Ctesilaüs, Polycletus, and Phidias—the fame of which has been transmitted even to our times.

The statue of Isis is chiefly remarked for the beauty of the drapery, which is knotted on the breast, and falls in graceful folds to the feet. The fringed *peplum* is said to denote her eastern extraction; for the Greeks wore it plain.

"The old shrivelled, crying crone," says Forsyth, "sometimes called Hecuba, sometimes a *Præfica*, is certainly good of its kind. The age, the expression, the retórtion of the head, the very dress of this singular figure embodied my idea of the 'mobbled queen'—

. . . . . A *clout* upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her *lank* and all o'erteemed loins
A *blanket*, in the *alarm of fear* caught up.

"She could not be a Præfica; for both Terence and Plutarch represent the women, who wailed at funerals, with uncovered heads and dishevelled hair. The anatomical part of this figure is well described by Ovid, and might be studied as an exquisite model of deformity:"—

Collum nervosum, scapularum cuspis acuta,
Saxosum pectus, laxatum pellibus uber,
Non uber, sed tam vacuum quàm molle.

Near the Præfica is the statue of a man in the act of speaking, with drapery thrown round the lower part of the body only, one foot resting on a raised stone in an easy attitude, while the finger is held up as if to enforce attention. By some it is thought to be a professor of the gymnastic art, or the master of an academy of gladiators instructing his disciples. Here, too, is a statue of Harpocrates, the god of silence, with his finger placed upon his mouth. It was found in Hadrian's villa. That the statues of this god were by no means uncommon in the ancient temples may be inferred from the following passage of Augustine: "Inasmuch as there was also, in almost every temple where Isis and Serapis were worshipped, a figure which seemed to command silence by the finger being pressed upon the lips, Varro conceived this was meant to signify, that the fact of their having been men should be kept silent."—(De Civ. Dei, Lib.

xviii. c. 5). Augustine, however, is not the only writer who notices the connexion between Harpocrates and the Egyptian rites. Plutarch expressly says that he was the son of Isis and Osiris.—*(De Iside et Osiride).* Ovid alludes to the attitude in which Harpocrates is represented:—

Quique premit vocem digitoque silentia suadet.—MET. ix. 691.

Sometimes he was represented with a pear on his head, which was considered a type of silence and truth, from the resemblance the core bears to the heart, and the leaf to the tongue.

In the next room is a sarcophagus, on which is carved the battle of the Amazons. Critics seem to be agreed that most of the sepulchral relievos are works of a bad age—that very few are elegant in their design, or bear any relation to their office, (the most common subjects being the Calydonian Hunt, the Battle of the Amazons, the Triumph of Bacchus, the Death of Protesilaus, and the Feast of the Indian Bacchus)—that the sculptors, or rather *lapidarii*, being confined to a narrow rectangle, crowd their figures in files, and, anxious to tell all their story, generally multiply its hero—and that all the ancient sarcophagi scattered about Rome are but the copies of works still more ancient and excellent, copies which those lapidarii kept in large assortment for sale. The Battle of the Amazons may, perhaps, from its beauty, form an exception to these remarks: not so the sarcophagus opposite to it, representing the nocturnal visit of Diana to the sleeping Endymion. In one part of the

relievo the goddess descends from her car, while a winged genius restrains the fiery steeds. In another part, by the liberty noticed above as common to relievos, she is again seen mounting the car to depart, and casting back a longing look upon the unconscious shepherd. Of this Diana—or the Intelligence that was supposed to preside over the moon—who was fabled to fall in love with Endymion, the author of Polymetis remarks:—" If we consider the occasion of her love for him, according to the accounts the ancients give of that fable, it may appear perhaps to have been only a philosophical amour, or what we call Platonic love; and so may not interfere with this goddess's general character for chastity. However that be, the story is very common, in particular on old sarcophaguses; and we see her on them, descending on a shepherd asleep, with a veil over her head. There is some reason to think, that this fable might have been meant originally of the eclipses of the moon; and if it was so, her veil would be the most significant part of her dress on this occasion. Catullus, where he is commending Conon, the famous astronomer, says, that he knew the reasons of the eclipses of the sun; why stars are sometimes lost; and why the moon sometimes disappears in the midst of her course:"—

> Flammeus ut rapidi solis nitor obscuretur;
> Ut cedant certis sidera temporibus;
> Ut Triviam furtim sub Latmia saxa relegans
> Dulcis amor gyro devocet aërio.—De Com. Ber. 64.

In the last room is the celebrated statue of the Dying

Gladiator. He is represented naked, reclining on a shield, with a short sword, and a broken horn by his side, and a cord knotted round the neck. His demeanour is manly, patient, and resigned: he supports himself on his left arm, and seems labouring to suppress the expression of agony. "The great masters of Greece," observes Cunningham, in his Lives of the British Sculptors, "knew that violent action is ungraceful, that it distorts the features, squares out the joints, and destroys, to a certain degree, that harmony of nature, which they worshipped: they, therefore, in general, discarded gesture, and strengthened the mental expression—witness the resigned agony of the Dying Gladiator—the faint struggle of the vanquished Laocoön—the tranquil woe of Niobe. To every unprejudiced eye, those noble works are, from their dignified serenity, inexpressibly mournful: more vigorous action would, I apprehend, diminish the poetic pathos which they embody."

Whether this wonderful statue be a laquearian gladiator, which, notwithstanding Winckelmann's criticism, has been strenuously maintained by the Abate Bracci, (Dissertazione sopra un Clipeo Votivo), who accounts for the cord round the neck, but not for the horn, which it does not appear the gladiators themselves ever used; or whether it be a Greek herald, as Winckelmann confidently asserted*; or whether we are to take it for a Spartan or barbarian shield-bearer, according to the opinion of his

* Storia delle Arti, tom. ii. p. 203-7.

Italian editor*—Hobhouse thinks it may fairly be considered a *copy* of that master-piece of Ctesilaüs which represented "a wounded man at the point of death, in which you might see how much of life was yet remaining in him†." Montfaucon and Maffei thought it the identical statue; but that statue was of bronze‡.

The Gladiator once formed part of the collection at the Villa Lodovisi, and was purchased by Clement XII. It affords another instance of Michael Angelo's skill in restoration: he has contributed an arm, a foot, the upper lip, and the tip of the nose.

The Capitoline Venus, as it is called, is also in this room. She is supposed to be coming out of the bath, and bears some resemblance to the Medicean. The attitude of this latter statue seems to have been a favourite with the sculptors. Several copies of it are to be seen in the Florentine gallery; and Ovid, as we have already seen, alludes to it in the following lines:—

> Ipsa Venus pubem, quoties velamina ponit,
> Protegitur lævâ semireducta manu.—ART. AMOR. ii. 613.

"Much controversy," says Burton, "has arisen, as to whether the Medicean Venus is the famous Venus of Praxiteles, which so late as the time of Arcadius and Honorius was exhibited at Cnidos, in a small temple,

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* Storia delle Arti, tom. ii. p. 207.

† Vulneratum deficientem fecit in quo possit intelligi quantum restat animæ.—(*Plin.* N. H. xxxiv. c. 8.)

‡ See Notes to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold.

open on all sides; and to which, according to Pliny (Lib. xxxvi. c. 5), Cnidos was indebted for its celebrity and its concourse of strangers. From thence it was removed to Constantinople; and Cedrenus, who tells us that it stood in the palace of the Lausi, describes the attitude of the statue, Κνιδια Αφροδιτη εκ λιθου λευκης, γυμνη, μονην την αιδω τῃ χειρι περιστελλουσα, εργον του Κνιδιου Πραξιτελους. From these words, the Medicean Venus might be the same with that of Cnidos; but we have no account of its removal from Constantinople to Rome, and there seems good reason for thinking that the posture of the left arm of the Florentine statue differs from that of Praxiteles. We may reasonably suppose, that the coins struck at Cnidos represent the real statue which made the city so famous; and these agree with the Medicean, except that one arm is extended, and holds some drapery over a vase. It must be remembered, however, that both arms of the Venus of Medicis are modern; and that from Lucian (Amor. xiii.) it might be argued that the Venus of Praxiteles was quite naked, without any drapery. If the identity of the Medicean Venus with that of Cnidos be given up, this statue in the Capitol may perhaps claim it, as it nearly agrees with the representation on the coin."

Among the remaining statues in this apartment of the Gladiator are—the group of Cupid and Psyche—the Flora, which Winckelmann takes to be the portrait of some beautiful woman under the image of Spring—the Juno—the Head of Alexander the Great, whose authenticity, though it has been set on awry by the restorers, it

is now the fashion to call in question—" and last though it should have been placed first and foremost in beauty—the beautiful Antinoüs*—who is always hanging down his head as if he felt ashamed of himself:—

Sed frons læta parum et dejecto lumina vultu.

Nothing can be more graceful, elegant, and easy than this charming statue. It is an exquisite representation of the most beautiful youth that ever lived; and, considered merely as an exhibition of the beauty of the male figure, scarcely inferior to the Apollo itself."

In the court of the Palace of the Conservators, which forms a part of the modern Capitol, every object reminds us of the grandeur of ancient Rome. Opposite to us sits Rome triumphant; at her feet weeps a captive Province†; and by her side stand two barbarian kings, whose mutilated figures plainly attest the barbarity of their conquerors. The court is strewed with the heads and feet of colossal statues; and, as Madame de Staël observes, " we might fancy it the field of battle where Time has con-

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* Some contend that the statue, which Mathews thus eulogizes, ought rather to be called a Mercury.

† Crinibus en etiam fertur Germania passis,
Et ducis invicti sub pede mœsta sedet.—Ovid.

Several coins bear the image of a Province sitting downcast, like this, and leaning her head on her hand, with the legend *Germania subacta.* The modern inscription calls this figure *Dacia,* perhaps from the scaly armour and polygonal shields which appear in the back ground; but such armour and shields are also found on Germans in ancient relievos.—*Forsyth.*

tended with Genius; while the scattered fragments attest his victory and our loss." Forsyth, however, gives a different account of the matter. According to him, the bodies of those colossal statues fell a sacrifice to artists themselves, who wanted the marble for small sculpture and even for building. Cæsar and Augustus stand here entire. The lion tearing a horse is an ancient group indifferently restored by Michael Angelo.

*The Rostral Column*—a column of marble in bas-relief, with three prows of ships on each side, and part of an inscription—represents, as accurately as coins can give it, that of Caius Duilius, which commemorated the first naval victory Rome ever obtained; and the mutilated inscription itself has been well restored by Ciaccioni and others. Some antiquaries doubt whether even the ancient part, which forms a kind of oval, be the original inscription; yet the very place where it was found, the very antiquity of diction which Quintilian remarked in it, seemed, to Forsyth, sufficient to overcome the objections brought against it from the materials being marble, and from the accidental blending of two letters in the word *Navebuos**.

* This column was found in the Forum, not far from the Arch of S. Severus, and Pliny (Lib. xxxiv. c. 11) mentions such a column as having stood in the Forum:—"A more ancient kind of memorial is that of erecting pillars, as the one raised to C. Mænius, who conquered the Latins; and another to C. Duilius, who was the first that celebrated a naval triumph over the Carthaginians, which latter still stands in the Forum." Quintilian remarks, "that the old Latins added the letter D to the ends of words, as we may observe in the naval column erected to Duilius in the Forum."—(Lib. i. c. 7.)

In the first room of this palace of the Conservators, D'Arpino has painted the history of the kings; in the second, Lauretti takes his subjects from the infant republic; subjects which, if not strictly Capitoline, are nearly related to the spot. In the other rooms, Volterrano and Perugino have flown away from Rome to the Cimbrian wars, and Hannibal's passage over the Alps. How superior in interest are the Consular Fasti*, the bronze Geese, (which appear to be cackling as if the Gauls were again within hearing), and the thunderstruck She Wolf, from their local relation to the ground! "No object in Rome," says Forsyth, "appeared to me so venerable as this wolf. The Etruscan stiffness of the figure evinces a high antiquity, its scathed leg proves it to be the statue which was ancient in the time of Cæsar, and it still retains some streaks of the gilding which

* The Capitoline Marbles, or Fasti Consulares, containing a list of the consuls and all public officers from Romulus down to the year of Rome 724, are among the greatest curiosities preserved here. After the year 610, the account is not kept so accurately as before: only one of the ten tribunes of the people is named, and several other magistrates are omitted. They were found in 1545 in the Forum, not far from the church of S. Maria Liberatrice. They are in several fragments, and sadly mutilated; but the inscriptions are very legible. Another portion was found in 1819, which supplies some names not before known. In the fire which consumed the Capitol in the time of Vitellius, all the records preserved there were burnt. Vespasian, who rebuilt the temple, had the loss repaired by copies from the most authentic documents; and these fragments are probably of that date.—*Burton.*

Cicero remarked on it. The ancient statues, though thinner in the bronze than the modern, received a much thicker gilding, by a process different from ours. Hence the gold coat of the Hercules which remains here has resisted the file of Time. Every age has been barbarous enough to gild bronze statues; yet would it be more absurd to paint marble ones?"

Among the sculpture, the statue of Martius, the shepherd boy, pulling a thorn out of his foot, and the figure of one of the Camilli, are greatly admired. A bronze bust of the elder Brutus exhibits in the most strongly written characters, the stern inexorable severity of his disposition. Among the modern sculpture is a bust of Michael Angelo, giving the full contusion on his nose, which was flattened, as the story goes, by the fist of an invidious rival. "This Bonarruoti and I" (such is Pietro Torrigiani's version of the story, as given in the life of Benvenuto Cellini,) "went, when we were boys, to learn to design at the chapel of Masaccio, in the church of the Carmelites; and it was customary with Bonarruoti to rally all those who were learning to design there. One day, a sarcasm of his having stung me to the quick, I was so irritated, that, doubling my fist, I gave him a violent blow upon the nose, and felt the bone and cartilage yield under my hand, as though they had been made of paste; and the mark I then gave him he will carry to his grave."

*Picture Gallery.*—"A gallery where Pietro da Cortona takes the lead, cannot," as Forsyth justly observes, "be very rich. His Rape of the Sabines, his Triumph of

Bacchus, his Sacrifice of Iphigenia, and Battle of Arbela, display that expertness of grouping which a painter, so fond of bringing multitudes on his canvass, must naturally attain. The *Conoscenti* find in these pictures a lucid richness of colouring, and a fire, a movement, which appear something like flutter to me. Guido has left here some unfinished things of infinite promise; particularly a Blessed Spirit soaring to Paradise. What pity that his passion for play should have forced him to precipitate his happiest conceptions, and placed a great man under the control of brokers!"

The Europa is a luscious picture. Domenichino's Sibyl, though a beautiful creature, is eclipsed by her sister at the Borghese Palace. Its rival, the Sibyl of Guercino, has suffered more from time. A Gypsy, telling a young man his fortune, is one of Caravaggio's happiest performances.

On the ground-floor of this wing of the Capitol is a series of rooms appropriated to the busts of distinguished Italians of modern times. The busts which formerly stood in the Pantheon have been removed hither.

"I had imagined," says Forsyth, "that the Capitol of Rome and the seat of its corporations should belong to the people, and be open to the world; but I found it locked up, subdivided into different farms, and rented by different keepers. Entrance fees are a serious expense to the curious at Rome. You pay for admission to the pope, to the cardinals, and to all other antiquities. Your first and your last call on a private friend cost you a testoon:"—

. . . . . Quid te moror? Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio. Quid das ut Cossum aliquando salutes?
Cogimur et cultis augere peculia servis.—Juv. Sat. iii. 113.

Briefly, my friend, here all are slaves to gold,
And words, and smiles, and every thing is sold.
What will you give for Cossus' nod?—
We bribe the page for leave to bribe his lord.—Gifford.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
W. M'DOWALL, PRINTER, PEMBERTON-ROW,
GOUGH-SQUARE.

00083651

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 17 February, 2016